University of Alberta

Lost at Home and Other Conditions of British Culture

by

Neil Richard Scotten ©

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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Abstract

Lost at Home and Other Conditions of British Culture is an analysis of television and television drama. The inquiry in this dissertation is made through a "psychopathological" model that attempts to connect television messages to important changes in the way viewers understand time and space. I argue television is capable of altering fundamental human cognitive processes, and that televisual mechanisms may change the nature of culture at large. I position my inquiry as, in part a self-analysis: a working through of my own "past" as it has been moulded through British television. This dissertation is an examination of my experience of television placed within my internalisation of contemporary history and the memory I retain of the "Punk" movement in the late 1970s. What I think of as "my memories" of the history and music of this time seem to be "televisual." In Lost at Home, I am interested in the potential of this technological medium to penetrate into the deeper reaches of the brain.

This dissertation is organised around three "conditions." The fourth chapter is an attempt to collect those behaviours and pathologies that seem to evade classification. Together, these four ideas form the core of my analytical model. Chapters One to Three--False Memory, Agoraphobia and Incomplete Mourning--take and metaphorically telescope conditions which are recognised to varying degrees in psychiatry and psychology. This model raises provocative questions about televisual representations--particularly representations of the past--and how these can change viewers' memories and their abilities to process loss.

Although I have taken contemporary British film into consideration, Lost at Home focuses on television. This dissertation takes me from early "classics" such as the television version of Hancock's Half-Hour to later excursions into the sitcom form such as Jimmy Perry and David Croft's It 'Aint Half Hot Mum and Dad's Army. My main area of interest, however, is the single television play. Over the course of four chapters, I discuss Dennis Potter's early drama Where The

Buffalo Roam, then go on to look at his later works such as The Singing Detective and Lipstick On Your Collar. My analysis of televisual space is made through Ken Loach's Up the Junction, and my comments on the representation of trauma and loss derive from a close reading of Lynda La Plante's Prime Suspect "cycle." My final chapter examines the meanings tightly packed into six television commercials.

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LOST AT HOME: AN INTRODUCTION

Contemporary British Television and Culture

> Collectively, nostalgia supplies the deep links that identify a particular generation; nationally it is the source of binding social myths.
> (Hewison 47)

> The motivating nostalgic desire is not simply to imitate the past, but to enter it as a native, to blur totally the visual distinction between the past and the present, to become "assimilated" into an enveloping set of conventions, and to make history emotionally relevant by actually projecting oneself onto its tracings. (Graham 360)

> I have said ... that on the television screen it is often when the set is switched off that it actually picks up a direct or true reflection of its viewers, subdued into a glimmer on its dull grey tube.
> (Potter, Blossom 52)

I am often overcome by that feeling we call nostalgia. Trivial events from the past are magnified until they have great significance, whilst the kind of occasions we put in the family photograph album trail off into grey obscurity. My memory is like the sound and images recorded on an overworked videotape loop: some sections seem to have been erased entirely and other have been rerecorded, superimposed over what was there before. Other sections refuse to track correctly or are plagued with dropout. There are yet other sections which are just irreparably damaged because the recording media has worn away. Although I can return to the same spot in the loop, the recorded event is never quite the same. If, as Roger Bromley writes, "[m]emories are actively invented and reinvented by cultural interventions" (1-2), my memory track is a collection of nostalgic moments.

While my everyday life seems to take place as if on Potter's grey, dead television screen, I can replay my mysteriously nostalgised memories at will. I use the videotape metaphor above because sequences from my past appear indistinguishable from television sequences, or they are mixed in with them. It is as if television has somehow fixed my past, invested it at random with (false) significances. The more I dwell on it I realise there is very little of my mind that has not been colonised by one cultural product or another. Roger Hewison has observed that "nostalgia is a denial of the future" (46). If this is so, I am stuck in a televisual present with only the repeated replay of my own home movies to console me.

FADE IN:

EXT. BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE, BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND - EARLY EVENING

The camera noses into a queue of young people waiting outside a large, graffiti-covered red-brick building. The queue snakes back from a pair of sturdy, stainless-steel panelled doors. They will not open for another hour, but the line-up has already disappeared behind the building. People are tense, restless, smoking loose cigarettes split from a pack by the obliging corner store. Everyone seems under twenty, leaving school or just about to. Clearly, the manner to affect is one of nonchalance, but this is difficult to maintain against the icy evening wind that whips across the bare concrete of the sports' centre parking lot.[1]

It is early 1978. As they wait for this "Punk" event to start, there is something in the fans' manner and dress which speaks for the position of youth in Britain in the late seventies. There are obvious group identities, but most of all, the gathering is dominated by tentative and heterogeneous interpretations of an "alternative" style. Spiky hair, safety pins and bondage trousers have not yet solidified as timeless signifiers of Punk attitude. The lack of confidence could be because this is not London but the Berkshire town of Bracknell, an upper-income suburb blocked off from the big city by bad rail connections and an even worse bus service. Fans kick the wall or just shiver. Even though no one is quite sure who to be or how to act, there is a restless energy here.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS CENTRE PARKING-LOT - SAME TIME

A police car cruises past and there are a few jeers.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE - SAME TIME

The fans' uncertainty is increased by the venue itself. The boldest in the gathering might laugh at the last departing squash players, but this is as close to confrontation as it gets. The odd mix of punk rock and sports centre appears in the efforts of some to detach themselves from the place, to play dumb, although they have probably used the leisure facilities here at one time or another. If swimming in the Olympic-size pool and playing on the indoor courts are "friendly" uses of the centre, then concert-going seems "unfriendly," even to those who dutifully queue up. They are here not to "play," but to sample far more complex pleasures, ones that will confirm--if only for tonight--their rejection of the centre and the success system it represents. For many, the conjunction of sports centre and punk rock is a pleasurable "misuse" ; it is a ritual that will be individually internalised, as a confirmation, perhaps, that they do not "fit in" and that there is no future for them.

More people join the queue without appearing to. Many are local (they arrive on foot), but they give away their relative affluence by a more spectacular dressing down of the normal than is the case with others in the line-up who have come from out of town. There is at least some control in having something and ruining it, than in having nothing at all.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE - LATER

It is beginning to get dark. The atmosphere of undirected unrest increases. The few who sport "God Save the Queen" t-shirts (a memento of the "Sex Pistols'" single the previous year) already seem dated given the "Pistols'" acrimonious split on January 19 (a sensation that will be followed in October by the murder in New York of Nancy Spungeon, the incarceration of her boyfriend and "Pistols'" band member Sid Vicious, and his fatal drug overdose in February of the following year). The faltering public identities here reflect a general allegiance to a pop music "scene" that offers more than the social conditions under James Callaghan's Labour government.[2]

Exactly what is offered by this scene, however, is uncertain. The sudden demise of the "Sex Pistols" has left the scene divided across intricately positioned factions. For example, the band "Sham 69" have been identified by the National Front and the British Movement as the face and sound of neo-fascism.[3] Their symbols are the Union Jack and the swastika; their style is the skinhead. This new racism has produced movements such as the "Anti-Nazi League" and "Rock Against Racism," organisations endorsed by pop groups "The Clash" and the "Tom Robinson Band" (who with their 1978 single "Glad to Be Gay" put another kind of politics on the agenda).

Punk's "second wave," however, is going beyond a simple politics of opposition. "Poly Styrene" of "X-Ray Spex" and Siouxsie of "Siouxsie and the Banshees" have given women a new voice and sense of competence in a scene usually dominated by men. Suddenly, there are new spaces to give life experiences expressive form and new possibilities for cultural intervention. The available pleasures, identities and opportunities for participation seem to go further. The urban protest music of other ethnicities is beginning to be heard, particularly the Jamaican music of performer/poets such as Linton Kwesi Johnson. The "Pistols" are shot. Time has moved on and somehow they never meant that much anyway. It is 1978 and no one standing here in this line-up is really sure what they are waiting for.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE - NIGHT

The show starts at eight o'clock. The doors usually admit visiting football and basketball teams. Tonight, they shut the fans out. With five minutes to go there are a few kicks at the metal panelling. Finally, the doors open.

CUT TO:

INT. BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE - SAME TIME

The camera follows motley-coloured youths jacked on adrenaline, as they tear across the gymnasium floor and its coloured tape which marks out the boundaries of the basketball and tennis courts. At the end of the building is a makeshift stage separated from the audience by a flimsy plywood crash barrier. The fastest of the supporters thud into it then turn around, perhaps puzzled at what they have won. The pre-show music playing over the hiss of the PA system is loud enough to make everyone shout in order to be heard. There is more waiting. Only a few aficionados of the new music retain their place opposite centre stage. As the lights dim, the support band lope on and begin their set of homespun r 'n b songs. This band's music is well executed, but the young audience do not know what to make of it. Some fans dance while there is room; others try to ignore what is going on. They do not know if this is what they have come for.

The support band leave the stage and the anticipatory excitement in the room increases. There has been an expectation placed on the main act to deliver. More waiting. The push towards the crash barrier begins. During the main set, some fans at the front will be pulled out unconscious because there will be literally no room to breathe. The lights dim. The headlining act are greeted by an uncertain rain of spit as per "punk" protocol. They run on, and without introduction launch into their first song, "Waiting for the End of the World." It is an appropriate anthem for the hopeful mob. No one can hear the words, but everyone agrees that this is what they have been waiting for.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS CENTRE PARKING-LOT - SAME TIME

Outside, through the filter of the red-brick walls, the lyrics can be heard quite distinctly:

Hiding from the scandal in the national press
They have decided to get married
Since they stole the wedding-dress.
You may see them drowning as you stroll upon the beach
But don't throw out the lifeline
'Till they're clean outta reach.
Waiting for the end of the world,
Waiting for the end of the world,
Dear lord, I sincerely hope you're comin'
'Cos you've really started something.

A single figure wearing a tracksuit walks away from the centre. He whistles the melody which echoes across the parking lot toward cosy middle-class homes getting ready for bed.

CUT TO:

INT. BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE - SAME TIME

The light show reflects off the backboards of the basketball hoops. Male fans energetically jump up and down at the front in the "pogoing" which has become another "Punk" trademark. Their dance waves back and forth in ripples that have little connection to the music. Now and then a fight starts, but there is not enough room to get a decent swing in. There are no-concessions-to-fashion types, others who are clearly bewildered by the event, couples who are more engrossed in themselves than any pop music. Those who find the crowd too rough or the music too loud (for many, this will be their first taste of the live scene) hang back around the makeshift bar. Some just gape or jerk spasmodically as if the whole thing were too much to compute. Behind all this activity, the crowd is only unified by their youth. The sound is raw electricity--steel strings ripping at a thousand volts underneath a sneering voice amplified and grotesque, so that the lyrics are distorted far beyond their menacing intent.

CUT TO:

INT. BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE - LATER

After a breakneck set of forty-five minutes, the band run off in a shriek of feedback. The house lights come up. The wooden gymnasium floor with its coloured tape is awash with beer and crumpled plastic cups. The clean-up has started already, but fifty or so exhausted fans hang around waiting to see if something else will happen. They don't know what they want. There is excitement and sadness. It is as if those that stay behind want to be part of what they have seen: for an hour or so, everyday life has changed and they do not want to let go of that. The night's events have already been incorporated into the loops of their memories to be played and replayed at will and to be embellished with more of the new music they will later go out and buy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS CENTRE PARKING-LOT - SAME TIME

Parents in family saloon cars wait to pick up theirs sons and daughters. Others leave the building and trail across the empty parking lot towards the train station or the bus stop.

FADE TO GREY:[4]

Lost at Home and Other Conditions of British Culture is an exploration made through the medium of television of contemporary British culture. It is an "exploration" because my writing has been a process, an heuristic method informed by the kind of events that have affected me. This dissertation tries to uncover the habitualised processes through which I believe this medium (and other forms of modern technological information dispersal) determines fundamental human processes such as basic cognition, memory and perception.[5] In part, it is a way of understanding the strange nostalgia that I feel, my sense of dislocation and misplaced emotion. It is through television that I have recorded and internalised, as memories, the events (including the Punk phenomenon) and methods of story-telling that give me a sense of identity. In truth, television is a "mass" medium which is able to exert a powerful sense of social reality for its audiences, but it is one consumed and used in widely varying ways. As I suggest through my opening "replay," television can create pleasurable yet intensely isolating private worlds. At a macro level there are viewing "communities," for instance, the satisfactions made available by "soap operas," which Tania Modleski describes in Loving with a Vengeance: Mass Produced Fantasies for Women (1982), but, in the end, I argue, each viewer records experience through prior memories and other mediations that are entirely individual. Returning to my opening metaphor, I believe that not only our individual tape "loops" but alsoour recording and understanding of the present are determined by the perceptions we have learned from, not just television, but mass-produced cultural resources as a whole.

My recollection of that night in 1978 is suffused with nostalgia. I have "scripted" it partly because this is how I recollect the event, as a series of scenes arranged with a televisual logic and a televisual sense of composition. My "screenplay" is also there to acknowledge the sheer mediatedness of the past and the present: for me there is no real "memory" beyond my own televisual replay of an emotionally loaded and enigmatic "loop" of experiences that have become mixed with mass-produced forms such as television and pop music. If culture reinvents memories, individual or otherwise, as Roger Bromley suggests, then I think it is possible for a particular technology such as television to skew perception of the present before it has a chance to be recollected. There will be many objections to this position, but exploring, developing and sometimes defending it are what occupy me in this dissertation.

What I have written, then, in Lost at Home, reflects a usage of television and an understanding of British culture specific to myself. That I recall one evening twenty years ago as if it were on television is particular to my experience, as are the strong emotions and songs which accompany this recording. Although it is possible to generalise my ideas, they are not intended to be universal. My analysis and the methodology which produces it are the result of my particular social location as one of the white, lower middle-class males who once lingered after a Punk concert hoping for something more. I would, perhaps, reduce my social positioning further to my own universe of fandom within this social formation.[6] Much of the framing work I attempt to accomplish in this introduction, then, concerns what this dissertation is not. How we perceive and use culture *through* culture and again how we analyse it *through* another part of that same culture are an individual matter. I can only make clear here how I have gone about that task in Lost at Home.

I would like to continue, however, by returning to that night in 1978. As a discrete event, it is obviously important to me because it evokes a powerful feeling of what I have called nostalgia. It is just one of many such events. By looking at it in more detail though, I can show its relevance to my larger analysis of contemporary British television and culture. Through this example I will try to show my own view and use of culture. In the process of working through this dissertation I have found television to become mixed up with other cultural forms, such as sartorial fashions and the musical styles which often produce and accompany them. Rather than ignore these forms, I have tried to incorporate them, just as I have tried to include the condition of everyday life implicit in the "true" reflections Dennis Potter observed on the dull grey tube of the television when it is switched off.

Twenty years on, it is difficult to provide any simple cultural analysis of the events of that night in 1978, or, indeed, of the Punk phenomenon in general. In the late nineties, new styles and new music which are identified as "Punk" are being produced and used in much the same ways as they were in the mid to late seventies. However, with the arrival of more complex technologies of dispersal that circulate a timeless "pop" archive, being "in the know" in the nineties requires a constant routine of monitoring--of music and fashion television, of "soap operas," "talk-shows," "sitcoms," of "magazines" on the radio and of the "stylezines" and magazines on the racks--if one is not to fall behind. A knowledge of musics and styles, I argue, is an imperative for youth, one that is required, not for membership in any one fandom, but simply for membership in a generation. "Pop" continues to be important, but the power it applies and the uses and misuses it makes available have drastically changed since the late seventies when the aggressive marketing of and for youth had only just begun. In the nineties, the connection between youth, marketing and identity occurs somewhere in the complexity of the music/fashion/communication nexus. Subcultures do continue to exist, but the arc of resistance and incorporation described by Dick Hebdige in Subculture: The Meaning of Style (1979) appears to have been drastically compressed. In the late nineties, it may be the fashion industry who anticipate the latest "look" of resistance and who incorporate it at the moment of production. Transgression (and its containment) can now be purchased, as it were, "off the peg."

Punk's "second wave" hit around 1977-78.[7] The appearance of the new music on television coincided with daily news reports that only confirmed Labour's uninspiring performance. The drastic fall in party membership and the crippling public expenditure cuts brought by the repayment of an International Monetary Fund loan in 1976 were priming the country for the first phase of what was later called "Thatcherism."[8] Overall, this was a time of struggle, of social change on a number of levels. Thatcherism was extensively promoted and constructed on and through television and it is this that, for me, has associated it with the struggle implied by Punk. This subculture was undoubtedly a response to larger socio-political factors, but it was also an association made through the sharing of a technological medium. This occupation of the same media space may have inadvertently amplified Punk as a voice of opposition and confrontation.

It would be inaccurate to view Punk as simply a response made by youth to larger social conditions. Seen in the overall framework of the original Punk "movement," my "replay" of the concert at Bracknell Sports Centre suggests the disaffection and alienation of white, male, lower to upper middle-class youth. However, since the arrival of

American rock 'n roll in the 1950s, pop music had always been present as a reasonably affordable means of expression. With the rise of unemployment in the 1970s and the snowballing sense of Punk as a do-it-yourself genre, pop became a viable career opportunity for the specific social formation described above. The new music was also a response to the stagnation within the music industry itself. Punk bands were often born out of a power shift in which fans became producers of their own material. Part of this was a reaction to recording juggernauts such as "CBS" and "Warner Brothers," who, with their standard of high production values and multi-album contracts, had effectively stalled the music scene. Punk created a new market and a new sense of urgency. Many classics of the "second wave" were quickly recorded in primitive eight-track studios.[9] Punk style was as abrasive and uncomplicated as possible: attitude and anger were what counted and the old notion of "musicianship" went out the window. Rather than a reaction to a specific set of socio-historical conditions, however, Punk was often simply a channel of aggressive individuality, a way to get "on the telly," and otherwise on the air. Although the style continues to appeal to sections of the alienated middle-class, it is perhaps not for different but for the same politically and socially disinterested reasons that drove the movement in its first incarnation.

I can, then, revise my "recording" of that night in 1978, but I cannot escape the nostalgia it evokes. In the two hundred or so pages that follow this introduction, I find myself rewinding my private memory as if it were a television sequence. The images are accompanied by a confused blare of "live" sound, and another clearer track (where the lyrics are distinguishable) which I almost seem to be hearing from outside the venue. I believe my repeated returns to the lyrics and the memories they invoke is of great significance to the way culture works. Their appearance throughout this dissertation is my way of returning to 1978 and to the lyrics heard in the parking lot of a shabby sports centre in England. I see these songs as "placeholders" for something I have lost or cannot articulate, in the same way, I think, that Fredric Jameson writes about a certain kind of movie:

> It seems to me exceedingly symptomatic to find the very style of nostalgia films invading and colonizing even those movies today which have contemporary settings: as though, for some reason, we were unable today to focus our own present, as though we have become incapable of achieving aesthetic representations of our own current experience. ("Consumer" 117)

I find myself lost in the contradictions of that night (some of which I have tried to explain above) and increasingly isolated by my own internalization of it which insists on giving the evening a significance I do not understand. I experienced the event, but I can only reconstruct it through other cultural and media events and styles. Thus, the "framing" I provide here for my dissertation is tentative given that many of the imperatives of its construction remain as mysterious processes outside my own powers of articulation.

I began with a "replay" of a single recollection, however, partly to provide a type of gauge for my larger analysis. If I can locate and eliminate some of the "noise" that determines my positioning relative to a fairly discrete cultural "sitcom" such as Punk, then I have at least some chance of offering a faithful position with regard to my reading of British television culture. The "returns" that underscore my dissertation--the lyrics that I have inserted and which I associate with that night in 1978--do not, of course, have the same meanings as they had when they were first released as records. I can only revisit the feelings I associate with them. My original memories have been overdubbed by developments in the music scene which followed Punk. The structural changes this movement brought to the industry--particularly in the formation of small, independent recording labels--have remained, but in the early 1980s the music changed into the "New Wave" and into a variety of musical fashions, many of which began to replay earlier pop styles and iconographies (for example, so-called "New Romantics" such as "Spandau Ballet," at least in look, if not in sound, resembled "Roxy Music," a "glam" rock band of the early 1970s).[10] Some Punk bands matured and continued recording and performing; others dropped back into the pub rock scene from where they had come. At the same time, television genres came and went or were repeated; television actors grew or dropped back into the dinner circuit from where they had risen.

My musical "returns" carry the accumulation of these later styles and the critique implicit in them. My playback of the late seventies has also been rebuilt and repositioned by my reading in popular culture. This has taken the form of articles in "New Musical Express" and other music papers. Later, Punk would become something else again as scrutinised by commentators such as Simon Frith, Paul Gilroy and Dave Laing, writers who combine a sincere enthusiasm for the music without, however, displacing this appreciation into theory. There are many others. Punk was returning to itself before it had even burned itself out. As early as 1980, Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons would write an "obituary of rock and roll" in The Boy Looked at Johnny. These layers of change were contained and again mediated by television. It was this medium that had recorded the first "outrages" perpetrated by the "Sex Pistols," and it was the small screen that distributed the sound and look of the new music.[11] Although there were specialised "Punk" and "New Wave" programmes, for most people with only an average interest in the scene, it was the BBC's old-stager "Top of the Pops" (1964-) that administered a weekly and watered-down dose of the shift in musical sensibility.

What Philip Marlow in Dennis Potter's The Singing Detective calls "the bloody, bloody songs" are my way of rewinding to my own culturally specific moment of identity and power. Since I am now in my mid-thirties, perhaps the songs I include are just traces of loss, of an uncomplicated nostalgia. The discourse of television and the music which passed through it certainly became for me a way of controlling and coming to terms with a set of social conditions. My belief is that this was (and continues to be?) more individualized than belonging to a historically positioned subculture. My particular form of control arrived in the language the songs made available. They made language interesting and powerful at a time when I had no interest in "good" books or in any other "quality" culture. Because my predominant leisure activity after school, then after work, was to watch television (and listen to music), the language of the small screen accumulated along with the songs in a way that made the world make sense.

I am not sure what drives the nostalgia I feel or why it compels me to revisit a culture and history I thought I had left behind. Discovering these things has been part of the process of writing this dissertation. I had titled my original project "British Television Drama: Texts of Confrontation." After some preliminary work, I found I could no longer support the optimism this project called for. I saw little space for useful political intervention in television texts, and I was troubled by what I identified as a general cultural slide into crisis coupled with a descent into a type of willed autism. My work in Lost at Home is pessimistic--there is not much hope in what follows. I recognise, however, that in the larger cultural picture, the late nineties, with its new communications technologies and changing political and economic arenas, offers new hopes and pleasures (particularly in 1997, with the election of Tony Blair and "new" Labour). Even in 1978, or in the midst of the Thatcher years, the majority of people were happy with the outcomes of the Falklands/Malvinas crisis, the "battle" at the pitheads, the new call to law and order, and government policy in Northern Ireland. I wish I could live with my memories of such events, but I find I cannot, and I cannot be sure any longer of what those memories are since they are constantly revised or simply just "lost" in the media shuffle.

Since most of this dissertation occupies a space outside English studies, I have often had to improvise a methodology, which I discuss in the next section. I believe television does not simply act on minds, but is an amplifier of the larger culture and that it is actively used by its audience. Television is just one node where meanings are exchanged: its messages "feed back" into society to arrive again back on the small screen. In this sense, television culture is the ultimate videotape loop: making sense of this mechanism has not been easy. Throughout my research I have held on to two key ideas: that television is an intelligent medium as capable of artistic expression as film (with which it is often negatively compared); and that television is viewed in the home, by those everyday shadows moving across a blank screen described by Dennis Potter.

II

> Real life is becoming indistinguishable from its mediation in film and television. All is false: pleasure, happiness, spectacle, laughter, sexuality, individuality. (Silverstone, Everyday 110)

> The word *nostalgia* comes from the Greek *nostos* (to return home) and *algia* (a painful yearning) so as to be virtually synonymous in its derivation from *homesickness*. (Holbrook 96)

I situate my work on television (particularly in Chapter One) against a "backbeat" of historical "ruptures" of which Punk is just one. This has provided me with a socio-historical positioning both for the medium itself and for my response to it. However, as I have observed in relation to the narrative which begins this introduction, one person's recognition of a significant socio-political event can be business-as-usual for someone else. Associating the 1956 Suez "crisis" with the Falklands/Malvinas "war" of 1982, and connecting both events to the obvious historical turning point of World War II is perhaps arbitrary and artificial. The counterpoint is one I certainly contest by implication. Although these events undoubtedly unsettled the social order, I would question their visibility given my suggestion (in Part I above) that a reliable sense of the past, and possibly the "real life" contemplated by Roger Silverstone, have been lost amid highly complex mediations. In the era of late capitalism, there has never been more history (history "channels," documentaries, drama-documentaries and autobiographies of historical figures), yet, somehow, never less of it. As a British citizen, but one who was not born until the early sixties, my treatment of Suez is perhaps summary, while my interest in the Malvinas war may rely overmuch on a sense of revulsion (particularly, on my response to another rebirth of "old England" in the form of British "patriotism"). I include World War II as part of my historical backbeat because of the paradox this tragedy suggests to me. Although this war has been magnificently imaged, memorialised, textualised and otherwise "understood" through official history, I am still disturbed that my parents and grandparents (who lived through the London "Blitz") retain few memories or feelings connected with the event.

This widening of my context, from a "replay" of a single phenomenon--my experience of Punk--to larger contemporary historical movements, does not, however, validate or ratify my reading of British culture. There is no fundamental narrative I discover under what I have called these ruptures, unless, of course, it is the everyday struggle to maintain Britain's status as a world power. My constructed context is essentially a variation on Jonathan Dollimore's "transgressive reinscription" (33) and on Henry Jenkins' "textual poaching."[12] To return to my opening metaphor, it is just another videotape, a televisual loop running roughly from the Suez crisis of 1956 to the "new" Labour government of 1997. The events I have chosen to link together (from my culturally dislocated position in Canada) represent a set of televisualised histories--of the 1982 "Atlantic war," for instance--which I have recombined. Thus, my historical "documentary" of the period I cover is partial. Some chains of cause and effect are missing, as are many of the lines of forces which produced these crises. My priority, however, has been to preserve and uncover the televisual representations of events as I remember them.

The context against which I place television includes less obvious social crises in British history. My foregrounding of "war" at the pitheads, in Northern Ireland and in the inner cities (the riots of 1981 and 1985) is a fairly undisguised swipe at Thatcherism. It also perhaps recalls my sense of powerlessness and frustration at the time that the only hope of political change seemed to lie in the direction of the apparently ineffectual "centrist" Liberal/SDP Alliance.[13] This context of ruptures also discloses, perhaps, what the white, male, middle-class youths became after they had prowled the alternative scene in the late seventies as "Punks." My constructed context reflects the lack of social and political power felt by someone trapped between a failing and disintegrating Left on the one hand, and the unacceptable (or simply unachievable) imperatives of Thatcherism on the other. Finally, I complete my backbeat with a series of cultural "ripples," events reported and constructed in the popular press but which have, as far as I know, received little scholarly attention. I treat these events--the coming of the Criminal Justice Act, the "rave" phenomenon and a mass killing in Hungerford, Berkshire--in Chapter Two. I see them as literal symptoms which I integrate into a psychopathological model of society explained later in this introduction.

The way I have arrived at my context is, perhaps, a compromise. It is a middle course, however, that has allowed me to avoid writing a dissertation that is an exhaustive series of textual analyses. There is merit in a textual approach, but what I wanted was to understand television as something "televisual," as a cultural resource viewed and read, firstly, against a socio-economic/historical background, and, secondly, as a textual potential inflected and transformed through a very domestic point of exchange "at home." I especially wanted to avoid the text-by-text route because much of what I write in Lost at Home is a forensic psychopathology of British culture--there was a danger that authors' works would get reduced to a simple function of their actual or imagined abnormal psychology (a problem that the work of the late Dennis Potter, it seems, is doomed to suffer again and again).

In speculating on how my memory of Punk was formed, I have already discussed some of the kinds of texts I have used in writing this dissertation. The methodology I have brought to bear on the larger arenas of television and British culture speaks for my own social and historical positioning as a fan and a consumer of popular culture (including its own internal process of critique), as a "foreigner" in the discipline of cultural studies, and as a foreigner, a willing exile from England who has lived on a visitor's visa in Canada since 1988. As I have suggested earlier, many of the lines of force that inform my work remain lost in the mysterious processes of writing. My overall approach draws from no one particular theoretical school. As will become clearer later in this introduction, I am interested in the dynamics of memory and loss. This does not, however, imply a criticism of scholarly method, nor of the application of theory. It is just that the development of this project necessitated a type of reading almost as widely eclectic as the culture of television itself.

Having said this, Lost at Home remains grounded in my course work as a graduate student. It bears the imprint of discourse theory as presented by Seymour Chatman in Story and Discourse: Narrative Structure in Fiction and Film (1978), by Shlomith

Rimmon-Kennan in Narrative Fiction: Contemporary Poetics (1983) and by Erich Auerbach in Mimesis: the Representation of Reality in Western Literature (1953). It was in the nineties (possibly out of the same misplaced identification that drew me toward Punk) that I began exploring the possibilities of a Leftist critique, primarily through the work of the Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies at the University of Birmingham. Thus, my dissertation draws on the work of Marxist critics such as Raymond Williams, Richard Hoggart, Stuart Hall and, then, later writers in this tradition such as Dick Hebdige, Simon Frith and Terry Eagleton. To engage in this reading is also to reluctantly abandon the idea that the social order is structured simply around class, around a simple view of history, or around binaries such as political Left and Right. More subtle and less visible forms of power must be discovered before anything useful can be written. To this reading I would add definite texts that have influenced my thinking in an almost subliminal way. These include V.N. Voloshinov's Marxism and the Philosophy of Language (1973), the essays in Hal Foster's The Anti-Aesthetic: Essays on Postmodern Culture (1983), Fredric Jameson's The Political Unconscious: Narrative as a Socially Symbolic Act (1981), and Tzvetan Todorov's study of Mikhail Bakhtin The Dialogical Principle (1984). Moving closer to the surface, key stylistic influences have been Dick Hebdige (particularly in Hiding in the Light: On Images and Things [1988]) and Simon Frith.

These have all been influences on my other reading and on my other excursions into the disciplines of film studies and contemporary British history. Much of my research, however, has directly involved television. For what Raymond Williams in Television: Technology and Cultural Form (1974) refers to as the everyday, unsegmented "flow" of the televisual medium, I have had to rely on my memory of the British form now mixed with a more recent knowledge of the North American format. The two varieties are quite different in terms of the kind of attention they demand and of the late-capitalist universe they visualise. As far as possible, I have attempted not to homogenise these "flows." However, my reconstruction of the everyday in British television should be understood within these provisions. It is a problem I address in Chapter Four of my dissertation when I examine the destabilising of British national identity made over on television by Europeanising forces on the one hand, and globalising forces on the other. Of course, my "expertise" as a television reader reflects just one use of the form. I acknowledge that television is probably the most widely available cultural resource and that its flow is understood, recombined and otherwise used by other social positionings outside the treatment I have chosen.

Since I wanted to examine certain tendencies, trends and imperatives in British television drama, it has been necessary for me to assemble a "core" of videotaped material. As a poor student (who has to borrow a VCR) this has been difficult.. At the same time, however, it seemed to run counter to my purpose to amass a large video stockpile since this would be losing the original value of the medium in the arena of the everyday. My compromise has been to work with a set of key texts that I felt were important in British television drama. Some of these I purchased (for instance, Dennis Potter's The Singing Detective and Lipstick On Your Collar; the first in Lynda La Plante's Prime Suspect series; Troy Kennedy Martin's Edge of Darkness; and Alan Bleasdale's GBH). For the larger part of my core material, I have to thank friends and particularly my parents in England who faithfully taped any reruns of plays from the "Wednesday Play" and "Play for Today" series in addition to soap operas, sitcoms, commercials and anything else they thought I might find interesting. I am not sure in the end if money would have made this process of research and collection easier. Although the more "celebrated" sitcoms (such as Fawlty Towers and Mr Bean) and "quality" dramas are available on videotape in retail stores (and, I have found, in the public library), television has a very bad "memory" of itself. As Michael Ritchie writes in Please Stand By: A Prehistory of Television (1995), "There can be no nostalgia for something that is not even remembered" (4). Shows which will not sell in this second market tend to disappear without a trace. This situation also suggests that television is still considered as inferior to film, or that the output of television is just too prodigious to make archiving it cost-effective.

A wider knowledge of the context of television drama has come from reading published television plays and scripts of which the selection is far more representative of the total broadcast output. Within certain parameters, this research has enabled me to historicize the form and it has taken me from early experiments with drama-documentary such as Colin Morris's The Unloved (1958), to John Mortimer's Call Me A Liar (1958) and Elaine Morgan's You're A Long Time Dead (1958), to the more well-known plays of Jack Rosenthal, John Bowen and Peter Nicholls. These texts led me to the work of director Ken Loach, novelist and sometime playwright Nell Dunn, and then to the obvious choices such as David Hare, Dennis Potter, Trevor Griffiths, Ian McEwan, David Edgar and Alan Bennett. The existence of these texts is, of course a reflection of the market: it is an imperfect and poor reflection of a system that favours the work of one race, one class, and definitely one gender.

It has also been important to consider the status of this published material, especially as I have been trained in a particular kind of textual analysis. Most of the "plays" are published as such, not as screenplays or anything approaching a shooting script. Others, such as Dennis Potter's Christabel (1988) and Blackeyes (1989) and Nell Dunn's Up the Junction (1966) remain as novels. As commodity forms whose existence is doubled between a single screening (in the case of most of the plays) and a second appearance in a publishable printed genre, these texts have been poor notations of their original broadcast form. This material has posed yet more problems, however. The most visible and marketed of these texts are written for a narrow demographic, and this "targeting" effect seems to be enhanced as a result of the corporate "authorship" practised by the major television companies.[14] It may be, however, that the archive (and the market) is beginning to acknowledge other combinations of race, gender and class, and the publication and broadcast of the works of writers such as Hanif Kureishi (My Beautiful Laundrette [1986] and The Rainbow Sign [1986]) and Jeanette Winterson (Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit [1988]) is a hopeful sign.

There is, of course, an extensive body of work on television itself, and I have drawn widely from this. In this category I would include work by practising television writers, such as John McGrath's A Good Night Out: Popular Theatre, Audience, Class and Form (1981) and Dennis Potter's Waiting for the Boat: On Television (1984) and Seeing The Blossom (1994). There is also a large body of scholarly work on the medium. I cannot do justice to this, but of the many published writers I have found the research of Roger Silverstone, Henry Jenkins, David Morley, Tania Modeski, Patricia Mellencamp and George W. Brandt invaluable. To understand how television is used, I have often crossed over into the different spectatorial economy discussed in film theory. Of these works, I have found particularly useful Psychoanalysis and Cinema: The Imaginary Signifier by Christian Metz, Annette Kuhn's Women's Pictures: Feminism and Cinema (1982), Janet Thumim's Celluloid Sisters: Women and Popular Cinema (1992) and the essays in Deidre Pribam's Female Spectators: Looking at Film and Television (1988). Lastly, I have drawn from works on British social history and popular culture. Of these I would name Raymond Williams' seminal Culture and Society (1958), Arthur Marwick's Culture in Britain since 1945 (1991), Roger Hewison's The Heritage Industry: Britain in a Climate of Decline (1987) and Roger Bromley's Lost Narratives: Popular Fictions, Politics and Recent History (1988). There are many others in addition to works that were suggested to me by this research, for instance Geoffrey Pearson's Hooligan: A History of Respectable Fears (1983), Alan Sinfield's Faultlines: Cultural Materialism and the Politics of Dissident Reading (1992), and Barrie Sherman and Phil Judkins' Glimpses of Heaven; Visions of Hell: Virtual Reality and Its Implications (1992).

My research for this project has also taken me into the cultural space of the internet. It is by way of the BBC and Channel Four hypertext sites that I have been able to monitor the output of these channels into the British domestic airspace. Often, the internet has been an interesting forum for the discussion of cultural issues and it is has enabled me to keep up with the changing "rave"/dance scene (discussed in Chapter Two). It is through this electronic "space" that I obtained Nicholas Saunders' (otherwise unpublished) hypertext work E is for Ecstasy. There are also professionally produced sites that I have found useful and these include the hypertext pages published by the Manchester Institute for Popular Culture, in addition to the "netzines" Mediamatic, Hyperreal, Vibe Online and Alt.Culture: An A-Z of the 90s. I have treated the internet as a different "frame" through which to understand culture. As an inherently "dislocated" space, it has sometimes enabled me to see British popular culture in terms of its interdependencies on other popular cultures, particularly, of course, those in North America.

I am aware that what information I obtain from this source raises questions of authority. The internet is a true do-it-yourself medium. It is cheaper than music and it enables computer users (not necessarily owners) to self-publish their opinions and ideas to an unimaginably wide audience through invented personae that mix and match race, gender, age and class at will. Internet "space," however, is full of mystifications. In 1995, Manuel Delanda commented that, "information is the least important thing about the internet" (Beard and Eshun 62). It is a form of entertainment, one that offers two-way interactions in real time (through text/voice/video "chat"), or one-way "browsing/cruising." However, few users know the geographical sources of the "information" they access or of the systems which enable its retrieval. Similarly, internet addresses tend to be volatile: a site may be "up" one day and gone the next. As such, I have treated this source with caution. It may be that in time the internet will "stabilise." At present it seems a distracting novelty, but one that I am sure is an important cultural phenomenon worthy of study.

The final, and perhaps most problematic, texts I have used in my research are magazines, or more specifically, "stylezines." In its purest form, this type of publication is a mix of fashion, style and (predominantly) music. It is the way that this information is presented, however, that characterises this magazine format. In The Face and i-D (for me, both of these London-based "monthlies" exemplify the form), glossy photo-features are framed with computer graphics in a presentation style that draws from television "magazine" shows--particularly those on MTV--and increasingly from the internet. As Dick Hebdige observes of The Face, this publication favours the display form of advertising rather than "sustained, sequential modes of sense-making" (Hiding 172). Where The Face has gradually gone more "mainstream" (in the sense that it covers the more visible media and fashion trends), i-D maintains a focus on the less visible drug and dance cultures. Both magazines offer written and electronic forums for their readers (who, judged from the clothes and electronic gadgets advertised, are either employed and affluent, unemployed and frustrated, or a combination of both) There are other popular journals of this type that I use, such as the similarly London-published Q Magazine. This is more of a music magazine. It sticks to a more conventional format of news and reviews, and unlike The Face and i-D (which are transnational in content), Q seems to cultivate a specifically "home" audience.[15]

As I have used them in my research, the stylezines and magazines have presented a different "recording" of an important part of everyday British popular culture including television. I believe these "zines" are just another of the routes--similar to television and music--through which meanings and values are put into play so that they can be used and transformed by consumers into *more* popular culture. Despite--or because of--the apparent triviality of their content, the "zines" make visible some of the complex operations that underlie increasingly complex social orders, identities and systems. The "self-critique" found in these publications is typically fed back into popular culture--changing trends and making new ones. In a fashion similar to the way music television works, The Face and i-D have the power to define what is "retro" and to simultaneously retrieve, then remove the past, so that the "retro" becomes the "Now." Since the "zines" have easy access to and are part of the technologies of social circulation, their ability to sell identities should not be underestimated.

In a study such as my own, magazines present more of a problem of authority than the internet (which, with a few exceptions, I have only used as a secondary or tertiary source). Although they do not underwrite their cultural critique with a scholarly methodology, the "zines" nevertheless seem to inflect their analyses through the terms of cultural theory. For example, in the June 1995 issue of i-D, an interview with Manuel Delanda, Marilouise and Arthur Kroker--"panic theorists for the end of the millennium" (Beard and Eshun 58)--rubs shoulders with an article on music artist "DJ Rap" and an advertisement for a "Pitti Immagine" textile exhibition in Italy. In a dialogue which begins with Arthur Kroker's reflections on the London club "Speed," he jumps to the surprising statement, "I think the consumer model of capitalism is as dead as a doornail" (Beard and Eshun 61). During the course of this interview, terms with precise theoretical locations are pulled out of context and redefined for the moment. This style of expedient definition fits the "zines" perfectly. Part of this reflects the attempt to carry their graphical pyrotechnics onto mere text: to produce sequences of interesting words that will blend almost seamlessly with advertising copy. However, this operation is typical of the way pop culture as a whole "cannibalises" and absorbs media outside itself. In the "zines," words are misused and "dirtied," put out of place and put in a new place. Publications such as The Face and i-D restlessly scavenge for new terms of self-critique and in doing so they pose (literally) a problem of authority for researchers such as myself looking into areas of popular culture not widely considered in "official" scholarly texts.[16]

These magazines tend to analyse--and also manufacture--culture in a specific way. I think this process is important and provocative, but that it is necessary to define it in contrast to what I hope is the more subtle agenda of my own methodology. The approach taken by the stylezines will become clearer if I look at one of the ways in which they have presented a specific cultural phenomenon. In the late nineties, Manchester pop-band "Oasis" have become a major force in the British domestic and world music industry. This has happened apparently without extensive airplay or a gruelling schedule of live dates. "Oasis" are the most successful exponents of what the music press have championed as "Brit pop," then, later, "Brit rock" (there is an important difference). This new British "invasion" is a loose conglomeration of performers (including "Brit pack" actors such as Ewan McGregor, Kelly MacDonald and Tara Fitzgerald) who were inserted--by music television, by Hollywood film, and then by the "zines"--into the narrative of a revitalised England. This revitalisation, however, is typically a nostalgic return to the past, and in "Brit pop" this has involved an arch reworking of the domestic music archive. It may be going too far to connect the new direction of a cultural resource such as music with changes in Britain as a whole. Nevertheless, it is significant that "Oasis" have incorporated the Union Jack into their iconography (just as the "mods" had done in the 1960s, and the "British Movement" in the 1970s) and that band member Noel Gallagher was a supporter of future "new" Labour Prime Minister Tony Blair.[17] These associations are all the more interesting because, although a symbol can be reused and redirected, I believe it still carries some of its former connotations (this operation is explicit in many "Brit pop/rock" styles that are self-conscious "replays" of 60s pop). "Oasis," then, have reinvented "old England" in step with the larger illusion of a revitalised Britain that followed the change of government in May 1997 and that more than one commentator has equated with a return to the past, specifically the 1960s.[18]

Although the stylezines are conscious of some of the operations described above, they have tended to invent and analyse the "Brit pop/rock" trend across much more visible contradictions. This is typically the way these publications have presented "Oasis." For example, "Oasis'" success has been at the expense of London-based "Brit pop" band "Blur." In the "struggle" between these two bands, "Oasis" have emerged as everything "Blur" are not. "Oasis" are reported as being working-class, Catholic Irish northerners who have single-handedly revamped rock 'n' roll (thus, the distinction between "rock" and "pop"); "Blur" are effeminate, middle-class, artsy southerners. In the contest over the past, "Oasis" have emerged as "The Sex Beatles" (C. Jones 49), associated both with the "alienation and outsiderdom" celebrated in Punk (particularly through the music and attitude of "The Sex Pistols," and, later, "The Smiths") and, contrarily, with the "bigger is better" ethic of "The Beatles," the first "supergroup" (Savage, "boys' club" 2).[19]

The winning of the past alone, however, has not produced "Oasis" or their success. The stress on geographical, social and class positioning is typical of the way the "zines" analyse what they judge to be significant pop phenomena. What is interesting in the case of "Oasis" is how this contestatory language has been moved *inside* the band. Although "Oasis" contains five members, the "zines'" interest--not to mention that of the popular press--has been limited to brothers Noel and Liam Gallagher. It is the brothers' regular feuding that the music press in general have used, both to verify "Oasis'" working-class credentials, and to establish the "darkness" which is culturally expected of "authentic" rock 'n roll music. Reporting the brothers' public falling-out in September 1996 (which made the front pages of British daily newspapers The Sun and The Guardian), Steve Malins describes how the "typically Irish Gallagher family worked together on a building site over 10 years ago" ("pack" 12). One interpretation this suggests is that fighting is part and parcel of a working-class identity.

This background forms the basis of how "Oasis" (essentially the brothers Liam and Noel) have been understood in the "zines."[20] In an interview article which appeared in The Face two years earlier, Cliff Jones writes of "Liam's anger with his brother" (44). The brothers Gallagher are consistently presented through oppositions: Noel is the older brother, the songwriter and the guitarist; Liam is the singer, the aggressive and controversial frontman. Noel is "soft" while Liam is "hard." In the same interview, Liam confirms the terms of this analysis:

> I'm on fire inside. I'm just getting to know myself, and there's things I don't like. Parts of me are evil, parts of me are good, but I'm locked up in chains so I can't get it all out. (C. Jones 44)

The battling brothers oblige the "zines" by offering self-analyses which can be easily inserted into an existing pop paradigm. "Oasis" play authentic rock 'n roll because they have been associated with and textualised as one of a succession of fiery rock music partnerships, ranging from Mick Jagger and Keith Richards of "The Rolling Stones," to the Davis brothers of "The Kinks," to Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey of "The Who," and more recently, to Steven Morrissey and Johnny Marr of "The Smiths." In a Q Magazine photo-portfolio of "Oasis" by Jill Furmanovsky, the Gallagher brothers are pictured either separately (in the limousine, or in their individual hotel rooms), or in close proximity, avoiding eye contact.[21] The photographs are accompanied by Furmanovsky's captions. Underneath a picture of the band taken at the time of the 1995 MTV awards, she comments, "I see this as an iconic image of Oasis, a proper portrait of the band that sums up their dark side ..." (Aston 88).

The way "Oasis" have been presented in the "zines" and in the music press enables me to make several general points about how this textual resource analyses other cultural phenomena. As I have said earlier, the problem of the stylezines' authority revolves around their implication in the processes of cultural production which they critique. This self-reflexivity is something the "zines" often recognise, but their engagement with the problem is for the most part limited to the kind of playfulness found in modern advertising (for example, the equalisation made between "Oasis," "The Beatles," and "The Sex Pistols"). "Oasis" appear to consciously replay a specific part of the pop music archive; the larger music press, however, have inserted them into more general structures of the past based, first, on the "rebirth" of British music--in the "Brit pop/rock" trend--and, second, on the revitalisation of England itself (embodied in Liam Gallagher's Union Jack guitar). Thus, "Oasis" lose their specificity in the trend which they are analysed as exemplifying.

Pop music has always reworked its own back catalogue; the "Brit pop/rock" trend is unusual, however, because this operation was made explicit and celebrated. This flattening of difference, then, is one way the "zines" digest and present culture. Connected to this is their tendency to reduce complex forces and influences into binary oppositions based around expedient definitions of what is and isn't "authentic" (or simply the "in" thing). In my example, "Oasis'" authority and authenticity is stated first, then ratified--at the expense of "Blur"--by their northernness and their working-class background. As a result of the internal "struggle" orchestrated by the "zines," it is probably Liam Gallagher (in opposition to Noel Gallagher) who emerges victorious as the definitively authentic attitude of rock 'n roll.

My example also makes a more general point about how this kind of analysis is created. Typically, boundaries are broken down and lines blurred. As I have said, this "dirtying" is an integral part of how pop culture understands and reproduces itself. Thus, "Oasis" are analysed through already circulating terms and in music the most available resource is the pop archive. This example is interesting because what the "zines" offer their audiences--among other meanings--is a quite arbitrary convergence between music and politics made through an understanding that the 1990s is a rewind to the 1960s.

As I have said, the stylezines--in addition to other magazine and newspaper journalism--offer a different, and I believe valuable recording of some areas of British popular culture. The authority of their critique, however, is problematic because of its lack of historical and theoretical specificity. With this in mind, I have attempted to differentiate between precise theoretical terms as they are used in a discipline such as cultural studies, and these same terms as they are employed in the "zines'" cultural analyses. In the latter, I treat their meanings as provisional and context dependent. This question raises a larger point about my own methodology throughout this thesis. Although I have chosen not to take a particular theoretical approach, I am aware, nevertheless, that I have used some terms which can be located in theory. As far as possible, I have tried to limit these. Such terms carry complex issues and debates which are outside my remit in this dissertation. When they do appear, I attempt to define how I am using them. This approach has its shortcomings, but in this introduction, one of my tasks has been to suggest the provisionality of my analysis by acknowledging that there are different uses of my object of study and that there are also alternative methodological approaches. My focus is on television as a cultural apparatus that has the potential to change fundamental human activities such as the processing of emotion and, as I suggest through my opening "screenplay," the replay of the past (as memory), and the recording of the present (as experience).

III

FADE IN FROM GREY:

INT. ME - ANYTIME

In this introduction, it remains for me to describe the route I have taken to arrive at what I have called my "psychopathological" model of society, to give a brief definition of terms, and to provide an overview of the four chapters which follow. First, it is important to point out that what I am working from in this dissertation is a self-analysis of my own internalisation of television culture. Although I make gestures towards culture at large, these are not intended to be universalising, nor are my uses of individual texts. What I am writing is exploratory. My objective has been to work inside my own videotape "loop" of memories, half-memories and missing places. In searching for the source of my own nostalgia, I may have attributed too much of what is personal to myself to what is general and properly outside of my analysis. However, I do believe that self-reflexivity is a necessary condition of stating any generalisable truth, and that from within the limits of my own uses of culture I can make some useful observations about it.

My psychopathological model is built around four main classifications which originate from psychiatry and psychology: "False Memory," "Agoraphobia," "Incomplete Mourning" and "Not Elsewhere Classified." It is these I have used as analytical tools and as devices to organise my inquiry. Although these concepts can be located in psychiatry and psychology, it has not been my intention to apply medical psychiatry directly to culture (an approach I do not have the authority for anyway).[22] It is also important to point out that although psychiatry and psychology may formulate their knowledges from the same observations, they are, however, quite different in their approaches. Each of the four concepts above has been a starting-point for a chapter. Using my training in literary analysis, I have taken them and metaphorically telescoped their meanings into what I think are provocative areas of cultural inquiry. For example, "False Memory" implies to me that there is another kind of "memory," one that is "true," verifiable, locatable in the neurotransmitters of the brain or in some collective experience free from any mediation. The term suggests a particular regime of power, both within psychiatry, and within culture itself. In thinking through these four concepts--and the format of my dissertation as a whole--I have allowed myself the licence of the "creative" writing techniques and methods of expression I have learned inside and outside the University.[23] This was a careful decision and it is a route, I believe, that has made clearer the status of my thesis as a "self-analysis" and as a "performance" that contemplates its (my) own internalised "loop" of events.

I have arrived at this model through much thought and dialogue over a number of years. Partly, it has been a matter of chance. Having friends professionally involved in psychiatry and psychology, I have been able to absorb and build on our many discussions. The connections with my own interests in popular culture, were too compelling to pass over. Outside of this source, I have also noticed that specific terms from psychiatric theory have become "contaminated" through their circulation in culture at large. In a similar fashion to the terms in cultural theory I have discussed, the specific knowledge that is psychiatry appears on radio and television talk shows, not to mention in an extensive library of "self-help" texts available in any bookstore. As I argue in chapter two, the wide dissemination of psychological concepts may also be a consequence of pharmaceutical advances and the new, "educated" markets which have been created as a result of these. Whether the jargon is employed correctly or not, it seems that many people are now finding and understanding their identities by seeing them through expressions, for example, such as "denial," "obsessive-compulsive," and "passive-aggressive."[24]

This phenomenon is interesting, but it does not justify and it has not produced my methodology. As I have said, I could never properly make a direct equation between psychiatric conditions and cultural trends in contemporary Britain.[25] The topics of my chapters and the psychotherapeutic terms in them are--as far as possible--contextually defined. However, many of my observations do have a background in the psychiatric theory I have absorbed. For example, my ideas about nostalgia, repetition and the need to seek home in one form or another, can be traced back to Freud's important principle which he termed "repetition compulsion" (E. Jones 506). Similarly, the withdrawals into the self through what I term "compensatory fantasies" are akin to some of the behaviours described in Anna Freud's The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense (1936), and by Leo Kanner in relation to autism. I give the memory "loop" with which I open this introduction a general centrality in relation to this thesis as a whole, because I believe it functions as my own "organizing therapeutic metaphor." In psychiatry, this can be described as "a significant incident the patient relives in therapy that represents, or in some meaningful way sums up, his [or her] life story" (Basch 180).[26] It is arguable that to some degree or other we all have these "incidents," and that they provide the primary mediation for our interactions with culture.

Raw psychiatry and psychology, however, need a bridge before they can even approach the status of a useful cultural model. There are several recent texts that combine these disciplines with cultural analysis, and I have found this reading beneficial to my process. In Chapter Three--perhaps the most overtly "psychoanalytical" section of my dissertation--I have found it useful to read Esther Schor's Bearing the Dead: the British Culture of Mourning from the Enlightenment to Victoria (1994), Sarah Webster Goodwin and Elisabeth Bronfen's Death and Representation (1993) and the essays in Joseph H. Smith and Humphrey Morris's Telling Facts: History and Narration in Psychoanalysis (1992). I think these texts have informed my work as a whole. They have helped me understand that the feeling which I have inadequately called "nostalgia" is my reaction to a collection of losses which I believe have specific cultural determinants. Perhaps they have also given me the confidence to offer the self-analysis of what appear to be my own idiosyncrasies as a valid--if tentative--larger analysis of one psychological state or "condition" which I believe afflicts many others in the late twentieth century.

In order to clarify the methodological core of this dissertation, some specific definitions are necessary. I use the word "condition" polyphonically. It denotes both the everyday, material state of living in Britain in the late 1990s, and the everyday maladjustments and psychiatric disorders which are sometimes attendant on this. I wanted to exploit the word in this way because abnormality and illness, particularly mental illness, are increasingly defined as behaviours which put the individual in conflict with the law, never as the price we pay for living in a highly complex, technological society. The word "home" in this dissertation is also multi-dimensional. Home is my own internal replay, but it is also a physical place and a national identity. I also use the word to refer to a location in the so-called "cyber-space" of the internet. Writing on the complexity of "the Net," Simon Baddeley suggests that "home"--envisioned here as the computer terminal, literally "@home"--has become an experience of "repression, dissociation, fragmentation and superficiality" (9). However, I think "home" is primarily a psychological location; in a sense, it is a "virtual" destination because I believe it is a place we never reach. It is in this sense I am using the term throughout this thesis. Finally, there is what I term the "everyday," or the "humdrum." In the end, this is my own experience of day-to-day life. I use the term, however, to recognise that most of our lives are not organized around a series of remarkable events, but around a series of repetitions at home and at the workplace. As I argue in my final chapter, the humdrum is often a condition of boredom which is set off against--and driven by--the enchantments of consumption.

In my first chapter, "False Memory," I explore some of the issues raised by the event inscribed in my opening "screenplay." Through the lens of my own significant moment in 1978, I make some observations about how what I term British national identity is formed through the "memories/replays" of television and related media. For me, the key identifications seem to have taken place through the experience of war, a fairly banal conclusion in a country whose every town and village has memorials commemorating its dead, "glorious" and otherwise. Since my grandparents lived through the London "blitz," I have entered World War Two through their faltering recollections, then gone on to the fiasco at Suez, then the entirely different "war" of the Falklands/Malvinas conflict.

I think television and film reconstruct these ruptures as a matter of routine, then retail them as stories, and as coherent, nation-building narratives. I attempt to reposition small-screen "classics" such as Brideshead Revisited (BBC, 1981) in what I believe is their "true" context of contradictory historical forces: riots, soaring unemployment and inner-city decay. "Old England" will not lie down and die. Patriotism is very much alive and it is supported by tenacious "memories" of war, of "pulling together," of the indomitable "bulldog spirit."[27] I counterpoint these bloodless fictions with the conveniently fading recollections (their "safety" almost confirmed by their contemporary appearance on celluloid) of "war" at the pitheads and war in Northern Ireland.

Chapter Two, "Agoraphobia," is dependent on the ground covered in the previous chapter. It works on my premise that the hunger evinced by television to pry into all areas, to bring the private into the public (or to destroy this distinction), is born of the medium's fear of unmediated spaces. The material, "space," in this chapter, is a corollary to the "memory" of Chapter One. I am particularly interested here in what I interpret as our media-induced retreat into the "private" spaces substituted by such televisual genres as MTV. It is a particularly dangerous condition when images on a screen and their accompanying sounds become a safer, more "real" place than the world outside the window. It is even more frightening, however, when the retreat offered by televisual space becomes a mere question of the right chemical manipulations.

This style of "retreat" is the first of what I will term "compensatory narratives," bespoke realities designed to pin us at home--a box into which television projects a degraded sense of the familiar. These narratives and their part in constructing commercial reality are considered in detail in my closing chapter. In Chapter Two, I also suggest that through early 1990s' drug culture, televisual space was made available outside the home through the Ecstasy-enhanced spaces of dance clubs and raves. This, I believe, was not just an underground trend, and it has been duplicated in the widely accepted, and similarly serotonergic "mood stabilizer" Prozac. These new frontiers of inner space were forced to submit to and are being contested by aggressive legislation such as the Criminal Justice Act--laws specifically, if not cleverly, designed to redefine the individual's relationship to her environment.

Just as serotonin reuptake is dependent on membrane permeability deep in the brain, so the apprehension of space I discuss in "Agoraphobia" turns on the membrane, or "junction," at which the television screen meets domestic space, its substrate. At this point, I think a complex intertext is formed, and it was one extensively explored in BBC television's successful "Play for Today" series. I consider some texts within this series--as far as research limitations have permitted--in order to investigate to what extent our perception of space is conditioned by modern media.

My third chapter, "Incomplete Mourning," is pivotal, focusing as it should the major issues raised in Chapters One and Two. I argue that modern culture is unable to process or represent loss and that this is one of the reasons it is destined to rehash its own dead things (as a phenomenon such as "Brit pop/rock" clearly suggests). Loss, however, produces consumer desires and it is through consumption, I think, that we mourn, always trying to reach those "transitional objects" that carry the last resonances of "home."

I go on to argue that we live in a culture that is inherently parasuicidal. For me, an incident such as the "Hungerford massacre" was an attempt by the lone gunman, Michael Ryan, to retrieve his own deeply encrypted losses. The larger part of this chapter, though, concentrates on the fictional crime of the "quality" procedural detective narrative Prime Suspect and in particular its serial killer figure, George Arthur Marlow. This series seems to let slip a number of crucial disassociations that show the modalities of loss at work (especially when it comes to figures of male violence other than Marlow).

This chapter examines the discourses embedded in Prime Suspect whose job I think it is to exert control over these "rogue" meanings. In the end, with its compensatory manoeuvres, its "nomadic retaliations," its violations and its own self-reflexivity, it seems that the narrative of detection is an analogue for the operations of cultural memory. Prime Suspect is unable to mourn or to represent death, a failure evident in its repetitions and returns to the scene of the crime. As such, the notion of incomplete mourning is integral to the loss of the past discussed in Chapter One and the loss of a sense of place investigated in "Agoraphobia."

My concluding chapter works within the provisions defined by the first part of my thesis, but it is also a declaration--as I have already pointed out--that many "conditions" evade satisfactory classification. In the "drift" I see of scholarly disciplines (and their precise terms of reference) toward entertainment and then toward a realism inflected through what I interpret as a totalising commercial environment, I wanted to end by considering the messages, dramas and incitements concentrated in some British television commercials. These are particularly interesting since, at the time of writing, Britain seems to be reluctantly swallowing a "European" identity within its insignificant place in the globalising consumer culture I call "the City." As what I think are the most attractive and distracting of media texts, commercials condition a way of seeing, an understanding of the past and of place that is typically non-denotative. Pasted onto brand names that are consciously and subliminally invasive, history and place seem to become questions of free association. To these losses of certainty can be added the states of insufficiency and inadequacy it appears it is the function of commercial messages to create. Only by being made to see ourselves as weak, fat, shiftless or old, can we invest our hope and our new selves in yet another product. In this sense, the only histories left seem to be those mapped onto the commodity.

These unclassifiable conditions conclude my dissertation because they redefine those described in the previous chapters and suggest their associations with the profound losses upon which I think late-capitalist culture is based. I also wanted to explore advertisements that to me present no clear product. The new car or the new face cream or the unisex fragrance often seem to get lost in the wash of highly emotive images and associations whose job it is to sell them. Chapter Four is an exploration of the pared-down compensatory fantasies compressed into a typical thirty-second advertising slot. These messages appear to incite us to drift off and depart into their proffered worlds of cliched wish-fulfillments. My inevitable conclusion is that the human affective economy is understood--if this is the word--and constructed through the media and finally translated into a vocabulary of products.

There is little optimism in what follows: times *are* tough for "English babies."[28] I do not think that things are turning out well for us, that is, even if we had the ability to see and properly weigh world events. There is, however, the pleasure of the word and the paradoxical compulsion towards the agony of inquiry it demands. Finally, there will probably always be television and its reassuring mid-afternoon re-runs of old classics and the familiarity of Potter's grey/blue blank screen. I hope so. Television got me through the seventies and most of the eighties. I am not about to switch off just when things are getting really interesting.

CUT TO:

Notes

1 This concert took place in early 1978. For my reconstruction of the event, it has helped to read Jon Savage's England's Dreaming: Sex Pistols and Punk Rock, particularly the section in chapter twelve where he recollects the chaos of early "Pistols'" shows at The Nashville pub in London. However, I have found few verbal or videotaped records of these early "Punk" events. For the lyrics themselves, I have relied on my record collection in addition to the few live "bootleg" recordings I possess. Other books and articles that have helped me clarify this youth culture as it was then are Dave Laing's One Chord Wonders: Power and Meaning in Punk Rock, Simon Frith's essay "Formalism, Realism and Leisure: The Case of Punk," Stanley Cohen's "Symbols of Trouble" and T.R. Fyvel's "Fashion and Revolt." These essays and others are collected in The Subcultures Reader (1997), edited by Ken Gelder and Sarah Thornton. The only work I have found which describes the music scene from the perspectives of women is Amy Raphael's Never Mind the Bollocks: Women Rewrite Rock (Virago, 1995). Lastly, I have drawn on my reading in music journalism, particularly the weeklies such as "New Musical Express," "Melody Maker," and "Sounds." Of the writers in this medium I would recommend Nick Kent, Robin Denselow, Charles Shaar Murray and Julie Burchill.

2 In part III of Culture in Britain since 1945, Arthur Marwick describes these "conditions." By the mid-seventies, Britain's unemployment had topped the 2 million mark, while its inflation was at 23 percent. The "Social Contract" (between the government and the Trades Union Congress) implemented by the 1974 Labour government, a bid to sacrifice wage increases for enhanced welfare benefits, was failing. As Marwick writes, it was "consensus's last fling" (136). In The Hard Road to Renewal: Thatcherism and the Crisis of the Left, Stuart Hall writes of this period: "Britain in the 1970s is a country for whose crisis there are no viable capitalist solutions left, and where, as yet, there is no political base for an alternative social strategy" (23).

3 In Chapter Nine of Powerplays: Trevor Griffiths in Television, Mike Poole and John Wyver discuss Griffiths' "skinhead" play Oi for England (1982). They comment: "... working-class politics is a battleground, a disputed area of contending representations that has to be fought over--nowhere more so than in the case of Oi where the gut radicalism of unemployed youth became easy meat for the British Movement" (175). In "The Skinheads and The Magical Recovery of Community" John Clarke writes: " ... the Skinhead style represents an attempt to re-create through the "mob" the traditional working class community as a substitution for the real decline of the latter" (99).

4. I am aware that what I think of as my "own" nostalgia, my personal videotape "loop," raises a number of problems. I think these begin to emerge in the moment I step outside my experience of one night into my received--but not experienced--sense of the Punk movement as a whole. At this point, the terms "nostalgia," "the past," and "memory" are in danger of beginning a rapid slide into confusion. Since so much of this dissertation--particularly Chapter One--depends upon being able to use such terms with some precision, I will briefly explain how I have tried to control the slippage between them.

In the chapters that follow, I theorise what I inadequately call "the past" around three main positions. The first is that television can be used to articulate the past as "history" and as an unproblematic "national identity" (Lant 31; Samuel), and that this is one of the ways in which nationalism and patriotism are manufactured and perpetuated. Once this "official history" is established, I think along with Graeme Turner, that nationalism is self-sustaining (117). I believe this version of the past is a consensus, a general sense of "Britishness," that actuates support for such national ceremonies as wars, football matches and Royal weddings. Throughout this thesis but particularly in Chapter One, I contend that this past--internalised as "memory"(Bromley 111)--can be questioned, as can the kind of identities based upon it. I agree with Stephen Heath that television has produced a "qualitative change" in history (273). As Roger Hewison argues, British national identity is built on the cultivation of sentiment (28; Bromley 146). Thus, what I have called its official history is based on attempts to obscure the present under nostalgic visitations of its past. My first position regarding the past is not a compartment and it must "contaminate" my personal script, making its status provisional and partial.

My second position is that official history must continually contest and absorb other versions of the past in order to maintain its own boundaries. One of these "dissident" versions is what I am calling "folk" or "popular" memory. Following Richard Hoggart's The Uses of Literacy (1957), I suggest there is a type of history--and the potential for different constructions of "Britishness"--that is based on the residue of working-class culture. I am calling it "folk" or "popular" because I see it as based on the lived experience of the mass of the population who actually "make" what is later estranged and mediated to become official history: a dominant national memory. In Kaja Silverman's terms, folk memory is the kind of "history" that at times has been able tear a hole in the "fabric of the dominant fiction" (116). As I imply above, I am not certain about the existence of working class culture and memory. However, I do think there is an alternative to official history (and the identity it implies) and that its roots lie in the areas mapped out by John Clarke et al in Working-Class Culture: Studies in History and Theory (1979) and in Roger Bromley's Lost Narratives: Popular Fictions, Politics and Recent History (1988). My theorisation of this second position will become clearer later in this introduction when I discuss in more detail the kinds of texts I have used in my research.

My third and final position is based on the idea that memory and the past are outside history (Silverman; J. Collins). This is where I would place the feeling I have called nostalgia. In part, this position is a recognition that memory is evasive, that it is a faulty recording just as my recollection of Punk must be. It is in this area of "private memory" that individuals must fight to stake out their own identities and sense of belonging in the midst of forces that would take these things away. This is also the area where individual television consumers can take part in the production of meanings, not least of which is the production of individual national identity. This "version of the past" occupies me the most in this dissertation, and it is also the most difficult to write about because its existence is continually denied by official history (Bromley; Samuel; Connerton). As will become clearer later in this introduction, my own sense of national identity or "Britishness" (defined outside my first position) is complicated now by an alternative "Canadian" identity. Private memories are often evasive and frequently seem to be "recordings" that are at a tangent to experience.

5 I would stop, however, before I equated this "determination" with ideology itself. In Marxism and Literary Criticism, Terry Eagleton writes that ideology " ... signifies the way men live out their roles in class-society, the values, ideas and images which tie them to their social functions and so prevent them from a true knowledge of society as a whole" (16-17). Although my dissertation tends to subscribe to this view, I recognise that television viewers are active and that as Eagleton observes in his later work Ideology: An Introduction: " ... successful ideologies must be more than imposed illusions, and for all their inconsistencies must communicate to their subjects a version of social reality which is real and recognisable enough not to be simply rejected out of hand" (15).

6 In Textual Poachers: Television Fans and Participatory Culture (1992). Jenkins describes fans as "readers who appropriate popular texts and reread them in a fashion that serves different interests, as spectators who transform the experience of watching television into a rich and complex participatory culture" (23). In contrast, my fandom tends to draw on and mix a number of mass media including television and music. Also, in some senses, I believe every television viewer, or even a casual listener to a popular song, rereads and remakes these texts. I differ with Jenkins, however. He sees this rereading as an active and productive process, while I see it as active, but, at least, in some cases, profoundly isolating.

7 This location is made by Jon Savage in the extensive discography at the end of England's Dreaming. The "second wave" included bands such as "The Slits," "Subway Sect," "Adam and the Ants," "The Fall," "Ultravox" and "Wire."

8 The seventies was a politically troubled decade. As Arthur Marwick explains in part II of Culture in Britain since 1945, the 1970 Conservative government of Edward Heath had been toppled by the 1974 miners' strike. The minority Labour government which followed was rocked by quadrupling oil prices, by the imminent collapse of the pound and by the activities of the

extreme Militant Tendency within its own ranks. In Thatcherism and British Politics: The End of Consensus? Dennis Kavanagh observes that "... by 1979 Labour had undergone the most spectacular electoral decline of any socialist party in Western Europe" (169). The 1979 Thatcher government secured power, not only through the collapse of Labour, but as Stuart Hall argues in The Hard Road to Renewal: Thatcherism and the Crisis of the Left, through the internal destruction of the "Heath 'party'" (45). It is impossible to do justice to a complex phenomenon such as Thatcherism in an endnote. However, Kavanagh describes it as "... a set of policies designed to produce a strong state and a government strong enough to resist the "selfish" claims of pressure groups via law and order, traditional moral values, a stable currency, and a free economy ..." (9).

9 For example, Jake Riviera's "Stiff Records"–thanks to winning slogans such as "Mono enhanced Stereo"–owned and operated a profitable 8-track facility.

10 The genealogies of pop musics and the styles that go with them are extremely intricate, and at the same time familiar and "readable." The process whereby a "new" style forms itself out of parts of what have come before (perhaps more than once before) is almost a universal language circulated by television and its "cannibalisation" of its own archive (Hebdige, Hiding 237).

11 Of these "outrages," the most celebrated is John Lydon and Steve Jones' swearing on the Thames Television show "Today," presented by Bill Grundy. This unsavoury event took place on December 1, 1976 (Savage, Dreaming 257).

12 Television seems to invite its audience to recombine the fragments which dominate its output. This reading is both a type of "poaching" and a process of reinscription. It is also close to the "montage writing" Gregory L. Ulmer discusses in relation to Derrida. See Ulmer's "The Object of Post-Criticism." The writing of this "context" also posed a specific methodological problem. Scholarly method requires precision; as Cynthia Chase argues in "Translating the Transference: Psychoanalysis and the Construction of History," however, the past is contained in involuntary memories. I address this problem in more detail in the main body of my introduction, when I move on to an explanation of the "psychopathological model" I have used in writing this dissertation.

13 To do the "Alliance" justice, in 1981-82 they did represent a significant challenge to the two-party system (Kavanagh 180).

14 I discuss this kind of "authorship" in chapter one of my dissertation. In Television Drama: An Introduction (1984), David Self gives an overview of television production and of the system that enables this kind of writing.

15 Closer to "home," I should also mention FHM (a "men's" magazine), Sky and Loaded. The latter delights in what seems to be a London-based slang. Both are less interested in style and focus more on sport (predominantly football).

16 I would not want to suggest, however, that scholarly studies do not exist. There are a number of books and articles which consider the cultural phenomena of fashion, music, dance and drug cultures. Although it was written over ten years ago, I would still recommend Dick Hebdige's book Cut 'n' mix: culture, identity and Caribbean music (1987). There are some fairly recent articles on the "rave" dance phenomenon. These include Tim Jordan's "Collective Bodies: Raving and the Politics of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari," Anthony H. Goodman's "The Criminal Justice and Public Order Act 1994," and Thomas Lau's "Raving Society: Remarks on the Techno Scene."

17 In "Britain 1997," William Leith describes "Oasis'" open-air concert at Maine Road, Manchester and Liam Gallagher's historic Union Jack guitar (6). In one of the best general articles I have read on the "Brit pop/rock" phenomenon, Jon Savage writes, "You can trace the start of Brit pop to an issue of Select magazine in the spring of 1993, which bore a Union Jack on the cover" ("boys' club" 2).

18 For example, see Leith (5). Headlines in The Independent and Daily Telegraph newspapers of May 3, 1997 (the day after the election of "new" Labour) reported Tony Blair's success in terms of a "new era" and "a whole new world."

19 In an August 1994 interview in The Face, Noel Gallagher commented, "We're not embarrassed by our success because we deserve it, and if you don't want to be as big as The Beatles, then it's just a hobby" (C. Jones 44). As they are presented by the press, "Oasis" are not *like* "The Beatles," but as Jonathan Glancey writes, their "spiritual heirs" (2) or Martin Aston in Q, their "spiritual successors" (80).

20 However, in July 1995, Richard Benson interviewed the oldest Gallagher brother, Paul, for The Face. Of his younger brothers' antics, he commented, " ... that's just the press building up something so they take it and make an issue of it. We didn't fight, except for the times when any brothers do" (66). Paul Gallagher lives at home and works as a civil engineer.

21 Furmanovsky's Q portfolio was a prelude to an "Oasis-orientated exhibition" touring London, Manchester and Glasgow titled *Was There Then* (Aston 80).

22 These "locations," however are of widely differing kinds. "False Memory," or "False Memory Syndrome"--despite its use to discredit victims of sexual abuse--does not appear in the psychiatrist's "bible," the DSM-IV Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (American Psychiatric Association). Agoraphobia appears in DSM-IV as a panic disorder. It is described by Harold I. Kaplan and Benjamin J. Sadock in Synopsis of Psychiatry: Behavioral Sciences Clinical Psychiatry (319). In Mourning and Melancholia (1917), Freud describes "abnormal" grief which he terms melancholia. This kind of grief which is inhibited or denied is potentially pathogenic. In more recent years, Freud's distinction between mourning and melancholia has been lost and it is now "incomplete mourning" which has been linked to depressive disorders (Kaplan and Sadock 53). "Not Elsewhere Classified" is one of the categories given in each of the 19 disorders classified under *Axis I* and *Axis II* of the DSM-IV. It is the categorisation assigned to conditions which fall outside, for example, the exact "diagnostic threshold" given for "Mood Disorders" (that is, it is neither properly "Bipolar" nor "Depressive").

23 This does not imply that rigorous scholarly work is not creative. I think it is useful, however, to point out that my Master's degree was a "creative" project and that I have been active as a writer of prose fiction and of stage and radio drama. I hope this background will explain some of the approaches I have used in this dissertation.

24 It could also be argued that these "dirtied" meanings circulate in recent mass-produced fiction. Texts that focus on so-called "serial-killers" often tend to place their protagonists within a specific psychiatric disorder. Thanks to books such as Jack Olsen's The Misbegotten Son: A Serial Killer and His Victims (Island Books, 1993) and Hollywood films such as Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer (John McNaughton, 1990), and David Fincher's Se7en (1995) the term "psychopath"--however imprecisely--has almost become a household word.

25 Psychiatry is far too complex a science to allow this approach. DSM-IV is a "multiaxial" diagnostic system. It recognises that any one disorder is in fact a mixture of different conditions and that it sometimes may even be unclassifiable. For example, Kaplan and Sadock write that, " ... an adult may have major depression noted on Axis I and compulsive personality disorder on Axis II, or a child may have conduct disorder noted on Axis I and developmental language disorder on Axis II" (176).

26 This concept was first formulated by D. N. Stern et al. in their paper "Affect Attunement: The Sharing of Feeling States between Mother and Infant by Means of Inter-modal Fluency."

27 My use of "old England" here is a reference to one manifestation of official history. I associate the term with the mythologised war experience discussed by Roger Bromley in Chapter Four of Lost Narratives and with George L. Mosse's more extended discussion of war, myth and "the cult of the Fallen Soldier" in Fallen Soldiers: Reshaping the Memory of the World Wars. "Myth" in my usage is always pejorative.

28 The "English Babies" is a reference to Elvis Costello's song "Sunday's Best" which appears in the next chapter. The song is a track from the Armed Forces album (Radar Records, 1979).

FALSE MEMORY

1. keeping time: clocking the past on television

> TV drama has power, especially the series, in forming public opinion on a fairly trivial level, and in reinforcing stereotypes, but above all in defining "normality" - that most powerful of concepts in a frightened society. (McGrath 113)

> News bulletins tend to be rendered in a style that conceals the processes of selection and decision which lie behind the reporting, and which allows little room for comment or argumentation. (Schlesinger et al. 36)

It should be clear from my introduction that what I am working from in this dissertation is a belief that television is a powerful medium which is able to influence the identities of its viewers in an important way. Part of this belief derives from my own experience, my centralizing of the televisual "loop" and the mechanisms it suggests to me. Most of my perspective, however, comes from the analyses provided by other commentators on television. Using their work as a basis, I focus on how television represents the past and how this time dimension is an important factor in determining the identities of viewing subjects. I inflect this argument through my understanding of "false memory." This concept is an intriguing paradox, but it also produces its own methodological problems, chief of which is its implicit assumption of a "true" memory. I explore this problem throughout this chapter. At this point, it is useful to point out that I am employing the term "false memory" in two ways. It denotes my understanding of television and the various representations of the past transmitted through this medium (for example, through "documentary," "historical drama" etc.). This "official history" (a term I will define later in this chapter) is "false" in that–as John McGrath and Philip Schlesinger imply in relation to historical drama and documentary–it is simplified, partial and incomplete. Since television history is also uniform and pervasive, its version of the past is also the "true" one: it can overpower and transform into "false memories" those "pasts" which lie outside its mechanisms of production. Television history is not, however, monolithic. It does not spring from a collective brain, nor is it free—as this chapter will suggest–from its own internal processes of critique. Nevertheless, with Roger Silverstone I do believe that television is a powerful technology "potentially or actually transformative of social and cultural relations" (Everyday 79-80). Silverstone observes that one of the most powerful effects of television lies in "its denial of difference between public and private worlds" (75-76). I think this mechanism is at the heart of the contest between my two definitions of "false memory," and it is a conflict with which I am particularly occupied in this chapter.

If individual identity is predicated on how personal history is internalised, then television has the potential to control the viewing subject through its conception of the past. Mimi White has written that,

> Even the most casual of television viewers has probably noticed at one time or another that television has a peculiar relationship to--perhaps even an infatuation with--the notion of history. (1)

I am particularly interested in what commentators such as Roger Bromley, Harry Ritchie and Roger Hewison have written regarding time and its representation through television. They suggest that one use of television during the post war years has been as a device to progressively rewrite and distribute the past so that it consolidates and creates the illusion of a coherent political present. This is one type of "false memory," but it is the one that the television viewer is given as "the past." This process seems to be particularly active during times of political change or, as I will argue, when the country is at war. In 1988, Roger Bromley observed that,

> Thatcherism has created an empty space in people's lives, filled it with public images of a privileged national past and of people building their own lives in their own way, while actually taking the past away from them in some respects. (189)

His argument is that contemporary British history has consistently revisited the recent past in order to actively reconstruct "popular social memory" (11). Although this was partly accomplished through television and its efforts to satisfy what seemed like a genuinely popular and aesthetically motivated taste for the past (Bromley discusses the successful television adaptations of Vera Brittain's novel Testament of Youth and Flora Thompson's Lark Rise to Candleford), it was also driven by political rhetoric and by the existence of a past television and film archive of "historical" fictions. Although the television view of history does not go unchallenged, I believe this medium is a powerful source of those narratives which Joel Paris argues are essential if individuals are to make sense of their life experiences (208).

Thus, the viewing subject is offered a seductive cultural resource, but one whose status is difficult to determine. Through television, history is simultaneously made into news, fact, entertainment and fiction. As Neil Postman and Roger Silverstone have argued, television is also an important source of myth. Paraphrasing Roland Barthes, Postman describes myth as a "way of understanding the world that is not problematic, that we are not fully conscious of, that seems, in a word, 'natural'" (79). Silverstone's view of myth in The Message of Television: Myth and Narrative in Contemporary Culture is similar in that he suggests television is "a machine for the reduction of the ambiguous and uncertain" (180) which has the capacity "to redirect and to redraft perception and experience" (77). In Chapter Three of Success Stories: Literature and the Media in England, 1950-1959, Harry Ritchie discusses this effect in relation to film. He argues that film and other popular media reduced the work of the "Angry Young Men" in the 1950s into ineffectual myth. Instead of being treated as committed social protests to events like the Suez crisis, the work of writers such as John Osborne was closed off and historicised as an eighteen-month literary phenomenon.

Used in this way, myth is a powerful mechanism for writing and rewriting history and this is nowhere more apparent than on television. As Bromley observes, it is during wartime that the past is redeployed. War becomes, in his words, a "theatrical pageant" in which the war is rewritten through its connection to a national war experience which has already been mythologised in the ways described by Graham Dawson, George L. Mosse and Tom Nairn. Nairn associates this myth-making machinery with "national identity." This is not an essence, he writes, but,

> … a process which has constantly to be reworked and restated in order precisely to offer identity positions from which social and political judgments are made and actions taken. (55)

I will argue in this chapter that it is during wartime (or in the midst of other serious conflicts) that the television viewer is addressed with a powerful "sense of identity." Through mythologising a present conflict by connecting it to a past (an association that removes traces of difference) that has been carefully rewritten, viewing subjects are implicated in a struggle to retain their own selfhood. In essence, the viewer is surrounded by representations of "the nation" which have been authenticated by nostalgising past events. I believe that this identity effect creates a powerful impression of consensus (especially, as Bromley suggests, because it is built out of the "preferred memories" of the lower middle class [142]) and that it is difficult to find a position outside of the myths upon which it is built.

Telling the time in the present becomes even more problematic because television history often builds one event in order to cancel out another. For instance, if, as Stuart Hall writes, the Falklands/Malvinas war was a project to relive "our last moments of national greatness" (Renewal 72), then this was achieved through a political rhetoric (communicated through television and other mass media) that implicitly associated events in the South Atlantic with the unspoken residue of past imperial humiliations (such as Suez, for example, and rejection from the EEC). In some way, the "war" of 1982 was perfect for this kind of historical repositioning. As I will explain later in this chapter, information was strictly controlled through limited televised "briefings" of events in the South Atlantic, a situation which seemed to make it easier to write the Falklands as the "corrective" narrative for the past embarrassments I have described.

It is through these mechanisms, then, that I think that television can produce a sense of time, a feeling for the past and ultimately that sense of belonging which is one source of identity. I would reiterate, however, that television only has this potential if it is backed by other external powerful narrative and rhetorical sources. I would agree with Horace Newcomb that much of the power of television is technologically determined both by the apparatus itself and by the production techniques which are used to construct its narratives (88). I would also implicate television in the production of identity through what I will term the "genre" of its use: television is part of the repetitions which form the world of the humdrum and this is no more so than in the humdrum as it is represented on television. Of the "sitcom," Mick Eaton has observed:

> … television viewing is inscribed into the situation comedy format, interpellating us into the world of ideas and information and holding us there by a celebration of our own subject position as television viewer. (52)

There is another paradox here in that television can only create its version of the past because its signifying practices appear to take place in the present. The viewing subject can switch on the receiver and begin watching without a sense of having missed something. As Mimi White observes, television creates a powerful effect of "liveness":

> Television produces history in an ongoing process of displacements and reinscription, as the texts which may activate and engage individual and social memory are always "live" - in the signal flow made present by turning on the television or the video recorder - and yet passing, if not already past. (294)

I believe that this technologically-determined effect of placing the viewing subject in the "Now" tends to authenticate television representations. For example, the self-reflexive world of the sitcom described by Mick Eaton is also a potent argument for the nature of contemporary history: the television viewer is united with a community of sitcom characters who also watch television; their position in time is matched with that of the viewer "at home." This effect is similar to a mechanism Raymond Williams describes in relation to the production of "realism" where in "showing things as they occur," the media also show "the production of meaning within what is apparently the reproduction of what is happening" ("Realism" 70).

The time dimension made available by television is a complex phenomenon. I have tried to argue for its significance in this section and for its implication in the production of identity in the viewing subject. Most television commentators understand the power of television, but are less clear on what forms this power takes. My study is no exception to this. If what I have written differs in any way, this is the result of the incorporation of my own anxiety, my own sense that time has disappeared or that the clock has stopped. This may be a good thing. The "presentness" of television perhaps explains its continuing popularity as a source of entertainment, information and diversion. I think, however, that in the technological worlds in which television is a significant force, television is a technology that is slowly shifting identity into configurations based on the expediencies of the present. This phenomenon has become hardly noticeable. Nevertheless, the hands of the clock still spin. Television moves them in both directions it seems, in order to create the "present" and it is against this that television viewers must negotiate their own position as subjects inexorably tied to the temporal world.

2. f-time: anger and general anaesthesia

Times are tough for English babies,
Send the army and the navy,
Beat up strangers who talk funny,
Take their greasy foreign money.
Skin shop, red leather hot line,
Be prepared for the engaged sign,
Bridal books, engagement rings,
And other wicked little things ...

Standing in your socks and vest,
Better get it off your chest,
Every day is just like the rest,
But Sunday's best ...
(Elvis Costello, Armed Forces. Plangent Visions Music Ltd., 1979)

In any study intent on making an analysis of British popular culture, the gesture implied by quoting the lyrics of a popular song is something of an embarrassing cliche. However, the "replay" above--Costello's song--sticks in my mind with a number of other shards from my past: ra-ra skirts, the hit parade on Sundays, and other detritus from the television I watched. Costello sings "Sunday's Best" through an infuriating high nasal sneer, while the tawdry jauntiness of fairground music saws away in the background. The song is about cliches. It is an attack on the daily attitudes and values that Costello sees as making the English such a picturesque and eccentric island race held in an unquestioning stupor by a brace of old certainties.

Costello's lyrics are also here as another vague memorial to my moment of identity and power in the late 1970s (my experience of the "Punk" movement) and as a reminder of how, a few years after it, the British people found themselves party to another war. In the nineties, Punk is alive as a retrievable style, in the same way flared jeans and other hippie regalia of the

1960s appear to be worn by the stockbrokers of tomorrow, or "working clothes" by people who have never seen a spade, let alone lifted one. In these examples, style becomes a defective recollection that passes for the posture of "real" protest, and possibly my memory of Punk is just another residue with all the meretricious intensity of a memory turned holiday snapshot.

In the mid to late 1970s, bands such as "The Buzzcocks," "Siouxsie and the Banshees," "The Clash," and "The Jam" were about angry music. The "Sex Pistols" seemed to be a minority taste, and I chiefly remember them for saying the "f-word" on prime time television.[1] For all the intensity of this moment, they seemed distant to the viewer. Perhaps, as Simon Frith explains, this occurred because band member Johnny Rotten cultivated a style of "non-communication" (Pleasure 89) and contempt for his supporters. Clothes, in so far as they figured in Punk (and I think their contribution has been greatly overestimated), tended to parody or ironically repeat the values succumbed to in Costello's song: tweed sports jackets with drainpipe jeans and Doc Maerten shoes; anything identifiably conventional, correctly ripped and distressed: an overwhelming permission to confront and assault the normal, the humdrum fabric of life. It was also a grim realization that I had been lied to, that an exciting job and unconditional love would never emerge into my life from behind the moving picture show of the television screen. For a while, as the record companies scrambled to sign up their contribution to the new movement, music became a viable career option. Fame--or better, infamy--was a way of gaining admission to what felt like the real world on television.

Costello's song is my opening memorial to a sense of anxiety felt by youth in the late 1970s. Its E major assaults aside, the lyrics articulate one socially located response to a crisis in British life during that period. Punk--of which Costello was nominally a part--expressed a particular disaffection with the social order. Although Punk arrived as live performance and as hard copy for the music papers, its most important appearance, however, was on television. Shows such as So It Goes (Granada, 1977) captured and broadcasted the live guts of the music while later efforts such as The Tube (Channel 4, 1982-87)--although tamer because of the sanitising confines of the studio--still brought the spirit of the music to a wide audience. Artists such as Costello expressed an absolute blinding rage: an estrangement, a disaffection--in part, a violent reaction to the rituals of everyday life in England. Central among these rituals was television. It provided a liturgical order to the year: the "Morcambe and Wise Christmas Show," the "Eurovision Song Contest," the "Miss World Pageant," the odd royal wedding or jubilee, reruns of the "Carry On" films with their "good natured" smutty humour, and, of course, the football season and the FA (Football Association) cup final. These televisual events offered a repetition and a kind of reassurance that despite unemployment, soaring inflation, power cuts, and cruise missiles everything would be "all right in the morning." Punk on television called for a kind of unfocussed activism, but in contrast the ritual of series and serials was an invitation to settle back and kill time; the grey tube brought the word, usually beginning with an "f," but it just as quickly dropped it. As the smoke cleared, everything was just the same: corporation rock, the same unemployment, the same lack of prospects–the same nation settling back to business as usual.

In what follows, I consider official British history and how this is represented on television, and then how this intersects with personal experience to shape a sense of national identity. I think that they meet somewhere in the memory "loop" scripted in my introduction. For disaffected youth in the late seventies, Punk offered an alternative to a national identity. It was a way of reconciling the contradictions between official history and personal experience. Television generates and maintains a powerful official history based on what are essentially "false memories." It offers the viewing subject a time dimension which tends to distort the perspective of an event and which often tends to remove the context of contradictions which produced it. These distortions are often covered by the implied individual focus of the "human interest story." Beyond this tactic which is frequently a simplifying device used to collapse complex forces into a single, parochial narrative, television presents few alternatives for understanding the past. As a technology, its tendency is to minimise or elide the significance of personal experiences of conflict or of trauma, and of recollections that could usefully work to recover contradictions in the dominant order. It encourages a "tabloid" style of thinking which has made the syndrome of hysteria, gullibility, and amnesia the norm in developed countries dependent on their media for a sense of the past and future. In this, television history (as a source of national identity) is probably no different from any other history. I also suggest, however, that television can directly confront its own "false memory" from within and has done so with enough effect to apparently warrant government interference, censorship and obstruction on a number of occasions.[2]

"Sunday's Best" is in effect my own false memory. Just over twenty years or so after the fact, it is difficult for me to even vaguely recollect why Punk was important. Costello's lyric is a remnant of detached anger. At one time, I must have strongly identified with his rage, but now I am not sure why the song remains in my memory to occupy a place beside my recall of one night in 1978. Time has moved on, and other angry young men in the public and televisual eye have apparently replaced and refined Costello's vocabulary of protest. As the song appears now, stranded on the page, jammed into my entirely different analysis of life in Britain, it seems embarrassing that once the song could have meant so much. Perhaps this is a gesture toward a more accurate description of what follows: it is an investigation into how cultural phenomena with a personal and even political significance can be reduced through a particular representation of time into trivia: dislocated remnants which continue to occupy a central place in individual memory, but which for some reason have become cryptic and overpowered by a complex sense of loss.

3. **time out: Memory Lane**

1911	Passing of Official Secrets Act
1918	Representation of the People Act enfranchises women over 30
1942	Beveridge Report offers a blueprint for the Welfare State
1947	India gains independence. Labour nationalizes the coal industry
1950-1953	Britain's involvement in Korean War
1951	300,000 new houses built in Britain. Conservatives reelected
1956	John Osborne's Look Back in Anger Tate Gallery exhibition: "Modern Art in the United States," features Pollock and Rothko.

	SUEZ CRISIS
1958	Launch of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND)
	Racist violence in Notting Hill, London
1960	Arrival of Granada TV's Coronation Street
1963	Profumo scandal
1964	New Labour government under Harold Wilson
	Launching of Mary Whitehouse's "Clean-Up TV Campaign"
	90% of homes in Britain have TV sets
	Arrival of BBC2, the channel for more "serious" programming
1968	Student disturbances in France.
	Part of the Ronan Point tower block (London) collapses
1972	Home Secretary Reginald Maudling attempts to prevent broadcast of BBC documentary "The Question of Ulster"
1973	Britain joins European Economic Community
	Under Heath government, three-day working week and power rationing
	Thames TV's World at War series
1974	Conservative electoral defeat over miners' strike
1979	New Conservative government under Margaret Thatcher
	"Winter of Discontent"
1980	Employment Act restricts union powers
	13.4% unemployment, 18.4% inflation, steel strike
1981	Television transmission of Brideshead Revisited and Trevor Griffiths' Country
	Arrival of Channel 4
	Riots in Brixton, South London; then in Toxteth, central Liverpool; Moss Side, Manchester; Bristol; and Leicester
1982	South Atlantic War

1983	Margaret Thatcher elected for second term
1984	Bombing of Grand Hotel, Brighton during Conservative Party conference; five die but the Prime Minister escapes unharmed; Beginning of miners' strike
1985	Rioting in Handsworth, Birmingham; Brixton, Toxteth, then Tottenham in North East London
1986	Launch of The Independent, an alternative "quality" newspaper
1988	Three IRA members shot in Gibraltar by the Special Air Services

The table above, like Costello's song, is perhaps another type of false memory. Tables of dates are deceptively easy to compile. This table is not, however, intended to be inclusive. Rather, it is a selection of significant events drawn first from my reading of contemporary historicans such as Arthur Marwick, Robert Murphy, Roger Hewison, and Bryan Appleyard, and second from my memory of significant televisual events (including both "news" and "drama"). Such tables, at best, are a weak mnemonic: they stand in for, but are a poor excuse for, a sense of time now lost. Today, even the present seems to lose its presence since the "past," with which it is juxtaposed, is perhaps no more than "a repertoire of retrievable signifiers" (Hebdige, Hiding 151), a "phantasmagoria of the interior" (Morse 194). Guided by these critical viewpoints which analyse the past as a incoherent and contingent, it is difficult not to see the "presentness" of the televisual time dimension without also acknowledging the nature of the "past" which to some extent ratifies it.

I think that much British cultural production orientates itself to confirming official history. Television drama, for example, is arguably geared toward "period" productions and adaptations of literary "classics."[3] For example, Brideshead Revisited (1981), Vera Brittain's Testament of Youth (1979), John Galsworthy's The Forsyte Saga (1967-?), and the lavish Jewel in the Crown (1984), have excelled at representing the spectacle of class as a lost world of order, "good breeding," and private incomes.[4] Roger Hewison sees these apparent "reconstructions" of "Old England" as an integral part of Britain's "heritage culture" which, he argues, "has led not only to a distortion of the past, but to a stifling of the culture of the present" (10). He points not only to the popularisation of stately homes and the past they signify, but also to the past as it is remade on television through dramatic fiction. Peter York suggests that the past is being made available as leisure--a large theme park--or in his own coinage, "edutainment" (2). In this culture, the folk memory Trevor Griffiths implies by his term "collective history" (Collected Plays, pref. to SI), has, it seems, been suppressed and then reconstructed through television. His own play Such Impossibilities (1971), for example, commissioned by the BBC as part of their "historical" series "The Edwardians," appeared to run counter to the official history of the period and was never produced. I do not think, however, this kind of manoeuvre is confined to the televisual medium. For example, Geoffrey Pearson has historicised the menace of the "hooligan," and explained how this has been traditionally used to divert attention away from the disruptions of time present into isolated concerns completely disengaged from larger social phenomena:

> The name of the Hooligan ... provided a crystallising focus for any number of overlapping anxieties associated with imperial decline, military incapacity, the erosion of social discipline and moral authority, the eclipse of family life, and what was feared to be the death rattle of "Old England." (107)

Thus, the contemporary soccer hooligan, or the "vandal" who destroys telephone boxes and bus shelters, is presented as an isolated and irrational threat to nationhood, but never as a force reacting against the dissatisfactions and inequalities of everyday life in England. As a diversionary threat, the hooligan is constructed as an assailant of British national identity: a menace to the present and the past who must be brought to book with the tried and trusted methods of law and order.

More recently, the Thatcher era has seen a similar rearticulation and suppression of such "threats," so that the British way of life could be reconstructed and installed in a nominal "past." As I shall argue later, one of the effects of this operation was that "real" confrontations, such as the Falklands "crisis" in 1982, appeared as if out of nowhere, both decontextualized and historically adrift. This was particularly noticeable on television where in the example I have given, the South Atlantic "war" was in part defined against and used to correct the impression of a crumbling national unity (created, for instance, by prior television coverage of inner city riots or of a phenomenon such as Punk). Under Thatcherism, crises of the present were swiftly redirected into the short, sharp shock of "traditional discipline" and a myth of the "British way of life" which, as Geoffrey Pearson writes, effectively "kept the hooligan wolf from the door" (207). Television, I argue, is at the heart of a powerful sense of the past which is able to inflect the present into nostalgia, the world of the humdrum and an official history which can be unproblematically internalised as memory. As Richard Terdiman has written,

> We are not free to keep the past *past* - it colonises our present whether or not we realize its encroachment. (46)

At the time, the Falklands/Malvinas crisis seemed to be a celebration and a defence of "the British way" against a poorly realised outsider. I pick this example deliberately because, as Raphael Samuel argues, British national identity is strongly predicated on the experience of war. In the introduction to the second volume of his work Patriotism: The Making and Unmaking of British National Identity, he writes:

> Patriotism is an occasional rather than a continuous sentiment, something called up at moments of crisis, when the country seems at risk, but at other times lying fallow. (xxiv)

Patriotism, along with a type of nostalgia-inducing rhetoric, is produced and made acceptable during wartime by activating the "memories" embedded by powerful technologies such as television. Once mobilised, these "pasts," discussed by Roger Bromley and Geoffrey Pearson, are able to render present conflict as coterminous with the "masculine fantasy" (Dawson and West 9) of some imagined past, complete with deified heroes and undifferentiated, grieving wives, mothers and lovers. In the present century, the war experience and the official history associated with it, have also been consolidated by the real physical "memories" represented by war memorials, cemeteries and the public and private rituals of mourning and remembrance that revolve around them. I would agree with George L. Mosse that in Britain the experience of war has been "refashioned into a sacred experience" (7). War memorials stand in every village, town and city as a reminder, or a warning, of the debt owed by the present generation for maintaining the "British way." Paul Fussell writes extensively in The Great War and Modern Memory (1977) about how thoroughly the experience of modern war has been memorialised, but also determined, by the literary tradition. It is against these various representations of the war experience, I argue, that television manipulates its codes of nostalgia and national identity during wartime.

4. tea time: Suez and rainy Sunday afternoons

The Suez crisis of 1956, although not a war in the killing sense, was an important questioning of Empire. Harry Ritchie writes that the crisis was a confirmation of Britain's moribund status as a world power, and a profound humiliation of Antony Eden, the Prime Minister, and by implication, of the whole idea of "old England" (31).[5] The crisis was both an ending and a signal to begin with greater alacrity Terdiman's programme of colonisation by the past, in an attempt to restore the lost "imperial splendour" described by Stuart Hall (Renewal 73). Against this project to restore wounded national identity appeared literary works such as Colin Wilson's The Outsider (1956) and John Osborne's Look Back in Anger (1957), texts that can be read as focussing and foregrounding the moment of crisis. In fact, Bryan Appleyard singles out Osborne's play as "the supreme expression of 1950s dissent" (106). The year following the crisis saw the publication of Richard Hoggart's The Uses of Literacy (1957). I consider this text to be both a memorial to working-class traditions and a warning against the effect of Americanisation on indigenous culture.[6] In the way it has been historicised and remembered (even as an event in my own memory), Suez was a serious crisis of national identity and a severe blow to official history. For the government and the British people, Suez brought into question those "memories" of a glorious past on which the country has been founded.

Consistent with the fondness of film and television for the past, the Suez crisis is used as a setting both in Ian McEwan's The Ploughman's Lunch (Greenpoint Films, 1983) and in Dennis Potter's Lipstick On Your Collar (Channel Four Television, 1993), a text I discuss in detail in the next section.[7] McEwan's film is an attempt to intervene in the mechanisms of nostalgia and patriotism. He describes it as a drama "which sets out to discuss contemporary reality, with the Falklands campaign and the 1982 [Conservative] Party conference as the backcloth to a love affair that never quite connects" (Forbes 232). As theme, the film examines history-making and the construction of fake pasts, whether it is James Penfield writing a book about Suez, or Matthew Fox directing "period" television commercials, or the ploughman's lunch itself: "a completely successful fabrication of the past on the part of advertising men" (Forbes 233).

The Falklands/Malvinas crisis in the South Atlantic materialised during the filming of The Ploughman's Lunch and was incorporated into the text. Thus a reinflected past--the legacy of Suez--is used to comment on an unfolding present with all its war-time rhetoric in full cry. By connecting Suez to a contemporary crisis, The Ploughman's Lunch has suggested to me how the Falklands/Malvinas war was, in a very big way, a project to recuperate the former humiliation.

McEwan's film, like his later play, The Imitation Game (BBC, 1980), is perhaps less of an intervention than a way of realising how history is made through character. In the grand tradition of writing official history through "great" individuals (Tulloch 98),[8] McEwan privileges Penfield's viewpoint on the public crisis, but in a similar way to writers such as Trevor Griffiths and David Hare, public life is, in effect, presented and "understood" through multiple private crises. Penfield's romantic failure with Susan Barrington and his abandonment of his dying parent are at some level a "translation" into character of the public failures behind an event such as Suez. McEwan, along with Griffiths and Alan Bleasdale, seems to remind the viewer that public events somewhere reveal the contours of private foibles and derangements.

The Ploughman's Lunch, in its construction and use of what is more an implied than an actual past, is an example of what I see as an almost identifiable "house" style in prestige television drama. Trevor Griffiths' Don't Make Waves (BBC, 1975), co-scripted with Snoo Wilson for the "Eleventh Hour" series, represents a deteriorating State, "obsessed with myths of a glorious and powerful past" (Poole and Wyver 119). It suggests to me that narrative is a poor vehicle for private memory and that in the transition to fiction some of its dimensions are lost altogether--as Neil Postman would argue--in the potent and invasive discourses of entertainment. Similarly, Air Mail From Cyprus (BBC, 1958), written by Willis Hall shortly after Suez, revolves around memory and remembrance at a personal level. In the play, Mary must choose between the easily accessible official history which casts her brother as a hero and the bare, incoherent facts which expose him as a murderer; I understand her dilemma as a choice between the "false memory" of public rhetoric and the non-narrative of private derangement and tragedy.

Air Mail From Cyprus, and the other texts mentioned above do, I consider, possess some of that "leakiness" and potential for "strategic penetration" (Poole and Wyver 3) described by Trevor Griffiths. The theme of how history is constructed is offered from a number of different positions and, at least in McEwan's text, some important contradictions are in place. I would argue, however, that none of the texts really confronts the various forces (including television itself) that underpin official history; nothing happens to prevent the emotional shifting and memory adjustment that I think made the Suez crisis the distant grief necessary to promote and justify the later Falklands/Malvinas conflict.

Harry Ritchie has suggested that the movement dubbed the "Angry Young [sic] Men"--Osborne, Kingsley Amis, John Braine and John Wain--was a response to current political crises, including Suez (31). These writers, along with Alan Sillitoe and Shelagh Delaney, seemed to valorize and define what Ritchie calls a "lower-class social reality" (218-9), but their "anger" may have been just a distortion in the fish-eye lenses of the media. Texts such as Braine's Room at the Top (1957) show the minute consequences of larger social crisis, but without, I think, placing their characters in any clear relation to this wider struggle. From my perspective in the 1990s, the "Angry Young Men" appear to be a phenomenon which has been closed-off and organised around a group of texts periodized and effectively amputated from the struggle of which, for a while anyway, they may have been a part. Perhaps, as Arthur Marwick implies by omission in Part I of Class: Image and Reality in Britain, France and the USA since 1930 this has happened simply because there is no longer any easily representable working-class or that the "anger" expressed by writers such as Osborne has become commonplace. Histories of the contemporary period by writers such as Robert Murphy, Bryan Appleyard and John Bull document a time of effective protest in film and television during the fifties and sixties, but this almost entirely disappears in the eighties.[9]

In Chapter One of Present Past: Modernity and the Memory Crisis, Richard Terdiman describes what happens when what I have called official history is challenged by immediate developments in the present. In the mid to late 1950s the "Angry Young Men" dramatised the "memory crisis" and the contradictions of official history for a large reading and viewing audience. However, I would argue that there were other less obviously "dissident" texts that managed to question official memory, not from the position of an identified and widely reported "Movement," but from the ordinary world of the humdrum. Even something as apparently mundane as the radio "sitcom" Hancock's Half-Hour, scripted by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson, placed the memory crisis in a position where it could be transformed in what I see as the more active arena of "folk memory." The show aired right through the Suez crisis, and by not alluding to it, almost enacted that other more common "crisis" where individuals appear to be cut off from "their own" history (Terdiman 12). This is particularly apparent in a script such as "Sunday Afternoon At Home" (transmitted in April 1958).[10] The comic device here is simply the boredom of a typical rainy Sunday afternoon spent at home. I think it is a device able to powerfully engage a large, lower middle-class audience, at the same time as enabling identification and critique of very familiar conditions. In a weekly thirty minutes, Hancock's Half-Hour seemed to have the knack of foregrounding the same anaesthetizing routines that would have been instantly recognisable to its audience. I think the kind of identifications focussed through"Tub"–"Hancock," the nominal character–allowed a large broadcast audience to better form an interpretation of the conditions of their own lives, but in this case from *outside* official history. For example, a later episode, "The Poetry Society" (transmitted in December 1959) has Hancock involved in a late 1950s version of alternative "youth" culture. Of course, his participation is motivated by a misguided identification with the "avant-garde," yet what this script does is to offer Hancock as a surrogate for a listening audience bewildered by movements such as the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND): he somehow combines and offers up for critique these forces of dissidence and the world of the rainy Sunday afternoon at 23 Railway Cuttings, East Cheam.[11] Thus, it is in Hancock, and not the "Angry Young Men," that I see folk memory and the power of active transformation. It is for this reason perhaps that I keep returning to the world of the humdrum.

5. 4/4 time: Lipstick On Your Collar

> Writing in the Daily Mirror on November 22, 1916, W. Beach Thomas managed to assert that the dead British soldier even lies on the battlefield in a special way bespeaking his moral superiority .... (Fussell 175)

> Theatre is the place where the life of a society is shown in public to that society, where that society's assumptions are exhibited and tested, its values are scrutinized, its myths are validated and its traumas become emblems of its reality.
> (McGrath, Good Night 83)

> "Something has happened to us as people ... Everything seems to be on the move .... "
> (Dennis Potter, Lipstick On Your Collar, 1993)

Hancock's weekly discomfitures stood in for the sense of unease evident in the country as a whole. It was as if Hancock, in a similar way to McEwan's Penfield when he stumbles into the women's peace camp, had been rendered historically blind to the struggles under his nose. I suggest that this problematic is developed further in Dennis Potter's six-part television drama Lipstick On Your Collar. This play is set in the humdrum world of the 1956 War Office, and its period mise-en-scene is performed with the usual care, a little better it appears, so as to accentuate the petty routines and boredom of the working day.

As in Potter's earlier script, The Singing Detective (BBC, 1986), the daily grind at the War Office is interrupted by lavish dance numbers orchestrated, not this time through the delirious consciousness of Philip Marlow, but through Mick Hopper ("Britpack" heart-throb Ewan McGregor), a Russian language clerk. Lipstick On Your Collar is, if anything, more "impure" than Potter's previous script. It is a "period" drama on some levels, but it is contaminated with parody, with "foreign" cinematic and televisual forms, and with Hopper's lurid stream-of-consciousness. Significantly, each episode begins with a black and white newsreel shown in a cinema: Liberace's visit to England; Diana Dors, the new "sex symbol"; the 1956 motor show at Earls Court. There is much of the soap opera in this drama, particularly in its insistence on "the insignificance of the individual life" (Modleski, Vengeance 91). The "plot" of Lipstick On Your Collar appears to privilege no power other than simple coincidence, and "plot events" look deliberately foregrounded as if to advertise their randomness. In episode six, the drama goes some way to letting its own cat out of the bag when Hopper and Sylvia dance together against hoardings which show their story in comic-strip, Roy Lichtenstein style.

The musical interruptions are in part an expression of Potter's nostalgia, a view of the past he readily refers to as a "second-order emotion" (Hitchens 38). In Lipstick On Your Collar, rock 'n roll is a "dissident" force which--at least in Hopper's imagination--disrupts the daily business behind the scenes of official history at the War Office. The music also disrupts the "frame" which contains Potter's fiction. Individual songs are frequently played "against the grain" of the action. As in The Singing Detective, Potter uses this device to both celebrate the music, but more to exploit and parody the sentiment many of the songs carry. The most obvious example is his use of Connie Francis' version of "Lipstick On Your Collar." In Potter's drama, the song not only underlines the personal betrayals in the plot, but also points to the historical betrayal implicit in his historical setting.

Many of these multiple articulations are enabled through Hopper. He appears to be the almost generic lower-class "Dave" of British television drama: loutish, lippy and a hooligan. A symbol of the dynamic and frightening future, Hopper is a bold contrast to Francis Francis, the awkward, matinee-idol romantic who starts work at the "office," just as Hopper is preparing to leave. Because of his "education," I locate Francis in the imperatives of "Old England": he is the "past" just as much as the senile colonel at the War Office. Francis reads Pushkin while Hopper studies Presley. Hopper's memory contains not the past but a mish-mash of early American Rock n Roll. His, I think, is the new "pop" sensibility, finally recognised in the new "pop" medium television, and in television music programmes such as Six-Five Special (1957), and Juke Box Jury (1959). Hopper is shown to welcome everything American, everything not-British, as if the future were accessible only through American styles and consumables; he is revolting from his own past and it is logical that this "rebel" should fall for Sylvia, caught as she is halfway between penniless widowhood and the Hollywood fantasies of the cinema where she works as an usherette.

I argue that Hopper's relationship to Rock n' Roll is similar to that of the early adolescent to pop music in the mid to late seventies. In Lipstick On Your Collar, the music is a way of articulating and of understanding a variation on Richard Terdiman's "memory crisis" where the past and official history are destabilised and contested by a more potent future. By disturbing the stultifying routine of the War Office (and perhaps the television viewer's expectations) with musical interruptions, Potter is able to suggest that "something has happened to us as people," both as a retrospective comment on the fifties and as an implied analysis of the early 1990s. As with The Ploughman's Lunch and Hancock's Half-Hour, the immediate historical crisis is sometimes best seen through peripheral vision. The mixture of humdrum, fantasy and muddlement in Lipstick On Your Collar refrains from making an overt historical judgement; rather it reproduces the guiding forces of the time in all their incoherence. Viewers of the future, are given no more information about the "crisis" than appears on the cinema newsreels we watch with Sylvia. In the end, the nominal historical setting of the drama may be understood as if it were in quotation marks, an admission, perhaps, that there is no authentic recovery of the past or, more darkly, of the present.

6. wartime: powdered egg with beetroot sandwiches

> **17 April.** Bettany, the Ministry of Defence employee, is given 23 years for treason, and likely to serve the whole of it - and in isolation, because he has a photographic memory and so cannot be released until the information he has in his head is obsolete. Just as radioactive waste has to be sealed in drums and sunk in the depths of the ocean, so he has to be confined to his cell.
> (Alan Bennett, "Diaries" 41)

I have suggested that memories of war (as they are mediated through official history) are central to that sense of a "great" past on which British national identity is predicated. As represented on television, experiences of war are articulated through a powerful rhetoric and are attached to the potent myths of "nationhood" I have described. In the case of World War II, this effect may have been aided by the greater dispersal of information made possible by the formation of a large radio audience.[12] However, I would not want to suggest that the official myth was the only version of the domestic war experience. The more active arena of folk memory appears to have memorialised this conflict in remembrances of the physical changes to the world of the humdrum.[13] The London blitz is choking dust and the peculiar smell of an Anderson shelter, or sleeping out in Tube stations, or the distinctive exhaust note of a V1, flying bomb. Strangely, however, there are often no dead in these memories. The key elision perhaps is the missing accounts of the grief, trauma and loss caused by the evacuation of children out of the city. This kind of separation is alluded to in the wartime sections of Potter's The Singing Detective, but otherwise official history has suppressed this trauma, or it is simply unable to articulate it. Folk memory adheres to things, to details: ration books, a fragment of shell casing, an ID card. This memory crisis seems to be that conflict between the narratives of official history and the non-narratives of folk and private memory. In this struggle, it is probable that the powerful "mythic War" has the ability to discount folk memory as incoherent rumour, then finally as "false memory." Nevertheless, these alternative memories do exist as disturbing undercurrents which at least have the potential to "replay" a different version of the past.

I maintain that by the time television was widely disseminated enough to perform as a "mass" medium, much of the processing of the war had already taken place.[14] The Great War, World War I, never threatened the "home" front and perhaps for this reason, I would argue it did not have the opportunity to penetrate folk memory and to form an "alternative" version in the same way as World War II. For most, The Great War seems as vague as a distant star. It is, perhaps, no more than a collection of modern simulations: sepia-toned images of the Brideshead Revisited variety, played over by an appropriate voice-track of Wilfred Owen and Rupert Brooke "favourites." Possibly, the same can be said for the Korean War in which Britain was involved in the mid-fifties. Another possibility is that World War II, conducted, unlike The Great War, across clear boundaries and with a greater effect on the British people as a whole, better lent itself to repackaging as official history. This same mechanism redeployed and revised the official history of the earlier war in the same way, arguably, that the crisis of 1956 reinflected the disruption of 1939-45. As they appear on television, representations of World War II appear to contort memory into a kind of dysplasia where moments grow abnormally significant or wither away altogether: it is seen either too close up (through the residues still active in folk memory) or too far away (as official history). This may be so because the original theatre of the war was "brought home" through a mixture of rumour and technology (radio broadcasts and domestic cinema).

British film produced during or immediately after World War II was, as Janet Thumim comments, coloured by the new climate brought by the 1944 Education Act, the 1946 National Insurance Act, and the setting up of the National Health Service in 1948 (26). Post-war Britain was contemplated through a string of popular Ealing comedies such as The Guinea-Pig (1948) and His Excellency (1951).[15] Earlier efforts, such as Hindle Wakes (1931) and an adaptation of Walter Greenwood's Love on the Dole (1940), had attempted, possibly for the first time in this medium, to represent working-class environments and their people. It was an experiment, I think, that may have had an important effect on what I have identified as that different kind of remembering called folk memory. Arguably, this was also an era when new experiences were being opened up to representation through, for instance, features such as It Always Rains on Sunday (1947) and Temptation Harbour (1947), films that dwelled on the seamier sides of life.

As Robert Murphy points out in the second chapter of Realism and Tinsel: Cinema & Society in Britain 1939-48, post-war British film responded in various ways to the profound crisis posed by the war. On the one hand were the comedies and "realistic" dramas produced by Ealing Studios, and on the other the so-called "Gainsborough melodramas." Although this realism was popular, and even favoured by the censors (Murphy 168), this period saw the end of documentary-influenced realism. One of the most significant trends in post-war film, however, was its apparent project to propose the present in terms of pre-war values of class and social organisation. Part of this project was accomplished, as Antonia Lant suggests, through films such as Target for Tonight (1941) and Diary for Timothy (1945). These texts blurred the distinction between documentary and feature film making (31-35), but in doing so, retained a strong voice of "official" authority. I agree with Lant that it is likely that postwar films tended to reinstall women into official history in terms of their pre-war identities. World War II had brought women new freedoms and powers (particularly sexual powers), but afterwards I think it became necessary to return them to the contained world of domestic concerns. I suggest that this dilemma was resolved partly by eliding the "real" war and its effects--the memories retained in folk and private memories--from official experience. This problem was dramatised in films such as Brief Encounter (1945) and The Demi-Paradise

(1943). It was--in a much larger way than the disturbance created and then tamed around the word Punk--as if nothing had ever happened.

In his study of McEwan's The Imitation Game, David Hare's Licking Hitler and Trevor Griffiths' Country, Richard Johnstone observes that "the past cannot be fixed, [it] can only be reinterpreted" (197). I believe this process of revision tends to flatten out the contradictions in official history, to deny crisis, and to present the past as unproblematic. However, to return to Terdiman, the "past" does not stay the past. It is constantly remade and reinterpreted through the present just as the present is in a large part a function of the past. These processes play fast and loose with time, as they do with space.[16] Mass-produced memories (the components of official history) are, in turn, "remembered," but their connection with other versions of the past (folk memory, for instance) is so highly mediated, I think, as to be non-existent. As I have suggested in relation to Punk, crisis is often the motivation that actuates the discourse of organised "forgetting" that is at the heart of the dominant conception of history. It is as if the distance conferred by time is replaced, via sleight-of-hand, with the "distance" of fiction.

The fictions of official history are, perhaps, established and reinforced, not through the type of drama examined by Johnstone, or through the complex fictions of Dennis Potter, but through the ritual of weekly "series. As David Self explains, series and serials are one way of ensuring that an audience stays loyal to a particular channel (22); as a result of its regular repetitions, I think this format also progressively establishes a stronger type of "realism" than the single drama. The worlds of serials become easily domesticated and familiar: they become another of the repetitions that establish the safety of the humdrum.

For example, a sitcom such as Jimmy Perry and David Croft's Dad's Army (BBC, 1968-77) presumes an audience willing to accept the idea of a mythic World War II fought on the "home" front. More disturbing for me, perhaps, is the consciousness these series create that they are somehow "fictionless," that their representations honour some "real" time in the past, or in the present. All the binary oppositions appear to be there: Them vs Us; fair players vs unmitigated cads; enemy efficiency vs "our" ineptitude; the individuality of the "British" vs the inhumanity of the "Hun." Through such shows, I think the memory of war becomes a laughing matter; in fact, the ability to laugh is reified in British "character." This same message also may have guaranteed the success of later series such as Croft's It Ain't Half Hot Mum (BBC1 1976-81), or the "serious" Emma Thompson/ Kenneth Branagh vehicle Fortunes of War, or Tenko (BBC 1981-82), a saga about a women's internment camp. However, it could be that what these television productions draw is a prior official history already established through film.

The Harry Saltzman film Battle of Britain (1969), directed by Guy Hamilton, is, in a similar way to 633 Squadron (1964), and The Dambusters (1955), perhaps another attempt to secure memory and national identity through the epic actions of "great men." The authenticity of the account is almost validated, it seems, through the use of an "all-star" cast of "great" British actresses and actors: Michael Caine, Susannah York, Michael Redgrave, Kenneth More, and Laurence Olivier. Like Dad's Army, this film can be read as a study in class. The Battle of Britain seems to neutralize potentially volatile class divisions and to discount folk memory through cliches such as the need to "pull together" and "play the game." If anything, such films are shaming. They are constructed through codes of nostalgia and sentiment which lie deep in official history. Although these codes can be resisted it is difficult to do so without also rejecting the powerful national identity upon which they are predicated. From my perspective, The Battle of Britain is a monumental fiction, and I suggest it bears the same relationship to the past as a war memorial.

At a crucial point in Troy Kennedy Martin's television drama Edge of Darkness (BBC, 1986), as Craven and Jedburgh prepare to penetrate the present-day problem symbolised by the Northmoor nuclear reprocessing complex, they burst into the "past," into an abandoned "condominium" circa 1962. Among the cigars, racks of wine, cans of asparagus tips, and other trappings of what may have been someone's idea of the Cold War "good life," Craven finds a model Spitfire, a Second World War fighter plane. Jedburgh calls the bunker, with all its provisions, a "Doomsday equivalent of Harrods." This time capsule is also a reminder that the past will only remain the past if dislocated from the present. Craven and Jedburgh find no clocks in this place. It is a refuge from a blasted world where time has ceased to exist. The bunker is comparable to a carefully constructed memory, a pathetic grasp at continuity.

The interleaving of war with national identity becomes more understandable in the context of what Roger Bromley writes about the interwar period. I think Thatcherism and its brand of authoritarian populism sought to encapsulate this era as surely as the bunker described above sought to shut out the possible consequences of the Cuban Missile Crisis. Bromley writes that televisual "biofictions" and "commercial autobiographies," supported by the power of the popular press,

> all played a significant role in "revisiting" the interwar period in order to renaturalize certain dominant images authenticated and authoritatively endorsed by first-hand "memories" of the time - shaped by present perceptions which, in many ways, derive from the discursive "commonsense" of that period. (50-51)

Typically, this memory is dislocated. It is a pastiche of images which, as Bromley observes, "stand in for history and which condense and profess to sum up the period" (9). Arguably, this climate has served to make acceptable the political Right's rhetoric of law and order, individual responsibility, "family values," and privatization. Under Thatcherism, the reconstructed past of the interwar period (official history) seemed to become that "golden age of tranquility" (Pearson 9), necessary to underwrite and provide continuity for the "new" British national identity.

It is clear that such an open "time capsule" requires careful policing if it is to perform its function. In wartime, private and otherwise "transgressive" memories are not only censored but denied representation altogether through legislation such as the 1911 Official Secrets Act. Other laws are frequently invoked in order to regulate broadcasting. For example, section 13(4) of the license granted to broadcasters, gives the government explicit veto power over television programmes (Munro 14). In the past this power of veto has been used to suppress such programmes as Sex in Our Time (Thames Television, 1976), Dennis Potter's Vote, Vote, Vote for Nigel Barton (BBC, 1962), and Peter Watkins' The War Game (BBC, 1965). This last text, a graphic drama documentary, considers the effects and aftermath of a nuclear strike on one of Britain's major cities. Using a similar perspective to Raymond Briggs' adult comic book When the Wind Blows (1982)--in which a hapless, "normal," elderly couple watch each other die from the effects of nuclear fallout--Watkins envisages a plausible chaos of radiation sickness, martial law, summary execution, and looting. The War Game appears to offer no intersection with either "the mythic version of World War II" (Dawson 7) or the golden age of the reconstructed interwar period. The BBC released The War Game in 1985, twenty years after production.

Such actions perhaps argue for the potential of television to contest authorised or dominant versions of the past.[17] I think the television companies have frequently been suspected of cultivating "Left-leaning" and otherwise "dangerous" tendencies, and they have had not only Labour and Conservative governments to contend with but also pressure groups. In the past, this type of opposition has included the "Clean-Up TV Campaign," founded by Mary Whitehouse in 1964, and more centrist bodies, such as the "Television and Radio Committee" (TRACK).[18] Such groups appear to stake contradictory claims on the territory of the past. I suggest, however, that this struggle has never been more active than in the last fifteen years which have witnessed a reactionary and acrimonious fight to protect official history and the version of the past which underwrites it. As Raymond Williams recognised, television does constitute "a sense of reality for most people in the society" (Marxism 110). Through their "openness," its texts do offer a variety of pleasures, but I think these pleasures must neither disrupt the unsegmented "flow" of television, nor disturb the memories founded on it. As I will go on to suggest, this uneasy balance has proved harder to maintain in the 1990s. The dropping in 1983 of the BBC's "Play For Today" slot was arguably part of the backwash from the crisis of representation in both arts and politics. The television experience of the time was becoming more diverse, and with "mixed" forms such as "docudrama," the ability of genres to maintain official history was becoming compromised. I think that through the eighties, as "Thatcherism" became consolidated, it became easier to single out dissident, possibly transgressive texts and to reinflect and redeploy them to yet again reiterate the "correct" memories which make "us who we are."

When the writer Alan Bleasdale was interviewed in 1987, he explained how his own grandfather had died in Northern France in 1917, but that the history he himself had been taught at school allowed no space for the experience of ordinary people: "history" was the deeds of "great men." Bleasdale wrote his television play The Monocled Mutineer because, as he put it,

> if I got it right I could say something about the bleak times we live in now, that cannon fodder is always cannon fodder, however much you are told that things have changed, be it in the Falklands or on the dole queue. (Petley 128)

Bleasdale based his four-part television drama on a book of the same name, written by William Allison and John Fairley and published in 1978. Private Percy Toplis, the "real" Monocled Mutineer, was a Nottinghamshire miner and "something of a tearaway and con-man" (Petley 127). Toplis appears to be the kind of irreverent marauder embodied as Yosser Hughes in Bleasdale's celebrated Boys From The Blackstuff (BBC, 1982). For his alleged role in the Etaples mutiny, Toplis was turned into a common criminal, hunted down and shot. It took two years to find him.

After the series was transmitted, the views recorded in the right-wing press were perhaps as extreme as if another intruder had strolled into the Queen's bedroom. The Daily Mail charged the BBC with being "engaged in a long-term operation to rewrite history because of its hatred of our Imperial past" (qtd. in Petley 126). I think Bleasdale's script caused such a furor because it confronted the mythic "War" with the unsettling memory residue of individual, and by implication, working-class struggle against authority. It appears that television narratives that assume any other memory than official history, are attacked through a vast arsenal of reactionary rhetoric. The Right's metaphors of "attack" and "siege" are no accident, drawing as they do on the implanted memories of the Mythic War to coax us into once again "pulling together."

Films appear to engage at a different level of attention: their potential for activating alternative, folk memories is less than that of television. Apparently dissident texts, such as the vintage revisionist war film The Ship That Died Of Shame (1955) were not condemned for their critique of nostalgia, memory and the masculine code.[19] However, any television text, including The Monocled Mutineer, that "takes the tasteful immobility of naturalism and the quiet authority of the past" (Chambers 91) and inflects them through the contradictions of class, disrupts what I see as the crucial memory consensus. Rather than being celebrated for "getting it right," Bleasdale's text was attacked as a "false memory," the exact phenomenon (official history) he had set out to contest.

I argue, then, that the experience of war is collected and recollected on television so that the viewing subject is dislocated from the "important social and political and moral forces within society" (Griffiths, "Consent" 39). To confront official history and the mythic War is to reclaim victims such as Bleasdale's grandfather, killed in 1917. One of the suppressed and dislocated memories attendant on armed conflict, I suggest, is that written through the discourse of the body. War destroys bodies and their memory traces. The "official" version does not recollect the facts of murder, rape or torture or the histories of grief and loss;[20] those who return or come back find themselves set apart from the society for which they have nominally fought. The demobilised are, in some ways, always a contradiction of the mythologised war experience. I would argue that this mechanism of "cosmetic" forgetting continues in the deceptively named "peace time." Homosexual Law reforms such as the Wolfenden Report in 1957, the Act in 1967, and the introduction of clause 28 of the Local Government Act in 1988,[21] are arguably attempts to regulate private memory through the body. Alan Sinfield observes that there has been a long-standing connection made between high culture, camp, effeminacy, homosexuality, and treachery inimical to the national character (77). However, whether on the territories and borders of the body, or on the terrain of land, war as a contest to reassert national identity through a reconstructed "false" memory seems inevitable. This is admittedly an extreme position but it is one borne out by even a cursory examination of the South Atlantic or Falklands/Malvinas war.

7. wartime: yomping to puerto margarita

> Listen to the decent people,
> Though you treat them just like sheep,
> Put them all in boots and khaki,
> Blame it all upon the darkies ...
>
> Standing in your socks and vest,
> Better get it off your chest,
> Every day is just like the rest,
> But Sunday's best.
>
> (Elvis Costello, "Sunday's Best," 1979)

> Whatever else it signified, the Falklands war was certainly used as a theatrical pageant, a parade of popularized images of British past power - part of a cultural bid to align the present with a carefully edited version of yesterday. (Bromley 159)

> **PM:** Only one thing makes war justified, and lawful, only one thing! - when it's a struggle for law against force - for the life of those people, their laws, their language and way of life, everything that makes them what they are, against a brutal effort to impose on them a life and language and laws that are not theirs and they do not want! - when everything else has been tried, and failed! - not because of us! If we are wrong to fight now, then we were wrong to fight Hitler, we were wrong to fight the Kaiser, we were wrong to fight Napoleon, we were wrong to fight Philip of Spain - wrong to do anything but throw in the towel and crumple before the first brute force to come along, and abandon all the fine and good and splendid things Britain has given the world down the centuries, for a bleak, totalitarian desert!
> (Ian Curteis, The Falklands Play 185)

As I outline in my introduction, by 1979, the year of Costello's "Sunday's Best," Punk was already becoming just another rainy Sunday afternoon called the "second," then the "New Wave." This same year had seen the quality television adaptation of Evelyn Waugh's novel Brideshead Revisited struggling to keep its version of the past in place against Trevor Griffiths' Country and a cycle of inner-city riots. It is against a similar background of contradictions in culture and in the social order that war broke out in the South Atlantic.

John Cole, the BBC's political editor at the time, wrote in April 1982, shortly after the Argentine invasion, that the atmosphere in Westminster was "different from Suez" (4). The fact of Cole's comparison, the path of his own memory, is perhaps more significant than its content. As I have suggested, World War II and the interwar period were intensively revisited and recollected by Thatcherite conservatism. Thus, 1956 remained, in the early 1980s, as a dissident memory, one that contradicted the "refurbished regressive national identity" (McArthur 54), and one that I think the political Right would later reposition as a "false memory" fabricated by unpatriotic, political "wets." The Falklands "crisis" appeared to offer itself as the event necessary to correct the tremor in national identity posed by Suez. In many senses, it was a war fought on television: a war against an "enemy," and an opportunity to revise prior television representations of the past. Arguably, the campaign was constructed through Churchillian rhetoric as a war to recover "sovereignty" and "our way of life"; the "War" became the "mythic War": a trip down memory lane leaving behind lost battles such as the one against unemployment.[22] As Richard Johnstone observes in his discussion of Angus Calder's book The People's War (1969), the strategy of viewing the present from a perspective based in the past is a common ploy in wartime, but its only destination is a "dead end" (190).

Television, as both "fiction" and "news," bears an increasingly complex relationship to the war experience. Unlike the later Gulf War in which Britain was also involved, the Falklands crisis did not generate the same plenitude of images and footage, diffused as they were between computer screen, gunsight and photographic plate. The 1982 war, I remember, was presented through surfaces, through non committal Ministry of Defense "briefings," and through tabloid-style journalism in the newspapers and on television. As many commentators have observed, the physical nature of television, its flat, two-dimensional image, is a key factor in its representations. Its scale, Bigsby observes,

> makes it less effective as a means of creating action sequences; it lacks epic potential, having to rely on sheer accumulation for its effects, a collage of incidents, intimate moments, fragments of experience .... (25)

To extrapolate from writers such as Lynn Spigel,[23] it could also be that extensive war television coverage domesticates and normalizes the crisis--as occurred to some extent through television reports of the Vietnam War--whereas suppression of information would, in effect, exacerbate it. I suggest that through the formulae of television, war is served up as melodrama, a spectacle to be contemplated at a glance alongside Coronation Street and Match of the Day. Lynne Joyrich explains:

> By replaying its own formulas, TV fosters a sense of living tradition, a continuously available history that appeals to the nostalgic mode of postmodern culture. (140)

As technology, television seems to lend itself to structures of affect:[24] complex forces are extruded in the cosmetic urgency of representing official history as the actions of "great men." Through its "plurality of signification" (Grossberg, "Articulation" 50), and its "planned flow,"[25] television can be said to flatten perspective and to distract and disembody the viewer's sense of place. By its disposition alone, television offers its audiences a distinctly inflected kind of address, one that may help it to truncate and suppress the problems in its own representations. This is never more so than during a time of national conflict such as the Falklands/Malvinas war.

The climate for this was predetermined by what Stuart Hall terms the prior "colonisation of the popular press" (Renewal 48) by the New Right. The apparatus of the mass media appeared to stand guard over the South Atlantic, to minimize "private memories," (the kind recovered by Bleasdale in The Monocled Mutineer) and to produce narrative configurations apparently able to resolve contradictions in the war experience. Topographically removed as it was, the War proved easier--if more costly--to regulate than the crises at home.

After the fact, I have noticed that the Falklands/Malvinas conflict produced a peculiar meta-discourse: the private memories behind the official history recorded in the written accounts of journalists covering the war.[26] These describe in exhaustive detail, for example, the hardships of waiting in line for an available satelite link and of the whimsical censorship of copy practiced by the Ministry of Defence "minders" sent to monitor the journalists. Many of the accounts seem as if they are petulant expressions of revenge against some military breach of journalistic etiquette. However, just how much the official history of the war was controlled through censorship is impossible to determine, since these accounts seem to displace such actions onto the individual frustrations and dramas suffered by the authors. What these texts do make clear is that most journalists were seduced by the military on the voyage out--by its slang, its terminology, its making true of comic book heroism and its belief in the actions of "great men." Behind the journalists' personal suffering, the old jingoistic rhetoric of "Us" vs the suitably dehumanised "Argies," for the protection of "old England," is clear. These accounts tell the reader what war does, but not what war is. "Whistleblowers," such as Clive Ponting, who revealed that the Argentine cruiser "General Belgrano" was sailing *away* from the British exclusion zone when it was torpedoed, or Sarah Tisdall, who allegedly disclosed information on the secret introduction of cruise missiles (Foot 4-5), are prosecuted, their "aberrant" versions discounted.[27] In time, I think they become false memories; Tisdall and Ponting are reconstructed as "hooligans," as enemies of "the Nation" and its great imperial past. Their "leaks" become dirt to be swept under the televisual carpet and forgotten. The meta-discourse of the Falklands shows no interest in whistleblowing; rather it shows a disgruntled acquiescence to being assigned a minor role in the great "show" called War. So efficiently did the New Right meet what I call the "what-we-need-is-another-war" solution to social malaise that oppositional or contestatory versions of the conflict found themselves easily positioned in no man's land–pinned between the extremities of, on the one hand, whistleblowers, and on the other, opportunists of the unpatriotic Left.

Tisdall, Ponting and Toplis briefly foregrounded the parodic subtext of the "official" War experience. For a while, they shorted-out the circuits of the mechanisms assigned to eliminate contradictions hostile to the production of an unproblematic official history. The negotiations that turn a plurality of experience into this version of the past are, I think, illustrated by the struggle to render that experience as tele-history. Assembled around the (re)plays Tumbledown (1987), by Charles Wood, and Ian Curteis' The Falklands Play (1987) is a complex meta-discourse concerning the politics of representation. As with Bleasdale's The Monocled Mutineer, the key opposition in this debate is that between "plays" and "dramatised documentaries."[28] John Tulloch has written that television histories have tended to have "deeply based and systematic connections with conservatism, in that they produce an empiricist notion of history" (96). However, the "transcodification" (Tulloch 131) of experience into official history has always been compromised between the "look," as Tulloch (120) calls it, of dramatic fiction, and the "look" of documentary.

> This fast-moving drama is unashamedly a play, not a documentary; but it is more fully researched than other apparently factual records, and as a study of the diplomatic manoeuvring and human fallibility before the conflict it has extraordinary fascination and poignancy.
> (The Falklands Play, back cover)

> Charles Wood's outstanding screenplay, based on actual people and events, re-creates one officer's experience of the Falklands War. (Tumbledown, back cover)

I think the politics of official history played themselves out between Wood and Curteis: on the one hand, Wood's Tumbledown, a "history" of the war through the experience of Lt. Robert Lawrence, a 21-year-old Scots Guards officer, and on the other, Curteis' The Falklands Play, apparently a "straight" rendition of "what happened" in the corridors of power. Curteis is a patriot, politically "right of centre" (Curteis 33) and proud of it. He writes how he was electrified during his research for the play:

> This was not shallow jingoism, but the dramatic rising to the surface once more of values and issues that we on these islands have cared most profoundly about down the centuries, and on which our civilized freedom rests. (15)

Wood attaches his enterprise to a different part of the same myth:

> To be a soldier, if the undertaking is fully considered and understood, is a noble vocation. A soldier offers his life, and often it is taken. Nobody is astonished when it is, nor should they be. (xii)

Both plays put a different inflection on many of the same received facts. Curteis' script appears to lean overtly toward the mythic War I have spoken about; Tumbledown toward the "masculine code" which underpins it. Both texts were meticulously researched, but the memories they construct are, for various reasons, unsatisfactory as "history" and as television drama. Wood's inflects the Falklands crisis through one "great" man; The Falklands Play, however, seems almost parodic in its close reflection of Curteis' overt political sympathies. Both plays were repeatedly postponed amidst much acrimony. Tumbledown was finally transmitted on May 30th, 1988, on BBC1 (Reeves 160).

Wood and Curteis have both had considerable experience with "memory work," particularly in the field of tele-history. In some ways, Curteis can be seen to have single-handedly constructed a television history of Britain, from his early involvement with the ground-breaking "Wednesday Play" series, to the trilogy Long Voyage Out of War (BBC, 1971), to Philby, Burgess and MaClean (Granada, 1978), to Churchill and the Generals (BBC, 1981), Suez 1956 and Stalin. Wood's expertise is in the area of film and his wide-ranging screenplays include Help! (1965), the Richard Lester-directed oddment, How I Won the War (1967), and The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968). In 1964, Wood's stage play I Don't Hold With Heroes (later changed to Dingo) was refused production at the National Theatre because it was considered "subversive" (Wood x). Similarly, Curteis' projected trilogy, BB and Joe, an American co-production, was commissioned by the BBC and cancelled a year later.[29]

Both Wood and Curteis' experiences, then, involve interventions, not only by attempts to delete or extrude their texts from the mythic War, but also by the decline in television drama as a whole. Neither of these writers' texts could be described as a counter-reading or an attempt to disturb official history or the mythic War. In this light, the postponement of both productions and the final cancellation of Curteis' play is baffling. Perhaps both writers' experiences simply attest to a type of institutional caution which surfaces whenever an event of national importance is rendered as drama. However, it appears that The Falklands Play, with its final shot of the triumphant Prime Minister, was too much for Bill Cotton, then the Managing Director of Television at the BBC. Later in his introduction, Curteis accuses the Corporation of gross political bias.[30] Tumbledown may have suffered as a result of Curteis' experience, so closely are both plays linked in the meta-discourse, that other battleground where memory and representation meet:

> I wrote Tumbledown after listening to [Robert Lawrence], at first uneasily fascinated. It was as if I was being given the chance to talk to a surviving Nolan after his forlorn and frantic ride across the front of the advancing Light Brigade, the opportunity to be around at the beginning of a myth. (Tumbledown, xv)

The "fictioning" of events at Tumbledown may even have been assisted by the publication of Robert Lawrence's version of events that day in his When the Fighting is Over: A Personal Story of the Battle for Tumbledown Mountain and its Aftermath (1988).

As what Tulloch calls the "actual event" and the "great individuals" (98) behind it recede, so conditions appear to become ripe for the consolidation and repositioning of official history through means other than drama. The patriotic fervour, the revitalisation of "national identity" that seemed to follow "victory" in the Falklands, arguably displaced the still active contradictions of Suez and replaced them with an official history of arresting "images" (Bromley 9). In effect, the "Falklands" became a pastiche of McEwan's "ploughman's lunches": a representation diverted into what I have called "the world of the humdrum."

The "triumphant" public return of the anatomically intact soldiers felt as if it had sealed off the episode as did another Conservative election "victory" under Margaret Thatcher in 1983.[31] Events in the Falklands seemed to make Britain a world power again. It was, perhaps, the achievement of a belief always deeply embedded in official history. The acceptance and remembrance of the event as a "victory" was to make it all the more difficult to understand the far more complex and contradictory "enemies" represented by the 1984-5 "wars": confrontations such as the miners' strike and a further cycle of inner-city rioting. These disturbances did not elicit compassion, but instead a variety of responses including a call for more law and order and tougher sentencing. In my final sections, I will turn to these "wars" and how I think they have affected the contours of memory and national identity.

8. doing time: another "North," another country and the historiography of the image

In Wood's Tumbledown, as Lt. Robert Lawrence recuperates in his hospital bed, images of the horses killed in the July 1982 bombing of the Household Cavalry in London flash onto the television screen in the ward.[32] News coverage frames the bombing as another "terrorist act": the work of animals, an atrocity beyond understanding. The usual suspects are rounded up and there are the usual bloodthirsty cries to restore capital punishment. For a moment, Wood's fictive world positions the Falklands War against the humdrum sporadic disruptions and "senseless" killings that demarcate the place called "Northern Ireland" as it is represented to television audiences in England. For me, the "Troubles" denote an undeclared war, a colonial enterprise maintained by control of official history and its means of production,[33] here television and other popular media. Wood's ability to open a chink in his fiction, a place to counterpoint the Mythic War against a less tidy "war" of occupation, provides me with another area through which to theorize the production of false memory.

As they appear on television, representations of the war in Northern Ireland seem able to close off the complex historical forces behind the conflict.[34] This operation is aided, I would argue, by sweeping powers of censorship which frustrate and ensure foreclosure. Coverage is in terms of the "already said" (J. Collins 268), an assemblage of formulae so familiar that a crisis of the recent present is lost in the vague banalities of the humdrum. Shootings and bombings are articulated as "terrorist acts," brief bursts of violence against a background which I think is carefully rendered senseless, incomplete and incomprehensible. As early as 1961, before the recent "Troubles" began, John Bowen was writing with alarm of the powers given the Independent Television Authority (ITA) under section 3 of the Television Act, 1954. Section 1 (f) is particularly interesting. The Act requires the Authority to satisfy the following:

> that due impartiality is preserved on the part of the persons providing the programmes as respects matters of political or

> industrial controversy or relating to current public policy ....
> (Bowen 82)

The catch-all "impartiality" is preserved in section 4I (f) of the later Broadcasting Act, 1973. As Peter Taylor writes, this legislation has been employed to head off debate (unsuccessfully) in the BBC's programme A Question of Ulster (1971), and to postpone In Friendship and Forgiveness (1977), "an alternative diary of the Queen's visit to Northern Ireland" (4,6).[35] In the case of the last example, Taylor asks the obvious question:

> Was there collusion with government to prevent a mass audience seeing a different version of "reality" presented at peak time, whilst memories of the event were still fresh? (8)

I think the answer lies in the extensive but separate and disengaged accounts of disinformation, distortion and memory by omission. I believe they are "disengaged" in that these accounts do not fracture the concealed dominant memory-making machinery; the situation is, as Terry Eagleton describes it, one where,

> history is always one of the first casualties of censorship. The past is airbrushed and streamlined to fit the demands of the present. If the Irish remember their history, it is because, so the adage goes, the British keep forgetting it. ("Casualties" 7)

However, the notion of "truth" is itself malleable. If Jim Collins is correct that television "visualizes culture as artifact" through this language of the "already said" (268), then news, if not in fact then in articulation, is a form of parody, of simulation. The individual television consumer, he continues, is "decentered and recentered" (265) in a way that forecloses any communal basis for experience beyond the "sharing" of a mass media event; in terms of the war under discussion, I think it is rendered as separate "acts," but the theatre of the total war, its complete memory, is left disarticulated, scattered across so many episodes represented through an official history of formulaic images. This mechanism might suggest a certain openness which could be exploited in the way a writer such as Trevor Griffiths has tried to do. In practice, however, these texts seem to have to provide the missing memory before they can expose official history as false or subject it to a counter reading. The mechanism I have been describing excludes any alternative version of events and at this point in time there appears no way to reclaim a prior form of remembering through which to think and represent the space of the past.

The spaces of official and private remembering changed simultaneously, perhaps, with the invention of mass media and the reinvention of "place" described by Joshua Meyrowitz in No Sense of Place: The Impact of Electronic Media on Social Behaviour (1985). He suggests how information technologies, particularly television, have in effect changed the "settings" of memory: the distinctions between "private" and "public" have been lost through the viewing subject's immersion in spaces which repeatedly "contaminate" and erase the distinction between what was formerly "on stage," and what was "backstage." Meyrowitz argues for the profound changes this has caused in social behaviour. It is through the kinds of operation he describes that war, in Northern Ireland or elsewhere, can be memorialised through images. In effect, the past becomes a sequence of "semiograms": "self-enclosed semantic unit[s] ... which cannot be referred to anything outside [themselves]" (Hebdige, Hiding 173).[36] So compromised are these memory remnants that possibly their only meaning lies in their random collisions with each other. It is through this system that the "Troubles" are memorialised as a pool of blood in the shattered glass on a London street or as a three-second "clip" of dead horses in Hyde Park. As Hebdige writes, such images embody a pictured truth that dominates over the language which puts "the image in play in the here and now" (Hiding 159). I contend that the dead horses in Hyde Park, or an exploding British warship in the South Atlantic, are the implosion and truncation of complex forces into the easily assimilable, graphic "moments" which have become an important component of official history. The process of incorporation into the humdrum is one of simulation and parody.

On October 19, 1988, Douglas Hurd, then Home Secretary, introduced a ban on the broadcasting of any words spoken by anyone representing or "purporting to represent" any of a number of named organisations, including Sinn Fein and the "Loyalist" Ulster Defence Association (Foot 4).[37] This ban was pushed through, it appears, in the furore whipped up by the tabloid press over an interview with members of the Irish National Liberation Army (INLA) on the BBC's Tonight programme (Bolton 40). Just over ten years previously, the BBC had commissioned, then banned Howard Barker's Credentials of a Sympathiser (1979). In the play, Hacker and Gildersleeve "negotiate" a ceasefire (which Gildersleeve euphemises as a "disconfrontation") with the "terrorists" Tully, Ducker and Morahan. Its overpowering sense of farce tends to strip this claustrophobic drama of any day-to-day referentiality; the "Troubles" emerge, nevertheless, in glancing identifications with the economy of powers represented around the table. Rather than looking for a collective folk memory in Trevor Griffiths' "materialism of forces" (Poole and Wyver 142), Barker suggests an alternative memory through his acute sensitivity to the details habitually elided from the "official" version. Much of the first part of Credentials of a Sympathiser is, literally, a setting of the stage for the negotiations, an operation presided over by Hacker, the "furnisher," and his crew of removal men and cleaning ladies. The operations of the memory-making machinery I have described are represented by Barker through the slippage of language across the terms "criminal," "terrorist," and "soldier," or through the accidental death of Hacker.[38] These terms demarcate the expected parameters of "conflict," as it is presented for public consumption, but in Credentials of a Sympathiser, these terms break down into simply "Us," or just "Them," but not the expected binary opposition that I believe is required by official history. Similarly, Ron Hutchinson's later stage play, Rat in the Skull (1984), distributes the power nexus across Roche, the terrorist, Nelson, the detective inspector from the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and Naylor, the "Brit," the alien. As this scenario plays out, it is counterpointed with a series of projected images, the "discourse" of Roche's injuries, a memory literally beaten onto the body.

In my reading of both plays, the habitual language of memory and the notion of history as narrative are shown to fail and to fall short of another kind of remembering that takes place beyond the image and outside of official memory. Barker and Hutchinson seem to create moments where the possibility of personal recollection, particularly the recollection of trauma, momentarily estranges the public representation of conflict as official history.

Barker's experience with his untelevised play, Credentials of a Sympathiser,[39] suggests the recuperative armoury that is available to rearticulate counter-readings as false readings, false memories and even as banned memories. However, as Mark Urban argues in Big Boys' Rules: The SAS and the Secret Struggle against the IRA, part of this "undeclared" war involves a netherworld of counter-insurgency tactics including surveillance, sabotage, informer programmes, and assassinations. These operations are unacknowledged and "exist" only when exposed by a crisis that puts both official history and national identity under severe torsion. I would argue that such a crisis occured in 1988 when three alleged IRA "terrorists" were shot and killed in Gibraltar.

> In current affairs television, as in the press, there has been a noticeable growth in recent years in investigative reporting, based on the premise that the reality may be very different from outward appearances, especially where the differences are perceived to result from what those in authority want the public to know and believe. (Windlesham and Rampton 17)

Thames TV's investigative series This Week, led by editor Roger Bolton, had assembled their evidence for a programme titled Death on the Rock. The three "known" IRA members (it has to be asked, known by whom?) had been gunned down by a covert Special Air Services (SAS) anti-terrorist unit. Bolton's findings were almost proof positive that the shootings had been "extra-judicial executions" (Miller 8). After much obstruction, the programme was transmitted in April 1988 (Bolton 189). However, the editor and his team later had to submit to an inquest at the highest level, and both programme and inquest were subject to government intervention.[40] Despite the probable use of the Special Air Services (SAS) as state executioners and state terrorists, it is a story that played itself out behind the facade of a dominant memory mosaic of self-referring images that positioned "Us" against "Them" and invoked airbrushed memories of former conflicts and their phony aura of "fair play" and "heroism." The government was forced to act in order to reposition the incident as a simple case of the justifiable use of force against a dehumanised "foe."

Plays such as Credentials of a Sympathiser, or current affairs programmes such as Death on the Rock, appear to cause a serious memory crisis, a situation that the state must work hard to reposition and recode. All too often the "dissident" text is marginalized as "politically motivated" (therefore "extreme"). In the end, it seems, the effect is only to reinforce official history. Again, the dangerous area of popular memory does not advertise itself; it draws its ability to confront, to insert an alternative view, by growing out of the humdrum, the stuff of habitual existence, not the stuff of "art."

I would further argue that war, in Northern Ireland or elsewhere, is not only spectacularized (coded into a sequence of arresting images), but also rendered Anglo-centric (there is no view given beyond that of the occupying forces). It is processed, as it were, into a "fast-food" version of news.[41] To return to the bombing of 1982, viewers such as myself were, in effect, filled with false memories--carefully manipulated "screenplays"--able to continually deny the knowledge and the wider consciousness needed to expose them for what they were:

> mere pastiches of a historical past nostalgically reduced either to a lost world of political commitment or to a source of glossy retro-style images. (Callinicos, Postmodernism 128)

In this way, I think experience itself is remodelled. The media serve up the recent past for the viewer as if it were dim flashes of receding childhood memory. The connotation is always one of distance: away from the here and now and toward the indeterminate humdrum. This blur is realised in the moderately famous singer "Maggie" (played by Helen Mirren), of David Hare's Teeth 'n' Smiles (1975). She is a character unable to realize her past beyond the disjointed episodes recorded in the press release that distills her life. Partly an elegy for the lost revolutionary potential of youth (the play is set in June, 1969), Hare's play also mourns the loss of memory, the lapse from political awareness into amnesia and alcoholism. It is also an anticipation of a slightly later revolutionary arc, the convulsion bounded by the terms "Punk" and "New Wave."

9. over time: media memorabilia

> *Times are tough for English babies,*
> *Send the army and the navy ...*

> TV is a genre of reruns, a formulaic return to what we already know ... TV is a medium that makes us feel "at home."
> (Paglia 51)

The strategies in television that I have described as producing official history predicate national identity on "home," on the humdrum, a psychic space maintained by multiple returns (or more accurately, attempts at them). The television produces armchair travellers: present in one sense in Camille Paglia's "at home," and in another–I maintain–"travelling" disassociatively in multiple representations on the screen. Television is predominantly received in the domestic space and this is also the staple of many of its representations. Home is Hancock's sitting room on a rainy Sunday afternoon in East Cheam, Aunt Vicky's kitchen with its budgerigar in Lipstick On Your Collar, and George Arthur Marlow's council flat in Lynda La Plante's first Prime Suspect drama. Home is perhaps inescapable. It is an idea able to block even the strongest interventions. As I have previously suggested, it is the site of the key repetition of departure and return which confirms identity. As Paglia implies, repetition is always more comforting than novelty. Television positions the viewing subject in an endless loop of "memories" redolent of belonging and safety. "Home" is never the same twice, however, an effect I address in more detail in my final chapter.

I have suggested that the Falklands "War," the Irish "Troubles," and the programme, Death on the Rock, severely tested this looping of the present into a remodelled past. In fact, the miners' dispute almost succeeded in pushing stories of disempowerment and victimization onto the Nine O'clock News. However, the Iranian embassy siege of 1980 arrived in British homes as, arguably, yet another test of a once "great" power against foreign forces of subversion. It was an occasion to again wheel out the bunting as it was to be for the following Royal weddings and "war" in the Falklands/Malvinas. In the language of the mythic War, the liberation of the embassy was a "triumph," a triumph for "Mrs Thatcher's Army" (le Carre 5) and a triumph for the British people. I recall the live broadcast of the embassy assault and the hollow, cartoon explosions and the disappointing chatter of real automatic weapons. As George Brock observes, television coverage of the attack was comparable to Jack Ruby's shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald on live television in 1963 (120). Britain's "triumph" was constructed as the "right" way to deal with the menace of terrorism, and was defined, I think, against President Carter's conspicuous failure to rescue American hostages east of Tehran. Britain's "liberators," the SAS, were represented as James Bonds made real: ruthless killers, but always for the right cause.

In the transition from television news "flash" to yesterday's news, the siege seemed to be installed into memory as a "shot in the arm" for national identity and a palliative (maybe) for the less successful fight against terrorism across the Irish channel. I would say, however, that the deeper motivations of the Iranians' actions and the fact of the seven fatalities over the six days of the siege were denied by the media dynamics of packaging memory as an "event," framed by disruption, then recuperation (the British "triumph"). Such events, I argue, are "tests" of national character fought on the terrain of individual homes. The result is always a foregone one, especially in the home where repetition and humdrum are the rule and the exception is left to go missing in action.

At the same time that television realises "news" events, it also appears to derealise them, to lift them out of their determining forces and to render them as the packages of emotive images that pass for official history.[42] Part of this derealisation, and it is now a familiar phenomenon,[43] involves inserting the current event, whether an embassy siege, or a distant war, into a feedback loop. Television's representations of the event, its "memory," arguably manipulate the events themselves: life in front of the cameras fades into a representation only authenticated by transmission and then reception in the home. As I have shown, a similar mechanism is used in times of war to iron out the contradictions in the crisis of memory which occurs when popular memory is disciplined by official history. However, the process I refer to above seems autonomous, unguided: the technology itself, or the genre of its use, determines what gets remembered and what gets forgotten. The "news," it often seems, can only report what its genre and reporting conventions allow it to see or to identify as "news." What is "newsworthy" is often an event assembled in a specific way (through images and minimal narrative): a news "item" which is destined to be erased by the next identically constructed event. I recall the Iranian Embassy siege of 1980 as a "media event," a "real-life drama," one that interrupted a John Wayne movie on BBC1, and a snooker tournament on BBC2 (le Carre 1). I also recall the smoke-covered balcony at Princes Gate and the cameras nosing in to bring the viewer at home pictures of the invincible men in black. The terrorists held their hostages and the media held me hostage in my own home.

Television coverage of the siege blended together many of those same meanings I have observed working in the representation of other threats to the "nation." Interruption, identity ritual and masculine fantasy were deployed in order to to revisit and consolidate existing constructions of "the British way of life" (Pearson 53) in over ten million homes across the country. These operations appear to justify the disciplining of aberrations whilst placing the form of that discipline outside representation. Television may be the perfect medium for articulating the memory of threat and its recuperation because it has already so powerfully established a sense of the "past." Before the eyes of the viewer, "our boys" rooted out and eliminated forces of subversion from "our country" and "our homes." As completed event, the siege was recorded onto a loop of similar "triumphs," memories engineered to put the heart in "home" and keep the fires burning there.

> *Times are tough for English babies,*
> *Send the army and the navy ...*

> Exhausting time into moments ... television produces forgetfulness, not memory, flow, not history. (Heath 279)

It may have been less easy, however, to shunt the miners' strike of 1984-5 into this "forgetfulness." This disturbance took place across a complex background and distilled many of the contradictions I see in post-industrial Britain. As Alex Callinicos and Mike Simons explain, the miners' strikes of 1972 and 1974 had effectively humiliated the Conservative government of Edward Heath and prepared the ground for Harold Wilson's Labour government (27). This government was troubled by a resurgence of Marxism in its ranks, by unemployment which topped the two million mark in 1975, and by a general economic downturn.[44] It foundered in the economic and political climate of the late 1970s, and by 1979 was ready to fold amid a chaos of strikes in the public sector (Kavanagh 130). After a careful period of repositioning within the Conservative party and then a well-packaged television campaign, Margaret Thatcher was elected later in the same year.

The imperatives of Thatcherism accelerated the decline of the Left and perhaps with it the formerly powerful National Union of Mineworkers (Callinicos and Simons 35). The background to this phenomenon is complex, but it is the early eighties which brought a different form of television "news" and this may have contributed to the falling away of public tolerance for the unions. In his introduction to Strike and the Media: Communication and Conflict, Nicholas Jones argues that beginning with the 1982 rail strike, the mass media became a forum for negotiations between management and the union (3). On television, Jones continues, this trend developed so that disputes came to be presented almost as a form of entertainment. He writes,

> … live discussions on sensitive issues are usually well promoted in advance, in the confident expectation that the debate may develop into a heated argument, providing viewing or listening that cannot fail to hold the attention of the audience. (28)

The 1984-5 miners' strike collapsed partly as a result of this new mechanism of television "debate," and partly as a consequence of a general decline in support both within and outside the unions. I see the events of 1984-5 as a direct attack on the working-class, and in the context of this chapter, as an attack on the folk memory which is the property of this social formation.[45] Legislation such as the 1980 Social Security Act cut welfare payments to strikers' families, making it easier for the National Coal Board to lure striking miners back to work (Callinicos and Simons 35). Working-class identity may also have been compromised by the banning of "Red" Ken Livingstone's Greater London Council[46] and in January 1984, by the prohibition of civil service unions at General Communications Headquarters, Cheltenham (the British government's communications monitoring centre). Stuart Hall suggests that the end of collectivism and the drive towards a particular kind of individualization came in the "breaking down of traditional skills" and in the "introduction of more part-time and flexible working" (Renewal 89). From my point of view, these shows of government authoritarianism, coercion, elitism, and willful neglect were typical of Thatcherism in its most developed phase.

However, I will argue that the loss of folk memory was caused by a deeper rift than the disjunction between social classes and their ostensible political parties. This time, in 1984, the disorganised Left fought a "Battle of Britain" across oppositions staked out by place, by class and by differing perceptions of what "labour"means. Often, the territory of this fight seemed to have been reduced to the dimensions of the television screen. North and South can be seen in Britain as opposite terms in an argument: they are far more polarised than the 200-odd miles which divide them would suggest.[47] This division is often suppressed in television representations. Its drama tends to be predicated on the domestic life of the southern middle classes. When the North is invoked, it is as a passing reference, to confer "authenticity" (as may be the case with "Oasis," or with a drama such as Alan Bleasdale's The Boys from the Blackstuff) or a certain fashionable grittiness attractive to London viewers. During 1984-5, television "news" appeared to reactivate the north/south division. The miners' strike met a campaign by a government which appeared determined to wipe out the strikers' class and place identifications, to make them forget "who they were." The collapse of the strike in March 1985 and the subsequent pit closures may ultimately have halted a collective and trans-generational memory literally passed on through the labour of human hands.

As Nicholas Jones observes in the third chapter of Strikes and the Media: Communication and Conflict, television coverage of the 1984-5 strike was unparalleled. How it memorialised the event, however, avoids any coherent sense of the terrain I have described above. The media's habit of treating its viewing audience as "an homogenized middle ground" (Cunningham 101) may encourage spectators to disassociate, to avoid identification with the issues on the screen. By concentrating on one incident of violence, the camera perhaps magnifies the posture of "threat" while diminishing its scale and seriousness. As images, the threat is then funnelled into the safety of the uncertain area between representation and "the real." The miners and their families, fighting to preserve their identity, were constructed as Geoffrey Pearson's "hooligans," flouting the law, in need of "traditional" discipline (Pearson 207).

As the strike progressed, television representations of the conflict began to inaugurate their own feedback loop. In conjunction with the press, television addressed the miners directly, separating them from their union. The loop appeared to record, not a class struggle, but a personal conflict between Ian MacGregor, chairman of the National Coal Board, and Arthur Scargill, president of the National Union of Mineworkers (N. Jones 68). This conflict was later widened into a ruction between Scargill and Neil Kinnock, then leader of the Labour Party. Media representations swiftly recuperated the strike through the kind of historiography that guarantees the continuance of the mythic "Old England." The conflict was portrayed as a "battle" between "right" (in both senses) and "wrong." The forming in 1985 by the Nottinghamshire miners of the breakaway "Union of Democratic Mineworkers," for all its good points, signalled the end of a tradition, of a particular set of memories and the identities that go with them.

Times are tough for English babies,
Send the army and the navy ...

> Here was a girl torn three ways between the West, the radicalism of Beirut University and the strict discipline of the desert society into which she was born. (Thomas 4)

In contrast to the Iranian embassy siege, or the miners' strike, both of which left different but lasting residues, my last example is, perhaps, barely a memory at all. Anthony Thomas's drama-documentary Death of a Princess (1980) records the adultery and execution in Saudi Arabia of a woman of noble family. Arguably, this was an event which, for all Thomas's good intentions, when inserted into the humdrum domestic scene, generates exactly the apprehension of "universal savagery" (Sinfield 141) that underpins the vestiges of imperialism. Thomas defends his representation of this tragic "girl" against charges of being anti-Islamic, yet I think fails to recognise the mechanisms of the media and particularly of television's remembering.[48] As Joshua Meyrowitz explains at length, television has "reduced the mystification of "the other"" especially with regard to place (217). In Part II of No Sense of Place, he argues that television suggests proximity, "the structure of everyday face-to-face interaction" (76), but in practice functions only as the reality of impersonal exchange.[49]

Death of a Princess caused a diversionary uproar in the aftermath of Britain's "winter of discontent" in 1979. The execution was "widely reported" in the British press in January 1978 (Thomas 3); Thomas's dramatised documentary was made in Egypt and transmitted on

British television in April 1980. The author's treatment of the execution--as a death which symbolised and summarised the "modern Arab dilemma"--assembled a "memory" that I would argue spoiled in its passage across borders and between ethnicities. Just as there is a rule of Least Objectionable Programming (LOP), so there is a law that guarantees a Least Objectionable Reading and I think Death of a Princess submits rather too well to incorporation into the terms of a threadbare but functional imperialist dogma. At ground zero, I see television as a pugilistic medium that transforms intricate pluralities of forces into simple mnemonics written as matches between two forces: "Us" against the outsider, the deviant, the cheat, the bad sport and the heathen.

As a note to announce an ending on, Death of a Princess may be incongruous. The one picture of the execution acquired by Express Newspapers shows a crowd, and inside the crowd, the prone victim ringed around by white-robed figures. As an artifact, as a memory trace of an event in another place and culture and as a cause of someone's grief and mourning, the photograph perhaps intersects with a different kind of silencing in European and specifically British culture.

I believe the "default" role of women in British Television drama, if not elsewhere, has been as victims. My point, however, and the one that I think connects with the victim of Death of a Princess, is that their positioning in representational practices has consistently silenced women from making interventions in official history and national identity. As "outsiders," as non-combatants and so non-participants in the mythic War I have discussed, it seems women are destined to be perpetually revictimised by "their" history. This dynamic is so far embedded in the culture as to be almost beyond recognition, susceptible to all but the most token challenges such as my own. I think the photograph, because, rather than in spite of, its poor resolution, is horrific and continues to picture a jarring truth, paradoxically close to the humdrum world of enforced silences and false memories out of which British official history has been forged.

9. closing time: emptying the ashtrays

The power of embarrassing cliches lies in their tendency, given enough repetition, to become something else. Starting from Costello's song "Sunday's Best," this chapter has been my attempt to break open the mechanisms of television which produce official history and national identity. Along the way, I have argued for the power of this technology and for its ability to generate what I have termed "structures of affect." However, I recognise that my project may have been doomed from the start. A country such as Britain is pinned to its "past." To me, it is an extension of glorious, but ultimately "tall" stories--a mausoleum of war memorials, of bankrupt stately homes turned pleasure-gardens and of bygone battlefields encouragingly recorded on its ordnance survey maps. I have argued that this "past" has been entirely reshaped by television. The small screen is continually changing what identity means for a large viewing audience. Television is personal in address and national in its power. It is capable of arousing strong emotions which it can then attach to a "history" of dislocated images. If television is entertainment, then almost a whole generation has lived and died now with a sense of identity and belonging largely determined by its mechanisms.

The dislocation of past and present, of memory and experience, through the device of flashbacks appeared almost from the inception of television as part of its filmic grammar. Perhaps television inherited the tendency toward dislocation as a cliche, a technical manoeuvre rather than anything to do with fidelity of representation. It is as if television is trapped between a weak impulse to faithfully memorialise events and a far stronger one to articulate them through a kind of imaged nostalgia embedded in a seamless past. The power which underwrites this operation never fully materialises, just like some ghost of the old school tie. Its most important operation, it seems, is to guard official history--"the past"--from making any contact with what I am calling private memory (remembered experience). This enforced division between the manufactured past and the "real," can, however, break down. I think fiction has always offered the possibility of reconstructing time, and televisual fiction is no exception. Plays such as Dennis Potter's The Singing Detective offer the possibility of abandoning the dominant conception of how the past is made for an individual, associative chaos of narrative and non-narrative memories that seem to resist a single resolution. Alan Bleasdale's GBH[50] is exceptional, though, for engaging the confusions of private and folk memories with the expediencies of a political present.

A seven-part epic, GBH (transmitted in 1991), maps these forces onto the ambitious, charismatic, and finally corrupt politician Michael Murray (Robert Lindsay), and the much loved headmaster of a local school for disturbed children, Jim Nelson (Michael Palin). Murray's local council, a nominal Labour government, underwrites itself with an appropriate official history. Nelson is Murray's antagonist. He sees Murray's shallow populism for what it is; as the series progresses, Nelson comes to stand for folk memory, and for a set of values that usefully refer the past to the present. The contrast constructed across Murray and Nelson is a provocative one, but it is one that only exists in their "public" lives.

As I read it, GBH focusses primarily on the very different engagements the private past has with the present. The chaos of their internal lives is what, in fact, equalises Murray and Nelson, and what threatens to destroy them. In a similar way to Potter, then, Bleasdale restores some complexity to time and memory. As the political drama unwinds in GBH, it is sidelined, perhaps, by the knowledge that Murray (with the help of some saboteurs from the far Right), is inexorably and publicly enacting the pain of a reemerging childhood trauma. His "memory crisis" is poignantly, and sometimes comically, paralleled by Nelson's progressively bizarre antics. Both GBH and The Singing Detective have that quality of showing that the world can be "other than it is." Michael Murray and Philip Marlow behave like adult children in their respective worlds of "realpolitik" and hard-boiled fiction, but their helplessness has, I think, a universal appeal. It is as if this condition were almost "normal" in a culture fond of writing the stories (and memories) of our lives before they have even really started.

The return to childhood, a dimension also found in Troy Kennedy Martin's Edge of Darkness (BBC2, 1985),[51] seems to me a quest for authenticity in the midst of the humdrum and its subterfuges. Key texts such as Hoggart's The Uses of Literacy and Calder's The People's War may themselves be memorials to a type of memory no longer possible.

Hoggart's text expecially, written just after Suez and in the midst of the "Angry Young Men" movement--a period reproduced as fiction in Potter's Lipstick on Your Collar--seems more like a farewell to, rather than a recovery of historical sense and continuity.

Memory in the present seems to be at a crossroads. On one side is the recovery of the past advocated by popular psychology and the critique of projects such as my own. On the other, however, is the general anaesthesia of total denial. I would like to be able to hold out some kind of hope for the tenacity of "folk memory." As "Sunday's Best" recedes further into the distance, however, I find little anymore in my limited vocabulary of feelings and recollections that has not suffered some form of mediation. It may be, however, that what for me feels like entrapment in a disabling televisual "loop" of evasive recollections, is for others an active and empowering source of transformation. In the end, perhaps my position is similar to that of Maggie in David Hare's Teeth 'n Smiles. I was too young to experience the revolutionary potential of the late sixties, but, for me the late seventies seemed to offer so much and then to deliver so little. It was as if overnight the potential vanished and I found myself living through something that inexorably became a false memory.

NOTES

[1] As Jonathan Bernstein observes, the "Pistols'" love of "fruity ripostes" lives on. In 1993, the album Never Mind The Bollocks went platinum, sixteen years after its release. Thanks to MTV, "punk rock" is still a shocker. See "anarchy in the usa," The Face Dec. 1994: 155.

[2] As I have suggested in a similar note in my introduction, there is an enormous difference between my internalisation of "Britishness," and the totality of meanings I associate with the term "false memory": it is the difference between how history is presented on television and how I have "read" the same history through a wider variety of sources. My difficulty in this section has been in arriving at a useful terminology around which to base my discussion. I am not a historian, but I realise that history is often built around paradoxes. In a recent interview, Jean Baudrillard talks about a similar kind of problem, "where one ends up in a real or hyper-real situation, that of the history of historical narratives, of historiography which do pose a historical question about the re-invention of past history through the historian's discourse, a discourse which, by definition is a re-construction. In a way, that reconstruction is also necessarily artificial" (Bayard and Knight, 50-51).

Much of Trevor Griffiths' work for television can be read as a project to contest official history, including the kind of history made by television. In his Collected Plays for Television, he prefaces the play Such Impossibilities (a dramatisation of the 1911 Liverpool Docks' Strike) with the comment: "Should [Such Impossibilities] ever be produced, it can then be tested against the severest of its intentions: to restore, however tinily, an important but suppressed area of our collective history: to enlarge our "usable past" and connect it with a lived present; and to celebrate a victory." As I will illustrate later in this chapter, television history is partly created out of its own internal processes of suppression. Much of what Colin R. Munro writes about in Television, Censorship and the Law is an examination of the forces within television production which actively police and prevent the transmission of programmes deemed to be politically and historically controversial.

[3] Writing about Trevor Griffiths' 1980 adaptation of the D.H. Lawrence novel Sons and Lovers, Mike Poole and John Wyver observe: "fascinating and important as Griffiths' "counter-reading" of Sons and Lovers is, its principal interest now probably lies in what it tells us about how television adapts novels and, more crucially, about how it is industrially geared to produce period drama to order" (142).

[4] According to Poole and Wyver, "period" dramas were a strategy of denial, a method of not understanding Britain as post-colonial power, mediocre economic performer and multi-racial society (48-50).

[5] See William Roger Louis and Roger Owen, Suez 1956: The Crisis and its Consequences for an excellent account of the conflict and its background. I have given this "crisis" a centrality in my historical analysis because it is an important part of my internal "replay" of events. Even though I was not born until 1961--and could not have understood the event in any way until near the end of the decade--I still remember Suez as a topic of debate in current affairs shows on radio and television. I would argue that many of the meanings of Suez circulated in popular memory and that these meanings included the changes in the humdrum detailed by Potter in Lipstick On Your Collar (a powerful title which denotes both private and public betrayal).

[6] See Terry Lovell's comments on Richard Hoggart in "Landscapes and Stories in 1960s British Realism."

[7] Interviewed by Jill Forbes, Ian McEwan comments on the "history" of the "crisis" written by his character James Penfield. "The news on Suez," McEwan observes, "is no longer to be that of national humiliation. James wants us to believe it unfortunate that [the invasion] failed. A mistake but an honourable attempt, and we should get over all this stuff about deceit" (233).

[8] Patrick Hazard considers this phenomenon in an article written in the early sixties, "Instant History."

9 A notable exception to this was Alan Bleasdale's The Boys from the Blackstuff. However, it would be difficult to see this series as part of a "movement." A version of "working-class" life continues to be represented in Granada Television's Coronation Street. Other series that could be included in this category are The Liver Birds and Bread, both written by Carla Lane.

10 The scripts mentioned here can be found in Chris Bumstead's compilation, Hancock's Half-Hour: The Classic Years.

11 Hancock's fictional London address. "East Cheam" does not exist.

12 As Michael Ritchie points out in Please Stand By: A Prehistory of Television, this broadcast form was not a force in the war because all transmissions were suspended on September 1, 1939. They would not resume until June 7, 1946 (78). However, as writers such as Geoff Hurd and Antonia Lant point out, cinema was a powerful source of national identity during the war. Alan Sinfield writes that, "the war of 1939-45 was understood at the time mainly through rumour, radio and writing: subsequently it ... became myth, figuring, especially, the moment at which we shared the common purpose that consumer-capitalism can only imagine" (23).

13 I strongly identify my category of "folk memory" with what Raymond Williams writes in Problems in Materialism and Culture about residual and emergent forms of alternative and oppositional

culture: "By 'residual' I mean that some experiences, meanings and values, which cannot be verified or cannot be expressed in terms of the dominant culture, are nevertheless lived and practiced on the basis of the residue - cultural as well as social - of some previous social formation" (40). In an earlier work, Williams discusses "structures of feeling." He writes: "the strongest barrier to the recognition of human cultural activity is the immediate and regular conversion of experience into finished products" (Marxism 128). This would seem to be an argument against folk memory. I think, however, that the research performed by Joel Paris and others in psychotherapy suggests that memories of trauma--which are classically non-narrative--may be recovered by attaching them to the narrative configurations made available by a mass medium such as television.

[14] See James Curran and Vincent Porter, eds., British Cinema History. According to Patricia Perilli, in 1950 only 343,882 television licences had been issued. Ten years later, the figure was in excess of ten million.

[15] Arthur Marwick's book Class: Image and Reality in Britain, France and the USA since 1930 gives a fascinating account of the immediate post-war period in Britain.

[16] It is interesting to draw parallels here with what Joshua Meyrowitz discusses in No Sense of Place: The Impact of Electronic Media on Social Behaviour.

[17] In The BBC: The First Fifty Years, Asa Briggs speculates on government control of radio broadcasting and the role this may have had in ending the General Strike of 1926.

[18] This body is discussed in detail by Ken Taylor in his article "On Track." Dennis Kavanagh writes that Mary Whitehouse—through her "Clean-Up TV Campaign" and her "National Viewers' and Listeners' Association"--was a popular crusader against "bad language," violence and sex on television (106). The effect of this association has been significant and Colin Munro has compared it to the Parent-Teacher Association in North America (132).

[19] See Jim Cook, "The Ship That Died of Shame." All Our Yesterdays: 90 Years of British Cinema.

[20] The identities of the victims of "field executions"--soldiers shot for "cowardice" or desertion--in the First World War are still covered by the Official Secrets Act. This information apparently falls outside the British Public Records Act's 30-year rule. As Colin R. Munro's Television, Censorship and the Law makes clear, although the government can directly influence programming, often the pressure to ban comes from within the television companies at the level of the Directors and Controllers (20). Munro goes on to write, "a survey of banned plays also points to a deeper thread

which can only be classed as a sort of political censorship, evinced in a distaste for plays which too openly challenge the establishment view" (159).

21 As Alan Sinfield explains in Literature, Politics and Culture in Postwar Britain, clause 28 made it illegal for local authorities to intentionally promote homosexuality.

22 At this point, the Conservative government continued to "do battle" with the unions, and in 1980 had introduced the Employment Act which restricted "closed shops" and the terms of lawful picketing.

23 I am thinking here of Spigel's approach in Make Room for TV: Television and the Family Ideal in Post-war America.

24 I am consciously employing the term "structures of affect" as distinct from Raymond Williams' definition of "structures of feeling" in Chapter Nine of Marxism and Literature. My term is an acknowledgement of the psychopathological model I am using in this dissertation. I use it to suggest that television is as capable of activating complex emotions as film. During wartime, it mobilises a past based on representations which have become powerfully loaded with an affective map which draws from mourning, patriotism, belonging, loss and nostalgia.

25 A concept introduced into television theory by Raymond Williams in Television: Technology and Cultural Form.

26 See, for example, The Falklands War by Paul Eddy et al., Patrick Bishop and John Witherow's The Winter War: The Falklands, Robert Harris's Gotcha! the media, the government and the Falklands Crisis, and the interminable Journalists at War: The Dynamics of News Reporting during the Falklands Conflict, by David E. Morrison and Howard Tumber.

27 Paul Foot also alludes to the new legislation brought in in 1989. The so-called "Whistleblowers Act" made it an offence for any civil servant to make a "damaging disclosure" likely to injure or prejudice the national security of the United Kingdom. In the same article, Foot reports that Tisdall was given a six-month jail sentence. Ponting was prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act. Although "technically guilty," he evaded prison through a loophole which the Government later closed with the 1989 Act (5).

28 In Curteis' introduction to The Falklands Play, he points out that he writes "plays" and insists that this fact be included in the terms of his contract.

29 Curteis alludes to this in his introduction to The Falklands Play (21).

30 By way of some remarks on "impartiality" in drama, Curteis writes: "there are many, including myself, who feel that the thrust of nearly all new plays on the BBC - 95% of which are

actively commissioned by the Corporation - are very markedly towards one end only of the political spectrum" (The Falklands Play, introduction 52).

31 Arthur Marwick offers a good history of this period in part III of Culture in Britain since 1945.

32 Tumbledown 39-40. As Roger Bolton explains in Chapter Nine of Death on The Rock and Other Stories, the bombing in Hyde Park, London killed eleven. The national outcry which followed the event, however, had more to do with the death of the horses, it seems, than of the soldiers of the Household Cavalry. In December of 1983, a bomb exploded in Harrods, the London department store, killing eight and in October of 1984, a bomb was detonated in the Grand Hotel, Brighton. Five people died and the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, narrowly escaped.

33 See Raymond Williams Marxism and Literature, 54.

34 Peter Lennon discusses this programme in The Listener, 23 June, 1983.

35 In Televising "Terrorism": Political Violence in Popular Culture, Philip Schlesinger et al. write: "although television has the potential for representing alternative views, and very occasionally, even oppositional ones, how this space is used needs to be seen in the wider context of state propaganda warfare strategies, and the various forms of news management and censorship currently in play" (115).

36 Iain Chambers, writing in Popular Culture: The Metropolitan Experience, comments: "We continually select images from the cinema, from fashion, from magazines, from adverts, from television. They stand in for 'reality,' become a reality, the signs of experience, of self" (69).

37 For more on the New Right's control of broadcasting see Alastair Hetherington's essay "The Mass Media" in The Thatcher Effect, edited by Dennis Kavanagh and Anthony Seldon.

38 The text of Barker's play can be found in "that good between us".

39 Barker's play was first performed at the RSC's Warehouse Theatre in February 1979 as part of the series "Plays Television Would Not Do."

40 The results of the inquest are fully documented in The Windlesham/Rampton Report on "Death on the Rock" by Lord Windlesham and Richard Rampton QC.

41 Perhaps war is "teletrivialized," Stephen Heath's word in "Representing Television."

42 The embassy siege almost seemed "made" for television. The SAS commandos brought to a resolution a media event which had been slowly building on the airwaves. In Britain, such events are truly "national," because the country is so small and because it has few television stations (three at the time of the siege). This situation also helps the process of what has been called "news management."

43 What I am calling "derealisation" here has itself been recuperated, through another feedback loop, as the genre of "realism."

44 The polarisation of the Labour and Conservative parties and the background to this phenomenon are discussed by Arthur Marwick in Part III of Culture in Britain Since 1945. As Dennis Kavanagh observes, if the Labour party was troubled by the Left, then the Conservatives were threatened by an ideological rival in the shape of the Centre for Policy Studies which was established by Sir Keith Joseph in August 1974 (89).

45 I think the term "working-class" is always dangerously unstable. I am using it here in my belief that there is a still some form of working-class culture, and that the experience of work in general is central to any culture. Work above all else provides a sense of national identity, and it is a form of belonging based on grounds outside what I have called official history.

46 See Stuart Hall's The Hard Road to Renewal, 84.

47 The polarisation I suggest can be made to seem even more powerful on television. I understand, however, that neither north nor south are blind to each other. In Part 1.5 of Culture and Society, Raymond Williams points out the popular representations of the north/south "divide" and the effects of industrialisation, as described by the novelists Elizabeth Gaskell, Charles Dickens, Benjamin Disraeli and and George Eliot.

48 In the same interview, Thomas tries to differentiate between "true Islamic values" and "the values of the Saudi Arabian regime" (4). A different articulation of the same events is given by Jean P. Sasson in Princess (1992).

49 Meyrowitz also observes: "The public and all-inclusive nature of television has a tendency to collapse formerly distinct situations into one. In a society shaped by the segregated situations of print, people may secretly discuss taboo topics, but with television, the very notion of "taboo" is lost" (92).

50 A title understood in this case as either "Great British Holiday" or "Grievous Bodily Harm."

51 As Andrew Lavender points out in British Television Drama in the 1980s, ed. George W. Brandt, Edge of Darkness was shot during the miners' strike.

AGORAPHOBIA

I dimly recall an episode of "Star Trek," the First Generation that was. Kirk and his prominent starship officers--Sulu, Spock, "Bones" McKoy, Uhura and "Scottie"--are abducted to a foreign place, and for an obscure transgression, made to participate in the legendary gunfight at the OK Corral. Their alien kidnappers have pillaged the earth men's memories to construct the western myth but the mise-en-scene, like their sense of the legend, is incomplete. The saloon lacks walls, the stores on Main Street consist only of wafer-thin frontages, Wyatt Earp and his gunmen are unidimensional killers. For a moment, this episode showed me the defamiliarised space that is our true perception of place before it is clouded by the "default" processes of consciousness-making. (Author Note)

The production of texts cannot be conceived outside of the production of diverse and exacting spaces ... much of the time we are not simply listeners to sound or watchers of images, but occupants of spaces for listening who, by being there, help to produce definite meanings and effects. (Berland, "Angels" 39)

@Home--"Cocooning" in new-marketing-speak--is also a great advertising concept. Sony like most other consumer goods producers, currently advertises for a better home--a home with their products. Products that generate home by creating and presenting memories. While advertising makes us believe that we spend more time at home today, a far more interesting aspect is what @home means to us today.[1]

1. **Out of our depth-of-field**

My intention in the previous chapter was to suggest how television can produce identities in its viewing subjects through its construction and use of the past. I believe these "identities" are predicated on a powerful televisual "history"--which I associate with memory--and on the national identity which is an important part of it. As I have argued, our ability to hold on to "private" recollections has been drastically compromised, as has our competence when it comes to understanding "history" in the wider sense. Especially in the past twenty years or so, the way the past defines our identities seems to have changed. If memory changes, then so does our existence. Despite the efforts of "new technologies" to give the developed world the illusion that the grand narrative of progress is still alive and well, I maintain that time no longer clearly runs forward.

This chapter is a continuation of and a corollary to my initial inquiry. If space is a material that can be "sensed," as Joshua Meyrowitz implies in No Sense of Place: the Impact of Electronic Media on Social Behaviour (1985), then I do not think it can be "false" in the same way that a memory can be fabricated, or a past event adjusted to fit the prevailing structures of power. Nevertheless, the apprehension of the exterior world and the trajectory of past time seem to be intricately related. It is as if memory is a series of coordinates mapped in psychic and actual space. The act of remembering, I suggest, recalls and recreates the material of inner space which itself has a complex relationship to the physical world. Although this chapter is an investigation into what I believe television and related mass media are doing to the material of space, it is important to point out that these processes are bound up with those I have already described in Chapter One. In what follows, I will argue that, just as memory is changing, so too is the ability to understand and create space.

Television perhaps only effectively entered British homes after World War II. It is an apparatus, I believe, that quickly began changing the sense of space both directly, through its various representations, and indirectly, through its physical incorporation into homes and gradual adjustment to the rhythm of domestic life. I think television has become, in effect, the great dictator of many discourses that underpin late-capitalist culture. It exerts a powerful force, but in order to do this, it must keep shifting its position. These shifts, I will argue, are driven by the collective fear a television culture must have for unmediated space, for silences, for the unoccupied, and for the untransformed. Although I would argue that the medium has been used to contest the habitual boundaries of the humdrum, these attempts seem to have almost entirely disappeared in its present form. Television must continually distract its audiences from contemplating what it fears most, which is simply empty space. The fear immanent in our entertainment culture is implied, I believe, in its need to colonise all vacant spaces, but most of all in its preoccupation with its own and its viewers' "sense of place."

As I will suggest, television destroys both memory and space. It tends also to create its own spaces and the desires to fill them. For instance, through what I see as its calculated depthlessness, "soap opera" is a genre that formulates its own places of pleasure and satisfaction. In the 1990s, however, genre itself may be a decaying sense. Although the old favourites soldier on--Coronation Street, Emmerdale, Eastenders, Brookside--it is as if the constantly morphing larger culture impairs viewers' ability to identify the guiding conventions of these fictions. This breakdown (discussed at greater length in my next chapter in terms of the police thriller Prime Suspect) makes these "soaps" difficult to close off: the characters are people "just like you and me," but their lives happen in places that should but patently do not exist. For me, these series are rendered disquieting by their own dynamic of the commonplace. I think that the fragments of space the soaps make available are increasingly used and incorporated into privatising worlds that are not shared, that in contrast pen individuals in their own versions of the humdrum. These spaces may fill the place once occupied by memory with media fragments, incoherent desires and satisfactions. I will suggest that this economy is an attempt, in effect, to turn the world into television, to adapt the senses so that they process the world into an unproblematic televisual screen of arresting images. There are some provocative similarities here between "televisualising" experience and otherwise altering it through either street or prescription drugs which are able to alter perceptions. I discuss this similarity in section four of this chapter. In the 1990s, television is perhaps the perfect holiday destination--a "space" to take time out from a culture that, at times, offers only complex anxieties and dissatisfactions.

The televisual apparatus can be said to rearticulate the depths and resonances of real space through a furniture-size skin of luminous dots on a picture tube, through images that bear a degraded resemblance both to the photographic positive and to the spatial universe which both technologies contemplate. Television is forced to forge what I think is at best a second-order mediation able only to claw at the vacancies and lacunae of the three-dimensional universe. Because of this, I believe its transmissions confer a distance--even during its more spontaneous moments--which is almost automatically nostalgising. The "space" of television drama can be conceived of as a "translation" of the dense spatial codes embedded in the script: the camera movements, the choices of shot, the medium--film or video--and the score. The illusion of depth is created across two dimensions, through the filmic codes of framing, lighting and composition. These codes are in turn telescoped into the careful limitations of television receivers which supplement the domestic depth-of-field, the text of the humdrum and everyday. As Lynn Spigel's research shows, early commercial television placed its consumers at an indeterminate junction somewhere between home and "home" as a televisual representation ("Installing" 20). At this early stage, television was touted as putting the world "in a matchbox." Its foreshortened spaces eagerly hailed the isolated consumer, disguising broadcast messages as tender words of personal concern.

I argue that the small screen, unlike the spatially liberating technologies and rituals of the cinema which it replaced, literally includes the spectator in its representations. Filmic exhibitions were typically "framed" as events; televisual space, however, is unceremoniously continuous with the domestic space in which it is received.[2] The soaps, for instance, are like familiar names (even if we do have difficulty recalling the faces that go with them). They are as regular and as mysterious, perhaps, as the strangers who deliver the morning newspaper or the morning milk. Instead of escapism, television seems to offer proximity--it is present in our homes to bring us people just like "you and me." It is possible we see ourselves in the bathos of the small screen, rather than having to imaginatively project into the medium, as had been the case with movie-going. Television welcomes both distracted glance and dissociative gaze, but the contract is ritualistic only within the home: unlike the cinema, it is a deed that requires privacy. The fictions of the cinema constructed an inclusive space; I maintain that those of television are truncated, they confirm everyday routines rather than offer alternatives or contradictions.

The style of television's representations, its loquacity, overdetermination and hypertrophy, are, I argue, all responses to the medium's fear of vacancy, of the Big Nothing. The frenzy with which it fills spaces is an anxiety which I also find active in the larger culture, and it is one diagnosed in the fitful distractions of its output. Television is a billboard: an empty space onto which emotive and highly associative messages are pasted, then cut, then replaced with different messages. Its spaces are the short-stay diurnal moods of the motel room, a place to squat that is no place. The small screen is a vacant situation, an invitation to occupy its spaces like so many rooms to let. I think the fear of a planet of blank screens is almost phobic. It is an anxiety over space and it is one that in turn changes what space is and what it means in a culture. The feedback loop that stokes this response appears to be the same one that circulates and sustains the types of memories discussed in Chapter One.

Television's codes and representations are routed through overdrive, making it not so much what Lynn Spigel calls "the ultimate space-binding technology of the twentieth century" (Make Room 104), but arguably a technology able to collapse the already brittle frames on which the apprehension of space depends. The televisual phobia for real space drives it to steal scenes; it tends to put viewing subjects in their place in terms of its own sense of place. I believe it is the projector and we the screens. Television's spaces blend into the domestic world they supposedly mirror, changing the nature of space itself, reducing ambiguity and with it depth into a plain/plane of flat meaning.

In its anxiety to close the gap between its representations and its mass audience, television causes a profound dysplasia: it takes situations and renders them as either abnormally significant or of no interest. So it is, then, that I think the small screen is all at once the space of performance and the stage of abject confession; it is the place of Postman's "vaudeville" (105) and the territory of "docudrama," "historical drama," "adaptations," "real-life stories," and other hybrid "truths." As I have suggested, this menagerie is a distorting lens that magnifies trivia and leaves the important somewhere outside its depth-of-field. Television is an integral part of a feedback culture caught up in the contradictions of the 1990s: searching for, perhaps, while simultaneously commodifying, notions of truth and authenticity, where at any one time "style" may equal no style, and where confession equals spectacular, stage-managed lies. I understand it as a time of no-action and retroaction in which copies of reproductions are fetishised as "classic," or made over as "new."

These global phenomena seem particularly threatening to British culture, which I see as facing another state of crisis, as it tries to replace the spatial coordinates erased by the displacements I have described. In their consideration of Nationwide, a defunct "current affairs" show of the 1970s, Charlotte Brunsdon and David Morley suggest that this popular "nation-wide" news programme established its "sense of place" in a limbo shorn of regional and class differences (135). As I recall this programme, the "nation" was postulated on the individual regional eccentricities and the personalities of its chummy presenters. It was as if the world at six on Nationwide had been synecdochally telescoped until the "news" was no bigger than the living room where I watched it. In some ways this show felt like a performance of the "normal," as if its format were a device to exert control over space by collapsing it into a simulation of the immediately local: a tentative mirror image of the living-room "at home."

This changing perception of space has, in turn, altered the physical environment, and so, again, the sense of place. It is possible that this phobic loop of displacement was confirmed by the fact that by the late 1980s many of the utopian high-rise living spaces of the late fifties and sixties, conceived in the era of great expectations, had become little more than vandalised hulks. The trajectory that Arthur Marwick maps in Culture in Britain since 1945 charts a similar contraction in horizons: Britain as a place of economic malaise, its stagnation confirmed by its idle labour force and unfilled warehouse spaces.

The collapse of the tower blocks and the hope they represented seemed to be figured on the small screen in its shift from spaces of limited social engagement to spaces predicated on the private and immediately local. I associate these displacements with various cosmetic changes made to electoral and county boundaries which reconstructed spatial borders as did the abolition of local councils and authorities. As the 1990s end, the space of "Old England" is arguably deflating as it is punctured, both by Britain's membership in the European Economic Community and by globalizing commercial forces in which it is too weak to intervene. Cuts in public sector spending and reductions in bus, train and other communication services have tended to enhance the effects of enforced privacy, of a collapsing depth-of-field. The England of wide-open green spaces is possibly no more now than a quaint fiction sustained by the pages of chichi style magazines such as Country Life and Homes and Gardens.

In this world of defamiliarised spaces, relief from anxiety seems to rest not in community but in privacy, in the local rather than the national.[3] However, television viewing is a complex phenomenon. Viewing subjects belong to "communities," where at any one time they may be watching and internalising exactly the same message as millions of other viewers. Arthur Kroker and David Cook go much further in claiming that,

> The TV audience may be, today, the most pervasive type of social community … an electronic mall which privileges the psychological position of the voyeur. (274)

David Morley writes that as a participatory culture, television is an "active mode of consumption" (5).[4] As I have explained in Chapter One, viewing subjects are also being exposed to powerful messages which may have a profound effect in that they implant those "memories" essential for a sense of personal and national identity. I suggest that television is most able to do this in the domestic world of the home which it binds with its own brand of intimacy. It slips into homes to occupy a place almost beyond criticism or inquiry.[5] As Meyrowitz suggests, television familiarises every space by its open invitation, yet at the same time the technology dodges the knowledge of its own emptiness. Under this pressure, distinctions break down and spatial dyads such as public/private, onstage/backstage, slip into meaninglessness as do "gender information-systems" (Meyrowitz 201). Peter Conrad suggests that it is this kind of displacement which for so long has allowed a series such as Granada TV's Coronation Street to represent and sustain "a defunct social class" (79) extinct everywhere but on the small screen.

The horizon may never be in one place long enough to take an effective reading. I think this is nowhere more evident than on the shifting sands of consumer culture. What I have defined as television's phobic response to space creates identities predicated on this anxiety; these identities are possibilities that float somewhere between "the way the world is" and the subjunctive of "the way it could be." In my view, commercial television sets in motion a cat's cradle of consumer desires, then makes them over as "needs." This chapter examines the sense of place in British culture. It is a perception disappearing, I argue, amid various anxieties and in the sheer confusion and density of an environment remodelled in the new economy and power of the media image.

2. Remake/Remodel

> Space is a socially constructed phenomenon and theatre inevitably operates within and across its borders, just as time inscribes its occurrence in history. (Read 161)

Space is not so easily controlled, however, as the narratives which I argue have come to stand in for the "past." I think this is so partly because television is both its own space and a producer of new spaces in which the viewer can luxuriate. The spaces of contemporary culture seem to be continually shifting, either disappearing, or being recycled through the discourses of fashion or style. In the televisual flow[6] of the Now, it is possible to forget the frightening wide-open spaces I have described, in other spaces that exist, paradoxically, because of this anxiety. These operations are as deeply concealed, perhaps, as the exact nature of the systems which bring us water and the other systems which take it away. ~~I~~ believe the invisibility of these operations is why space appears as timeless, constant and enduring. The humdrum takes place in the overlapping texts of television, in television's complex relationship to the larger culture, and at the point where both of these intersect with domestic life "at home." Fredric Jameson described this dizzying hybrid space in the early 1970s:

> In strict correlation with our own fitful attention, our lowered capacity for concentration, our absentmindedness and general distraction, the work of art suffers distortion, is broken down and fetishized. The whole comes to be replaced by the part ... we are content to hear it while doing something else just as long as we can salute the principal melodies in passing. (Marxism 24)

This section is, in part, an examination of space and its construction in the contemporary scene. I understand space here as a "sense," in Meyrowitz's usage. It is an internal construct that attempts to form a metaphoric corollary between itself and the real physical space expended in the exterior world. This constructed cognitive space is a "condition" of the mind. I also use space to refer to the actual physical constructions which subdivide and define real space--the "ground" of the metaphor. As I have suggested in the previous section, this dynamic is driven by a response--a "condition"--which is essentially phobic.

Most phobias derive from definite causes as do their prognoses and I see the retreat into televisual "virtual" space as no exception.[7] The screening of the real, the schizophrenic xeroxing of life into small-screen representations, has probably been a gradual slide. Its beginnings can be traced back to industrialisation and its bringing to knowledge of new borders and divisions along with the creation of clock time and new affective structures.[8] What Anthony Giddens calls "the 'created space' of capitalist urbanism" (149) produced private property and so a controlled social environment

(Harvey 34), a different sense of the domestic. Industrialisation undoubtedly changed the operation of once-close communities, a change partially and ironically reversed by television and its production of loyal viewing "communities": it enabled a shared experience scattered across space and, often, across time as well. Space became divided between places of living and places of working (Harvey 9), between sites of consumption and sites of production, between public and private, home and factory, and between notions of leisure and notions of work. Such constricting and easily internalised borders drove workers away from communal activities toward what Goldthorpe calls "a privatized style of life" (103). The period of late-capitalism, however, has tended to attenuate the frames in which its inhabitants must live.

Just when television began to offer a "new window on the world,"[9] post-World War II reconstruction, inflected through modernism, seemed to change the spaces of that same world with its reflecting plate glass and drab reinforced concrete. In my view, the changing urban scene enacted a metaphorical connection to the "condition" building on the psychological plane. Lynn Spigel describes the meeting of these two space-shifting technologies:

> In the years following World War II the spatial aesthetics established by modernists appeared in a watered down, mass-produced version when the Levittowns[10] across the country offered their consumers large picture windows or glass walls and continuous dining-living areas, imitating the principle of merging spaces found in the architectural ideal. That this mass-market realization of utopian dreams for housing was to find its companion in television, modernity's ultimate "space-merging" technology, is a particularly significant historical meeting. ("Installing" 17)

Through its modest "picture window," television brought "the world"[11] onto the screen, but failed to supply any connection with the immediately local: the technology constructed the space of the distant, only to defamiliarise what was nearby. Although television attempted to provide a "home from home," it tended only to estrange the local and familiar. The only sense of familiarity left untouched was that attached to the television apparatus itself and its designated "spot" in the "living room." Instead of closeness, early television began the slow leaching of the close-at-hand which, in the current decade, perhaps leaves us "lost" in our own homes. The multiple anxieties I suggest television transmits, invite us to absent ourselves into disassociated worlds--self-projections into private and distant spaces.

Cutting across this effect, and superimposing itself upon it, were the competing conflicts and anxieties attendant on space represented by the uneasy integration of the war and post-war generations. In the popular media of the time, this contest was registered through various transformations and experiments with space in both film and theatre. One group of transformations seemed to be based on a recreation of space through "naturalism" (a technique and ethos I discuss in detail in section five); the other main response to television's screening of the post-war world was a kind of surrender to the future.[12] Where the former attempted to clearly represent the compartments of the "before" and "after" generations as in, for example, the film of Alan Sillitoe's novel The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner (1962), the latter cast prior senses of time and space to the wind, as in A Hard Day's Night (1964).

I read The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner (directed by Tony Richardson) as a gritty gloss on a world losing itself in its own contradictions. Richardson's film appears to compress the pre-war generation into the institution "Ruxton Towers," the Borstal where post-war "Colin Smith" (Tom Courtenay) has been incarcerated for a petty theft. For me, the "emotional readjustment" prescribed at Ruxton Towers is an attempt to roll its inmates back into the pre-war compartments of class, privilege and private property. The "documentary" elements in this film are one of the ways through which it seeks to establish a clear sense of the past and present. In spite of the apparent unmediatedness of The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner, and the ease with which it treats space, I find acute anxieties in the so-called "kitchen-sink" dramas (of which Richardson's film is an example).[13] The film makes a worthy effort to invoke the "local," the sense of "home," but this attempt pales in comparison to the soon-to-be-ritualised escapism foreshadowed by opposite transformations which, instead of trying to provide some kind of spatial context, seemed to abandon this project to wallow in the televisual future.

Again, cutting across television's rematerialisation of space and the attempts made in dramas such as The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner to recover it, were romps like A Hard Day's Night (1964). Scripted by Alun Owen and directed by Richard Lester, the film almost careens over the "pre-war" / "post-war" dyad. In contrast to Richardson, Lester's loose "docudrama" (after all, "The Beatles" are shown playing music) privileges the space of pop. Despite, or because of, what I interpret in this film as a surrender to the future, A Hard Day's Night has great difficulty in creating any real sense of space. As much as John, Paul, George and Ringo refuse their legend status in the film--as with later "pop" performers, the film works hard to position them as the "boys next door"--so the spaces they are shown to occupy become less local and more liminal: places emptied out or filled only with a parade of faceless crowd scenes. The recording studios, the hotels and clubs of the "Fab Four's" trade are the perfect counterparts to the finished broadcast programme we see fashioned out of multiple camera monitors by the highly-strung TV producer in his ambiguous mohair sweater. For me, "Now" in the film is no place, a literal teen utopia. We can only meet "The Beatles" if we too can step into the illusion the vision-mixer is shown constructing. The space "the lads" occupy is one of rapid movement and freeze-frame, in effect, a televisual world on the cusp of the extra/ordinary, but a world only possible, I think, on the screen. In the film, "establishment," "square," "past," and "pre-" (the latter meanings are extremely weak) are shunted onto everything that is not the frenetic worlds of stardom and fandom, for example, the "King Mixer" (Paul's grandfather), "Norm" the stars' spiv manager, and "Shake" his sidekick. It is as if these characters can only loiter at the margins, afraid of the space their youthful charges inhabit. The only war A Hard Day's Night acts out may be the war of attrition between the "modern" world, and the stuffed-shirt spaces of the "real" war being massaged into official history.

Forest Pyle suggests that "the realist stress on interior spaces" (13) common in the "kitchen-sink" dramas may have been an unconscious manoeuvre to bypass the spectacle toward which film was tending. The stress on interior spaces or "insides"--including the manufactured spaces in which the Fab Four mug for the camera--may have also registered the movement toward privatisation mentioned earlier and the turning away from "outsides." More recent shifts have also disturbed the continuum between perceived/real and represented space. For example, the spiralling rise in Britain's unemployed could be interpreted as dislocation on multiple levels: there is no place for school leavers, nor for those made redundant; the space of fantasy and fulfilment on television (the habitual and cheap waiting-room of the long-term unemployed) fends off any useful engagement with the local while detaining the viewer among domestic minutiae.

The era of late-capitalism and post-Thatcher in Britain has produced what might fashionably be called "an attenuated fiction effect ... a partial loss of touch with the here and now" (Morse 193). It might be argued that we have been driven into our homes by "Victorian family values," by "home" or "personal" computers (which, without irony, promise us "travel"), by unemployment, by early retirement, by poverty, and finally, by choice. The "family plot" (Mellencamp, Indiscretions 63) of home video makes possible the insertion of our favourite celluloid fantasies into the domestic, onto a back-projected television screen, a space we too can usurp if we can afford the luxury of a camcorder.

In the mid 1990s, televisual space and its corollaries in the physical world produce a pastiche of vague affective, emotionally-realised "locations," so overdetermined, so mediated that they unfix rather than confirm viewing subjects' senses of place and identity. What I have analysed as a phobic recoil from space, whether technologically determined or not, has had a profound effect, and its fallout has perhaps been mapped onto the "look" of the modern world and how it can be seen and, in turn, constructed. The anxiety produced, however, and the retreat which is its corollary, are complex conditions informed by multiple lines of force.

I wake with the siren in an emergency,
Though your mind is full of love, in your eyes
There is a vacancy.
And you know what I'll do,
When the light outside changes from red to
blue.
(Elvis Costello. Motel Matches, Plangent Visions Music Ltd., 1980)

Dick Hebdige observes, in Hiding in the Light, that the sediments of the past--the kinds of spaces described above--are revisited as "an amusing range of styles" (171). In the humdrum, however, these styles are rarely replayed to discomfit or confront. For me, style in television is the construction of an "elsewhere" in the everyday, what Margaret Morse calls "nonspace" (195). Each style actuates particular spatial codes based on mise-en-scene and sound track, and each space has its own connotations of nearness or distance. The reduction of space into visual style, then, can be seen as a shearing away of the antecedent, a dematerialization of complex forces into the distractions of spectacle and excess.

As I suggested in the previous chapter, change in society is increasingly understood through the arriviste nonspaces of style and fashion: the "non-space" (and the non-sense) of distraction has taken the place of time. The 1960s and 1970s seem to have been displaced onto the 1990s, but only in the most telegenic terms. In the 1990s, bondage trousers and safety pins can give way, on the same day and the same body, to bell-bottoms and a kaftan. This collision of spaces and its resulting incongruities are projected by and represented on television, as in cult shows like Miami Vice which Lawrence Grossberg, for instance, has described as, "all on the surface ... a mobile game of trivia" ("In-Difference" 29). However, for many people--including myself--Miami Vice, like the music of Elvis Costello or "The Eagles," vividly evokes a particular mood and "sense of place" in the recent past. I argue that style is a potent material from which to construct a definite, but possibly isolating, individual sense of space, an operation which instantly evokes nostalgia. The power of such representations to bind time and space seems, as I suggest in my introduction, a consequence of the intertext formed between television and its insertion into the domestic.

The contemporary material of space as theorized by commentators such as Tania Modleski, Lawrence Grossberg, Neil Postman, and Marshall Berman,[14] is one strained across a public discourse of entertainment and a private dilemma of identity-in-crisis. However, the space is less like a motel room than the billboards discussed by Grossberg ("In-Difference" 32) and Robert Venturi in Learning from Las Vegas: the Forgotten Symbolism of Architectural Form (1977). These are spaces that solicit, but do not permit entry. Hence, I think the consumer is abandoned, essentially lost, in complex conditions of unsatisfied desire. The analogy with the billboard, along with the inquiry opened up in Jane Jacobs' The Death and Life of Great American Cities (1961), suggests that in modern cities, the spatial constructs dictated by "zones," "projects," "divisions," and "districts" are no longer supportable. The "life" of the modern city may only be there insofar as it is rebuilt on the billboard space of the television screen. I would further argue that without television the city might be incomprehensible. It is on the televisual surface of the small screen that former partitions are removed to form a space that is Morse's "nonspace," a hoarding for and of styles without antecedents.

Such dislocations as I have described are double-edged. Television's instinctual binding of space is a technologically determined, but undoubtedly phobic reaction to empty, unmediated space. These anxieties may be passed on in its representations, but these representations are always a site of struggle. Spatial disengagements have at least the potential to re-engage, to return the billboard to the here and now, to a social context where contradictions can be shown, and a challenge to the dominant order made. Whatever compartments television tries to seal, there will always be a certain "leakiness"[15] in the medium; that is, there are fissures into which viewing subjects can insert their own active readings. More often than not, however, these interstices tend to be recolonised and the slack space reabsorbed in the feedback loop of phobia and disassociation.

3. Up Against It: the fourth wall and variety striptease

I've always thought of the world as being this thing that
you construct in between the four sides of a box.
(Beeban Kidron, director of Oranges are Not the Only Fruit, BBC, 1990)[16]

Much recent work in cultural studies has sought to investigate that specific interface between gendered domestic spaces and their expression through televisual genres such as melodrama, soap opera and sitcom. Writers such as Tania Modleski, E. Ann Kaplan, Judith Williamson, Patricia Mellencamp, Lynn Spigel, Lynne Joyrich and Teresa de Lauretis work within the terrain of the popular to inquire how these are governed by, for example, the heterosexual matrix. Such studies often appear to me to attribute too much certainty to the gazes and readings made possible by televisual texts, texts that, as I have suggested, are predicated on and are reacting to fundamental anxieties over space. My misgivings have become all the more profound in the last ten years or so with the arrival of MTV space,[17] and with what I think is the exhaustion of the documentary form.[18] To recall my earlier suggestion, these phenomena are symptomatic of genres' inability to act as functional containers for particular kinds of space. The domestic seems to have become the missing "fourth wall," into which television projects messages which are simultaneously part of and separate from the everyday. This crossover is an elaborate and complex illusion. We are, in effect, screens for a flow of fourth-wall projections, none of which can be said to have occurred in "real" or even in "fictional" space. This uncertainty is, nevertheless, the stuff of television. I think the medium has always been one that has had to adapt, recreate, dramatise and televise already existing spaces. This principle can be seen at work in everything from a single play such as Cathy Come Home (BBC 1966), to the spatial and factual displacements found in "histories" such as Thames Television's World at War (1973), to "variety" series like This Is Your Life (BBC 1955-).[19]

Television's mode of production establishes genres marked by what Alan Plater calls a "pressure-cooker quality" (41), what I understand as a paradoxical claustrophobia of the immediately local. Vacancy, and hence the threat of closure, is often discussed as the mortal enemy of soap opera. As a televisual form, the relationship of soap opera to the disintegration of its own space is almost phobic. In fact, this much-studied genre is almost engorged with its own discarded places: the possibilities offered by temporarily quiescent plot-lines, characters who have "left town" (usually for a better contract), and past "topical" issues waiting to resurface.[20] It is criss-crossed with interlocking plots and unlikely turnarounds: devices to cheat closure and to maximise escapism. As Bernard Sharratt has written, popular entertainment tends to enact "a displacement of the experience of vulnerability and ignorance" (286). The television is also a screen, perhaps, on which we project internal movies of our own fundamental isolation. This genre, in particular, has historically offered a place where viewers can vicariously, and so safely, fictionalise the frustrations and anxieties of their lives. To use an inescapable cliché, I think it encourages a condition called denial. The rhythms of soap opera space are those of the televisual machine attracting an audience to sell to potential advertisers. In effect, I believe viewing subjects are made over into products. More than any other, however, the space of soap opera pushes its fourth wall into the four walls of the private viewer. It is an intimate space able, as Spigel writes, to place the spectator "on the scene of presentation" (Make Room 139). Long-running series such as Granada Television's Coronation Street, Channel Four's Brookside, the failed Eldorado,[21] and imports Dallas, Knots Landing and Neighbours,[22] all have the potential to colonise the humdrum on their own terms-- and as part of the televisual "flow"--to change viewing subjects' perceptions and so the material of space itself.

If soap opera reveals a type of phobia through its virulent colonisation of real space and through the obvious pleasures (or escapism) it provides, then the sitcom form is rather different. I think sitcom is the televisual form "par exellence." Drawing on cinema, radio and performance traditions from vaudeville and standard theatre, sitcom space is distinguished by its "ideology of liveness" (Spigel, "Installing" 24), a proximity effect which enhances the purchase of this space on the domestic. In the examples studied by

Spigel, primarily the Lucille Ball/Desi Arnaz vehicle I Love Lucy and The Burns and Allen Show, fictive space is compromised by performance (the viewer's knowledge that their favourite star is "playing a part"), by the juxtaposition of the "real-life" couples with the "on-air" couples, and by the regular intrusion of the stars' product endorsements.

More than other genres, perhaps, sitcom encourages this complex "vertical intertextuality" (Fiske 108) across its spaces. For example, a single actress may "be herself," and, at the same time, a "star" in a sitcom, a "character" in a film, or a celebrity participant in a game show. Consequently, I see the space generated by sitcom as being effectively "crashed" across several areas of entertainment, just as "The Beatles," in A Hard Day's Night, are pictured in a frenetic rush between backstage and the stage itself. Any one programme, then, seems to operate as a single intervention in an extratextual matrix of sitcom events outside the immediate television text, whether this is off-screen "scandal" or the resonances a star performer carries from a previous role.[23] For example, Porridge, a BBC sitcom from the seventies, exploits its "star" Ronnie Barker's reputation and ability as a stand-up comedian,[24] whilst the earlier Hancock's Half Hour based its appeal on the ability of Tony Hancock and Sid James (his co-star) to exist as a "couple" in the show and simultaneously as very different performers outside.[25] In contrast to soap opera, the sitcom appears to regularly expose its "space": it titillates through its flashes of intimacy with the stars. Sitcom space, however, may be made meaningless in this scramble to fill the void, in its invoking and unmasking of spaces in the same instant. This rapid cycling (in effect, between onstage and backstage), aimed at offering the viewer a facsimile of "closeness," has almost become an empty convention, one that can only repeat itself in search of an always missing authenticity. Sitcom is a kind of tired striptease, a peekaboo glimpse of the disembodied "real" behind the equally disembodied "performance."

What in film are termed "extra-cinematic identifications" (Friedberg 42), in television are the norms which initiate the sitcom form, a process centred on "stars" and their multiple representations around the terms "people," "copies," "images," and "originals." It is common in this place for an incestuous "meta-" world[26] to develop, giving us television sitcoms about television news (for example, Drop the Dead Donkey [Channel 4, 1990-]), or, in the earlier Dick Van Dyke Show (CBS, 1961-65), a sitcom about "Rob Petrie," the head TV writer for the fictional "Alan Brady Show." I argue that, given the opportunity, television will always contemplate the spaces it has already made its own, rather than risk the unrepresentable. The "news" in these programmes is the synthetic intimacy of the "characters" who tame news, in truth, from nowhere. Cracking open the "world behind television" confirms our fixation on the limited spaces it offers; in shows such as Drop the Dead Donkey, laughter seems to push the world of the news "outside" to a safe distance and transforms it into the butt of character-driven jokes. In the resulting impurity, sitcoms typically pit the meticulous detail of realist sets against a space of performance that eschews the humdrum and everyday.

Hancock's Half Hour, the Alan Simpson and Ray Galton radio-turned-television sitcom of the late fifties to early sixties discussed in Chapter One, is an interesting exercise in the form, one that atypically often avoids closing off its representations of everyday space from those spaces into which it is received. Because of this, its spaces are ambiguous. The vertical intertextuality suggested above never quite works; our secondary identification with Anthony Hancock as radio and television star in "real" space falters under the close identification with the foundering "Hancock" in sitcom space, a reading impelled by the extratextual matrix and its knowledge of Tony Hancock's unhappy life and ultimate suicide. The comedian/actor was, perhaps, a victim of the "condition" attendant on the insupportable confluence of two spaces. It is tempting to observe that Hancock's "stardom" was the spectacularization and performance in public of a very private "condition."

Hancock's Half Hour is little different, however, from contemporary exercises in the sitcom genre. The viewer is solicited, through devices such as canned laughter, through the actors' transparent reliance on cue cards, and, in Hancock, through various "bloopers." For me, the show is an invitation to occupy an implied intimate space, a nonspace predicated on the unseen operations in the space of the television studio. The sitcom spectator is positioned on the inside; the viewer is allowed an "in" on the revelations that occur in that uncertain space between rehearsal and "finished" performance.[27] Sitcom's imperative to occupy all spaces, is especially obvious in Hancock. "Railway Cuttings, East Cheam," the show's nominal setting, is a provisional space, a stage for other spaces to intrude. In "The Missing Page" (March 11, 1960), for instance, the codes of film noir are invoked; in "The Bowmans" (June 2, 1961), about a fictional radio sitcom family, we are in the meta-world of the radio studio, a world that is able to satirize the kind of listeners who identify too closely with their favourite characters.

To employ a predictable metaphor, sitcom could be described as a black hole, filling its void with prepackaged spaces. As such, I think it is a prime expression of the phobic response to real space described earlier. Its composition tends to make the notion of pastiche meaningless. It does, however, allow for ridicule, for satire and parody. In Galton and Simpson's "The Bedsitter" (May 26, 1961), for example--a counterpart, in some ways, to "Sunday Afternoon At Home" discussed in the previous chapter--Hancock is shown leading the life of a "beatnik" in a scruffy Earls' Court room. Hancock performs a monologue, one interrupted by his struggle to tune in a decent television picture with his indoor aerial. It is a comedy about a life in which all meaning seems to have been lost, apart, that is, from the possible worlds made available on the small screen. I would speculate that the claustrophobia of the mise-en-scene, in tandem with Hancock's self-characterization, is intended as a light satirization of the Joe Orton phenomenon and perhaps, by implication, the notions of High Art and "proper" theatre. In "The Reunion Party" (March 25,.1960), the meeting of old army buddies "Smudger," "Ginger," "Chalky,"' and "Kippers Hancock," is an occasion to attack the mythic space of war stories as perpetuated in comics of the "Boy's Own" variety.

Despite Tony Hancock's expertise as a verbal and physical comedian, the sitcom Hancock's Half Hour would fail to satisfy on this level alone. It is full of what Henry Jenkins calls "loose ends" or "excess details" (74). Hancock, for example, is frequently alone, or is blocked on the set to emphasize his isolation. Originally a variety performer,[28] Hancock often appeared lost between the cardboard walls of his television "home." The space in which he is located, the stratum inhabited by the now comfortably middle-class and conformist "Ginger," "Smudger," and "Chalky," spits him out into the nonspace of performance. It is as if Hancock can never belong. He is a transgressor, reinscribed every episode into a different situation, but retaining some integrity by virtue of the extratextual matrix I have described. Such closure as occurs each week is ambiguous and does not conceal the contradictions generated by multiple spaces nor Hancock's determined disengagement from them. I read his character as an expression of unmediated space. He is the outsider necessary to legitimate the dominant terms of time and place, and the phobic subjectivity put at a safe distance by laughter.[29] As a sitcom, Hancock's Half Hour offered its weekly prescription of transgression and containment, but under it all held out the possibility of identification with something more profoundly isolated and poignant.

The ubiquitous soap opera and sitcom generate the spaces against which the more "serious" and increasingly rare single plays must define themselves. This territory is further complicated by genres such as "historical" and "period" dramas, spaces whose "naturalism" Iain Chambers explains in the following way:

> As a mode of representation, naturalism invariably confuses its own construction with reality itself. It leads to a closed universe, ultimately incapable of acknowledging other views and real differences in the world it seeks slavishly to reproduce. (90)[30]

In the 1990s, however, television appears to be building new self-legitimating spaces predicated on an increasingly plastic sense of the word "entertainment." The worlds of the television game show, the talk show, the infomercial, the "true crime" show, and MTV, are, I think, fundamentally disassociated despite their rehearsed intention to invite domestic spectators into their "communities." They are Lawrence Grossberg's "billboards"--alluring surfaces that appear to invite, but do not allow the viewer to penetrate their spaces. I believe these new entertainments are one symptom of a cultural phobia going out of control. As spaces scramble to fill themselves, so their individual integrity is destroyed, and, in turn, the sense of space changes. This transformation is figured both in the physical "look" of the urban landscape (in the need it has always had to control spaces) and in the mindscapes of viewing subjects struggling to make sense of it all. One possible effect of the loss of space is found in the increasing trend for the formation of identities based on what I will argue are withdrawals into the chemical borders of the mind. In league with the manipulable worlds offered by computer technologies, this has become the ultimate retreat to beat.

4. Lost in Space: room building and domestic psychopharmacology

> "The real issue, if that's not too grand a thing to say, is about quality of life. So many people have so few options these days. Most of us end up fucked up in some way or other and there is a tendency always to blame lifestyle. Yet a lifestyle is the defence mechanism, the result of a whole load of problems, not the cause."
> (Ol Parker, qtd. in The Face 77 [1995]: 59)

> In a world of absence, Prozac affirms your presence.[31]
> Television *is* documentary ... (Russell 178)

I read the "problems" in British culture--or the subculture--Ol Parker refers to, as part of the inevitable fallout that has followed the rejection of a particular kind of space. In the nineties, a "lifestyle" of withdrawal is a viable alternative to official history, and to the authorised dimensions of time and space.[32] In television, the dominant "condition" has manifested itself, perhaps paradoxically, as the belief discussed by Lynn Spigel, that television is "a window on the world," or by David Russell, that it is equivalent to documentary. Parker's dropouts seem to exist in a separate nonspace outside the televisual. The "unnatural" world of the subculture, however, develops its own "conditions," complex states of withdrawal and absence that, nevertheless, produce their own regimes of private power and presence. Television, I suggest, provides the raw materials for these operations.

In the *fin-de-siècle* panic of nineties Britain it is tempting to see youth culture twisting in the grip of millennarianist malaise. In this section, I argue that televisual space has moved on to become a state of the mind available in the mainstream, and at the margins. This inner space is also accessible outside youth culture through the purchase of prescription "mood enhancers" such as "Prozac" and its lesser-known followers "Paxil," "Zoloft," "Manerix," "Luvox" and "Effexor." In some ways, these drugs can be interpreted as enabling consumers to machine a better fit between their individual perceptions and an increasingly confusing everyday. Furthermore, the prescription and consumption of these chemicals have rapidly become accepted phenomena that smoothly intersect with wider notions of fitness, health and "wellness." These powerful drugs, it is said, may have the power to "make us who we are," to "return us to ourselves," and to "bring us home."

The more interesting experiments in space, however, tend to take place when the doctor is out. Programmes like BBC2's Loved Up[33] claim to take us to the heart of the northern-centered "rave culture." This is a club scene where some of the revellers, spinning in their own adrenaline or else in private hysterias driven by Ecstasy, "speed," or a range of mainly ineffective "herbal highs,"[34] absent themselves from the "normal" parameters of space and time. Their displacement is increased by rhythms that drive ever nearer to the cardiovascular peak of 180 beats per minute, and by styles such as "Jungle" that collide and disjoint their musical ingredients. It is as if the symbolic sartorial displays of the seventies have been replaced by performances of the mind: perhaps in a debilitating universe, power can only be maintained within the frontiers of the deepest self. The drawback, I think, is that this internalised "television"--like "the box" itself--is fearful of things slowing down, of images coming to the point of contemplation: it does not want the holiday from sense to end.

The appearance of so-called "Travellers"--mainly young drifters, who have abandoned the idea of owning their own "space" or of travelling in the dominant sense--I see as less of a paradox than a demonstration that "travel" is just another response to the attention deficit disorder bred by "communications" society. Arguably, they are the counterpart to ravers, but since they are not "contained"--as club-goers are--their presence has galvanised "Old England" into drastic protective measures. However, there is also the "travel" made available by new technologies of information and communication. This kind of exploration appears to require all the attention we might give to a film strip or to someone else's boring holiday photographs: it is disembodied, a performance of experience registered in mind but not body. The increasingly sophisticated media of the "unplugged" nineties, the CD, the laser disc, the RAM card, the internet, the DAT tape and other forms of digitised retrieval, suggest a world in which "experience" is not only as available as, but is tantamount to, a recording. In the 1990s, to "travel" is also to surf through a static exhibit of televisual channels littered with relics of previous representations.

My inquiry in this section attempts to suggest a connection between the contemporary cultural phenomena described above and the ways of seeing and constructing space developed by television over half a century. Movements outside the dominant have tried to remake and recycle these conditioned perceptions. In my analysis, I treat television's compacting of space as profoundly different from either theatre or cinema since, as Morley explains, television is "domesticated" ("Global" 7) to the point of invisibility: the processes of its production and the fact of its performance seem to be always just out of the frame. Television also produces the operations which ensure the denial of its own phobias, chief of which, I am arguing, is the fear of unmediated space.

The meeting of graphically enhanced, projected experiences with the hope and escapism associated with chemically remapped inner spaces, is television's substrate and what it strives to represent. As I have already suggested, the aggressive reterritorialization and cultural terrorism that was Punk gave way very much before 1988, but in this year the hallucinogenic amphetamine Ecstasy or "E" arrived. As Ecstasy historian Nicholas Saunders describes it in E is for Ecstasy (1993),[35] the drug and the "rave" scene associated with it, first appeared at the Hacienda club in Manchester. Banned in Britain since 1977 and in the USA since 1985 (Saunders Ch.2), Ecstasy, or MDMA, may be comparable in effect to the popular antidepressant Prozac (Fluoxetine). Where, ten years before, young people caused ripples in space through their dress or behaviour, Ecstasy encouraged the contemplation of inner mindscapes:

> People on Ecstasy feel able to move and to express themselves freely, so the drug provides a taste of living without the restraints we have come to regard as part of life. Users often compare the effect to memories of early childhood when they would look people in the eye, live for the moment and were free of inhibitions. (Saunders Ch.4)

> Ecstasy, like Speed, also produces hyperactivity, but of a repetitive kind ... rats stop rearing and looking into holes. They seem stripped of all curiosity.[36]

Synthesised in 1913 by the German company Merck, sold as a slimming pill, used by the US military in the fifties as a truth drug (Saunders Ch.3), today, MDMA is associated with pioneering psychedelic chemist, Alexander Shulgin. The Shulgins (Alexander and Ann, his wife and co-researcher) insert their encounters with psychedelics into pre-Sixties' theories of self-realization and exploration, a phenomenon made over today as "New Age" philosophy. As the Shulgins talk about their experiences with another psychedelic, nicknamed "Eternity," it is hard in my context not to see the conjunction with televisual space:

> "Someone compared it very well with LSD," says Ann. "They said LSD will present you with so many things all

> going by so very fast."
> "You're surfing, you're surfing."
> "But you don't really have to deal with anything," Ann continues. (McClellan 111)

The combination of altered consciousness and 1990s "technotopia," body-space and machine-made space is given a more jarring formulation by Marilouise and Arthur Kroker:

> [W]hen you watch TV, people's defences are really down, your cultural immunity system is just sort of zapped away because, after all, it's just entertainment. What's happening is you're being worked over in the most sophisticated kind of way possible, and you're dumped back into your flesh as cold data. (Beard and Eshun 61)

Within the framework of my thesis, it is possible to argue that the interventions and creation of space made available by the original Punk movement have, in the 1990s, been replaced by a type of self-discovery based on an internal anarchy. However, unlike what I see as the real crisis posed by Punk, the current scene is a retreat from the street into a rootless and lost cyber-psychedelic space, split across music, the mall, and television. It has been touted as another facet of the new Sixties: a "rave-in" stoked by designer pharmaceuticals.

As Saunders argues, however, MDMA can be beneficial in the area of "social/interpersonal functioning" (Ch.4). It is my own location in history that pits Punk against the politically and psychologically disengaged Ecstasy generation. In practice, the drug is reported to promote passivity. Women feel safe because they are not subject to the usual predatory male behaviour:

> In the never-never land of rave, a void of psychedelic

> regression, no one wears clothes their own size, sartorially deferring adulthood. And this wonderworld is libidinally lazy - no one hits up on anyone and sex is only ever for other people, on some other TV channel.
> (Ross, "Report" 11)

In essence, because the Ecstasy scene drives its consumers into what I interpret as disassociated, private mindscapes, I find it comparable to many of the "conditions" I describe in television culture. The scene is a shifting space filled with adventurers empowered by the private "highs" made possible by state-of-the-art pharmaceuticals. Whatever the drug's effect, by 1991 the trance had ended and the drug lords' battles to settle their turf had begun. Club-goers, who had already mixed their MDMA with amphetamines, cannabis, alcohol or LSD anyway, turned from Ecstasy to more dangerous substitutes such as Temazepam, a benzadiapine (Gilman 159) and so a classic depressant, potentially lethal in combination with alcohol. What had begun as space exploration ended as a fearful retreat into nonspace and self-destructiveness.

For a specific social group, this period brought not only more dangerous portals into space, but a territorializing of rave, as Ross observes, into "class-bound factions" ("Report" 11). The move to transform the mind--and possibly the world with it--into what I see as an internal television screen was succeeded by the falling back of this "flow" into the old compartments beloved of naturalism and which I have identified with the stultifying territory of official history. Club space, for example, was partitioned across the terms of increasingly esoteric musical styles such as "gangsta rap," "hardcore techno," "trance," "intelligent techno," "jungle," and "progressive house," each never-never land defined by its own drug: marijuana for working-class gangstas and E for upmarket jungle. The pharmaceutical stakes have been raised by the media reawareness of "spliff" or "pot," as they quaintly put it,[37] and in the re-emergence of heroin, often a drug of consolation for the former raver. Ian Wardle, director of Manchester drugs agency Lifeline, explains:

> Many go back to the pub. But for a lot of ravers, that's a cultural failure, because the Ecstasy scene liberated them from pubs in the first place ... some people who've crashed off the scene because of the problems they're having take up heroin use. (Corrigan 67)

This retreat into what Simon Reynolds calls a "collective autism" (56) is, I think, both analogous to and an extension of that retreat from a threatening reality offered by my own theorization of television. The "plateau of bliss" (Reynolds 56), the extradiegetic no-place generated by drugs such as Ecstasy and its followers, seems to be catalysed by the real physical space of clubs and the rave music, which turns the room into one large sub-woofer of cannibalized components. Rave, it may be passé to say, is a culture with no reference points; it is the offspring of nineties' technophilia. Just as space retreats, so rave music styles such as jungle are constructed from acoustically lost components: shards, looped, warped or otherwise altered and mixed down onto Digital Audio Tape (DAT). Simon Reynolds observes:

> The sample works as an estrangement device, a deracination machine, producing sonorities whose physical origin is impossible to trace. Soul and pop vocals are sped up into elf-chatter or cartoon baby-talk; vocal particles of passion are looped into inhuman swoon-machines. (55)

Such phenomena are far removed from and, I argue, simultaneously part of the jigsaw against which television drama can assert its space. Much of Dennis Potter's work, for example, employs the "bloody, bloody songs" (on Potter 81) as parts of disassociated mindscapes, nonspaces predicated on cultural productions aimed at exchanging the exigencies of outer space for the nostalgia and false memories of mass-produced inner space. My reading of Potter's work, however, is also informed by other cultural interventions attendant on club culture and the rave scene.

Dan Hill writes about the loss of pluralistic local culture that occurs when the fear of space forces people into the strictly local and domestic:

> [B]y denying physical interaction with "the other" - and instead choosing to inhabit a hyperreal digital simulation of a city centre that never existed, and is "safe" in the worst sense of the word, we lose one of the key experiences of urban living, and one of the reasons for a city's existence - facilitating interaction with a critical mass of varied local culture. (4)

Hill's analysis is undoubtedly influenced by the dimensional changes brought about by the introduction, in November 1994, of the "Criminal Justice and Public Order Act" (CJPOA). This was a response, in part, to the paradoxical awareness of real physical space brought by the explorations I have described above. In legal terms, this legislation both realizes, reinforces and enforces the privatization and localization of individual space I have already described. It is designed, I believe, to discourage trips into possibly dissident inner spaces. The Act restricts public gatherings of all kinds and has been used to disrupt everything from outdoor raves, to solstice gatherings at Stonehenge, to Morris Dancing.[38] On October 15, 1995, police, backed by horses, dogs and a Territorial Support Group, raided the South London club "United Kingdom"[39] and made five arrests. The wording of clauses 58 and 59 (which regulate "Gatherings with Music"), along with clause 56 (designed to restrict "People Living in Vehicles") and clause 55 (giving the police "stop and search" powers), makes it clear that the Act specifically targets explorers of both inner and outer spaces such as squatters, ravers, travellers, and campaigners of every variety.

The Authorities' fear of what the public will do with unmediated space is tangible. In late 1994, squatters occupied condemned houses on the proposed route for the M11 highway and this was followed in 1995 by another reclamation, "The Land Is Ours" protest at Wisley, Surrey.[40] Later, the same year, campaigners blocked the M65 route and in June the illegal rave "Critical Mass" took place in Hyde Park, London. A number of specific protests against the CJPOA have also occurred.[41]

In Britain, the 1990s is a time of subtle repressions, of collapsing outer and inner spaces, but it is also a time of confrontation. The fear of wide-open spaces appears to coexist with strategic interventions to reclaim them that occur at the interface between public space and the domestic and humdrum. However, the apprehension of space is an internal construct, friable and contingent. Radical insertions like "Critical Mass" are laudable although their longevity seems destined to go the same way as the fashion philanthropism of "Live Aid." In the nineties, Britain's space, its public space, its private space, its cyberspace (@home) seems likely to be determined by the immediately local (and the television which occupies it) modified perhaps by other "interventions," like designer pharmaceuticals. The challenge for representations is to find usable space within the collapsing matrix; for the individual, the task is to resist the culturally instilled fear of what resides outside the front door.

5. The Junction

I got a job with Stanley,
He said I'd come in handy.
He started me on Monday,
So I had a bath on Sunday.
I worked eleven hours,
And bought the girl some flowers.
She said she'd seen a doctor,
And nothing now could stop her .

(Squeeze. Up the Junction, Rondor Music [London] Ltd., 1980)

The RATEPAYERS *are holding a meeting.*

Women's Institute banners, a cross etc., are ranged round the hall.
DEMBLEBY. What we are pressing for is the fencing off of the common land so that Gypsies and layabouts can no longer get on it. Now it is the traditional camping place of the Gypsies, of course no one is denying that. But these are not real Gypsies. Scroungers. Layabouts. These are the sort of words that spring to one's mind on contemplating these people. And of course, with the new housing development of which we are all a part, the character of the area must be expected to change. We're living in a new modern Britain. We can accept no hindrance from those who wilfully try to keep us in the past, there is no longer room for slums on wheels in modern Britain. They will be better off elsewhere.

Murmers [sic] *of agreement*

(Jeremy Sandford. Cathy Come Home, 1964)

In the previous section, I skirt around two problems. The first is the notion of naturalism. I am using the term in its most pejorative sense as a way to denote that process under which the dimensions of official time (history) and space are deployed and asserted as dominant meanings. In a way, naturalism behaves like a powerful "default" genre that contains a complex cultural reality, including the spaces of television.[42] In my analysis, naturalism should not be confused with the "impure" and experimental spaces of the more complex forms of docudrama; instead, it is what I view as the tabloid-visioned, war-mongering, "business as usual" ritual of the humdrum whose daily persuasions discourage citizens from looking for anything better. My second problem concerns the necessity of settling on a term to designate that place of transformation where mediated space (the naturalism of television) and "real" space (the domestic) meet. I am calling this point of spatial exchange "the junction." This is, perhaps, the eye of the storm in the feedback loop I described earlier, whereby television transforms space and viewing subjects' perception of it (while also concealing this process), then funnels what I have called its billboard representations through the constructions that are made in the physical world. The junction is the focus, and vanishing point, of the spectatorial economy, and it is also the joining into which I must pry a crowbar, if I am to say anything useful about television, or the culture I think it determines and contemplates.

If naturalism is in part a process of circulating certain dominant meanings, then I argue that television is able to stubbornly efface the junction: the interface between televisual and domestic space. The domestic is the humdrum place of reception where the "goggle-box" is reified as an open window onto the world, a shunting-yard for representations posing as slices of life. An analysis of this complex phenomenon may be all but impossible. However, I do not believe this has always been the case. At uncertain intervals, I suggest the junction has been materialised, making visible the processes which take place in the world beyond the front door and in the frightening and contradictory spaces that lie beyond it. I have previously suggested how television changed the meaning of space, and how the corollary of this shift in perception appeared on the physical scene as the garish new shopping centres, high-rises and rebuilt cities of the 1960s. Places like Coventry, "model towns" like Milton Keynes, and "swinging" London, however, quickly made the stilted spaces of television drama appear obsolete. David Self explains that the BBC productions of this period clung rigidly to a theatrical mise-en-scene:

> television drama was still maintained to a large extent by stage successes, broadcast complete with intervals and even warning-bells to announce the start of the second and third acts. (45)

As television playwright John McGrath wrote in 1977, a "new drama" was only possible if television reconstructed its spaces. This, he maintains, required that the camera be freed from photographing dialogue, from keeping "natural time" and from denying its own "total and absolute objectivity" (101). This was to be the thinking that, in part, was responsible for an era of experimentation with spaces outside those of the prevailing naturalism. Looking back on the 1960s and its "golden age" of television, McGrath continues:

> The form would be part of the content; this narrative style would present a different world-picture from that inherent in naturalism. It would show a world that moved, pressures on that world, and essentially a world that changed, or could change. We felt we could show more of the world we lived in, more excitingly, and in a manner uniquely suited to television, and we knew that we could hold the mass audience with it. (102)

It is possible that the new televisual spaces projected into 1960s homes did at times unsettle the latent volatility inherent in the reconciliation between past and present: war and privation; peace and affluence. A central figure in the making of this post-war television drama was the producer and director Jimmy MacTaggart. He presided over a period which, for a short time, contested the formation of what I argue are Britain's present spatial phobias. It was the era which in 1957 produced Conservative Prime

Minister Harold Macmillan's claim that, "most of our people have never had it so good" (Irving 3). By 1961, this claim had soured and the economic crisis of July that year was to be followed by trouble in the Middle East, rejection from the Common Market (now the EEC), and finally, in mid 1963, the Cuban missile crisis. Even these humiliations, however, were displaced by the tabloid-tickling combination of sex and high treason which was to become salaciously known as the "Profumo Affair."[43] The triad of John Profumo, political head of the British army, "showgirl" Christine Keeler (Irving 10), and Soviet naval attaché Captain Eugene Ivanov, largely assembled by society osteopath Stephen Ward, suggests to me a kind of class dysplasia--a fiasco, in this case, but one that nevertheless exhibits some of the characteristics of the "condition" I am examining in this chapter.

As I have suggested in the previous chapter, the strategic interventions that were made in the medium--to challenge the spaces of official history--were all too often compromised by the more powerful backwash of events such as Suez, or of the downward spiral that, in 1973, was to lead to the three-day week, power cuts and a 10:30 pm broadcasting shutdown.[44] The junction (essentially where one representation meets another) is a possible node of contestation, but, more frequently, of negation. In contrast to the way the "golden age" of television has been historicised, the stepping outside of naturalism in the sixties explained by John McGrath is ambiguous: the departure connotes escape, but in the end perhaps only fell on a trip-wire in the prison yard.[45] The control and containment of space exerted by naturalism has always been carefully policed, both by the BBC, always wary of any proximity to possibly dissident "art," but also by conservative viewers keen for an excuse to write into The Times. Even as "late" as 1979, the press reviled Alan Bennett's The Old Crowd for director Lindsay Anderson's deliberate but momentary exposure of the studio scenery *as* scenery: as unmediated space. Writing in the mid-eighties, Bennett comments on the intellectual's deep-rooted fear of "the abrasion of reality" (Disguise 162). This observation perhaps speaks for Bennett's frustration with the deep conservatism of Britain's cultural caretakers (and particularly for the snobbery of the "average" Times reader he imagines). There is a real truth here. In some ways, "Britain" is held together by its snobbery, and its culture reacts violently to the perceived threat of "foreign" spaces.

Jimmy MacTaggart started the influential series of mainly single plays called first "The Wednesday Play," then, in 1970, "Play for Today."[46] It was an era, perhaps, of "controlled phobia," when, for the first time, the medium's relationship to real space was explored. This sequence of plays ran for twenty years, through Carnaby Street and pre-stressed concrete to track lighting and Thatcherism. It became the space for insertions by writers such as Pauline Macaulay, Colin Welland, Nell Dunn, Alan Plater, and Dennis Potter, by directors Ken Loach and Philip Saville, and by the producers Peter Luke and Irene Shubik (Clifford 18). "The Wednesday Play," however, was only able to make its challenges to naturalism because the way had been paved by a number of precursors, for instance, the MacTaggart-directed series "Storyboard" (six plays, mainly by Troy Kennedy Martin), the group "Studio 4" and a set of adaptations under the title "Teletale" (McGrath 101).

MacTaggart reconfigured the form and the people involved in it. He rewrote the vocabulary of camera shots, in effect, the movements in the implied space of the studio, and experimented with devices such as voiceover, with different modes such as animation, and with tones such as satire and parody previously unheard in "serious" drama. I think the effect was to make possible the production of texts, able to bring the junction into focus, and to constructively subject its viewers to the fear of space. Landmark plays such as Nell Dunn's Up the Junction (1965), Dennis Potter's Stand Up for Nigel Barton (1965), and James O'Connor's The Coming Out Party (1965), held out the chance of materializing some of those invisible forces I have identified as controlling space and its production. Jeremy Sandford's Cathy Come Home (1966) is usually celebrated for its uncompromising use of docudrama. The play's main characters, Cathy and Reg, have become homeless through simple, terrifyingly normal, bad luck. In some ways, their movement from a luxury apartment, down into further degrees of squalor, matches the formal experimentation taking place in the text that tells their story. It could even, perhaps, prefigure the paranoia of later television for real space and its preference for what is in effect a state of "homelessness." It is as if, during the sixties, television worked out its own "postmodern" techniques which today might be theorized around terms such as parodic doubling and dialogic encoding.[47]

MacTaggart, then, inherited one version of naturalism and he and his team used it to their best advantage to invent new spaces and colonise them with experimental, occasionally abrasive representations. By 1973, however, paranoia seems to have set in. Following the three-day week, television plays came to be much more closely scrutinized, both by the BBC and by forces outside. "Play for Today" died slowly and finally gave out in what for me seemed the meretricious social engagements of the television "films" aired in the later series, such as "Screen One" and "Screen Two." The interstices fashioned by MacTaggart became unsightly cracks in the pastel-shaded plaster of Thatcher's eighties. I would argue that control was partly reasserted through the excess spectacle of royal weddings, riot police and task forces sailing for parts unknown. Nationalism as a text seemed to be administered through every media channel as if to deliberately remove spaces of possible critique and replace them with bespoke spaces irresistibly attracted to the primitive and subcritical faculties. The late seventies brought the return of naturalism. With its potential for active intervention drained, television snapped up every scrap of unmediated space and with it many possibilities for finding somewhere outside this dominant "sense of place." The radicalism of the MacTaggart era arguably ensured that the future would lie in a psychically "homeless" culture--where the "sense" of home itself has been lost.

> I've got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle ...
> (Dennis Potter. Where the Buffalo Roam, 1966)

In a way, the late Dennis Potter's work for television and film is a performed working-out through (in his own words) "non-naturalism" (on Potter 30) of a number of troubled intersections at the place where personal meets public, past meets private, and where the materializing "extratextual Potter" met Potter, invalid and recluse.[48] The plays are full of what I see as subsidiary junctions--joints between different kinds of spaces--that disrupt the way television strives to organise its representations as if they were views from a "window on the world." Most obviously, in the plays with music,[49] such as Pennies From Heaven (1978), or The Singing Detective (1986), I argue that this disruption occurs through the strategic insertion of bygone popular cultural forms and through the toying with televisual and filmic conventions. Possibly, Potter can be understood to have established a space for television drama at that uncertain meeting between the filmic and televisual, a space reflected in the variety of his work from the modest television plays of the mid-sixties to much larger efforts such as the Nicolas Roeg-directed feature film Track 29 (1987). I read Potter's explorations with "impure" televisual texts (in part, those whose narrative progress is regularly disrupted) as partly invoking a pathology of spatial phobias, an effect often misread, misunderstood and silenced by the institutional framework.

Although MacTaggart and Potter worked together on the controversial "Nigel Barton" plays (1965), Where the Buffalo Roam (1966) was instead produced by Lionel Harris and directed by Gareth Davis.[50] This drama, an early item in the "Wednesday Play" series, seems to map the psychopathology of the junction and its attached phobias onto the character "Willy" (Hywel Bennett), a disturbed boy/man. Willy, in Where the Buffalo Roam, seems an earlier, more purely articulated precursor of later characters such as David Peters of Moonlight on the Highway (London Weekend Television, 1969) and much later, of Marlow in The Singing Detective. All three characters are perhaps incapable of functioning within their own spaces or of being successfully represented through the spaces of television naturalism. Instead, I think they are disarticulated across the popular cultural forms and spaces (what I will discuss as "compensatory fantasies" in a later chapter) which have become, for them, the only mordants able to fix some kind of emotional meaning. Because of what I see as their resistance to dominant spaces, Potter's television plays, overloaded as they are with the codes of popular culture, often run the risk of becoming purely decorative, or simply cryptic. The stark monochrome and spare spaces of Where the Buffalo Roam, however, tend to confront and to materialize the hidden interface I am calling the "junction." Willy founders in the confusions of the modern world. His psychopathology is represented through disjunctions in space, almost to the point where they perhaps match the implied material operations of the film's cutting and editing in the space of the television studio.

In a similar way to Colin Smith, in The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner (1962), Willy Turner has already crossed a line and is undergoing his "emotional readjustment" at "Wessex House." The drudgery of his life under correctional authority is the counterpart to Willy's grim, dead-end, working-class life in Swansea. Director Gareth Davis's mise-en-scene refuses the luxury of wide open spaces and what exterior scenes there are take place in darkness or in streets of repeating back-to-back terrace houses. It is the flipside of the "pop" space "The Beatles" inhabit in A Hard Day's Night. For Willy, the humdrum is inescapable. As is often the case with Potter, domestic space in the play is alienating. The characters appear lost in their own living room; it is the site for both the development and consolidation of deep emotional scars. Cutting across this is the symbolization of the past in Willy's maternal grandfather (Aubrey Richards), a querulous old man, forever carping about the ear the Germans shot off in World War I. Like Willy, he appears trapped and stupidly deaf to impending disaster. The Turners' kitchen, where Willy threatens his mother (Megs Jenkins) with a knife, leads into a room of pigeon cages that in this play defy any optimistic reading.

Willy's father is dead. The dead blank space of the cinema screen or darkness, however, inserts Willy back into the disturbing memory loop of his father's beatings. During these flashbacks, Willy's subjective space collapses and he is shown as the object of his accusers' gaze. Kindness produces a less extreme reaction, but nevertheless a regression and a return to the stuttering behaviour "cured" by his father. In a similar way to James Dean's character, Jim Stark, in Rebel Without A Cause (1955), Willy seems disassociated from domestic space, from the past and from the space of "legitimate" authority. His illiteracy, his fear of words, is emblematic of his fear and rejection of available spaces including, in the end, Wessex House.

The wide open spaces, the plains implied by Potter's title, only exist perhaps in Willy's self-created fantasy world. This space exists through Willy's fixation on the simplified moral universe of "Hopalong Cassidy"-style cowboy fictions. As with Potter's--and Marlow's--use of the popular detective genre, the Western, for Willy, becomes a compensatory narrative, where "past" wears black and is always defeated, put out of the reach of understanding, by a lone hero, with no past, and a future out of sight beyond the plains. For Willy, fictions such as "Dead Man's Gulch," the book he struggles to read, are internalized and used to re-present himself to himself in space where he is both unbeatable and the object of others' awe. This combination is, of course, insupportable and the compartments between real and fantasy dissolve when it is discovered that the gun Willy practices quick-draws with in front of the mirror is not a toy. The sudden revelation, in tandem with the brutality and unmotivated flare-ups of Willy's domestic life, are just reminders perhaps (at least for the viewer) that Potter has already placed his character in the "wild west" of plain old Swansea.[51]

The alien space of cowboy fiction however is not implied but actual. George Stevens' 1953 feature Shane is the cinematic fantasy which gives Willy his identity. It is "Wilson" (Jack Palance) Willy sees as he stares down the mirror, an identification underlined by the material insertion of the foreign text into the televisual flow. The fictional space demarcated by Shane allows Willy to be both powerful and good (since he is not Wilson's reflection but his opponent, Alan Ladd) and to occupy a familiar childhood world which mixes masculine violence with a distorted, extradiegetic memory loop. I think "home," in Where the Buffalo Roam, is a skin of photographic frames projected onto a screen. Willy's self-displacement into this text becomes clearer in a sequence which shows him settling down to watch a favourite "western" in the local cinema. Another patron quite innocently disturbs Willy's viewing. A scuffle breaks out and the authorities are called. Willy's flailing fists and successful exit are intercut with the narratives of pursuit and escape played out on the Western screen. In any other play the junction formed between these spaces would be comedic. In Potter's world of adult children, childlike adults, abuse, and cruelty, the effect, however, is grotesque.

Where the Buffalo Roam ends with an access of violence. In an attempt, perhaps, to shoot his way into the intertext, Willy kills his mother, grandfather and the pigeons. The murders, however, happen "offstage," in some other, only implied, extradiegetic space. He then guns down an unarmed policeman, and it is here that Willy comes to move apart from the compensatory function of his fantasy narrative. During this sequence, the forces of flight and pursuit are doubled again by the intercutting of its "translation" into the unambiguous codes of Western myth. Cornered, but at an apparent moment of clarity and self-possession against the night sky, Willy (Wilson) is killed by a police marksman (legitimate authority) and falls into a weir. A crane is used to retrieve the body from the water and, in an ending which I find reminiscent of Melville's Billy Budd, as the body is swung in front of a wall marked "Ice and Cold Store (Swansea)," it seems as if, just for a moment, Willy hangs free in space.

On the level of articulation, Potter inscribes Willy, as the classic outsider. The theme of the uncompleted childhood recurs in Potter's work, but in Where the Buffalo Roam it surfaces as an inadequate and dangerous personal narrative underpinned by the spaces of mass-produced fiction. The play is itself a game with forms, one that takes the junction and shocks the viewer into acknowledging the spaces outside of naturalism.

I argue that in the MacTaggart era, television became a mode of representation able to articulate and operate within spaces which were "impure," mixed, or at odds with the dominant version of society. Where The Buffalo Roam, for instance, is an "almost" docudrama, perhaps a spin-off from the documentary film movement and, more specifically, from works such as Karel Reisz's 1959 Free Cinema documentary, We Are the Lambeth Boys.[52] In this film, Reisz's Lambeth is clearly struggling and failing to maintain its authority against the multiple intrusions posed by relative affluence, by immigration and by rehousing. It appears to be a place where people graduate into "correctional" institutions such as Wessex House: a place for acting out the excesses and frustrations of consumer society. This twilight world of the almost criminal became one of the corollaries of the new drama and its attraction to spaces of uncertain authority, safety or completeness. Television plays from the MacTaggart era, however, at the same time as facelifting their production processes, cannot deny their own need to capture and, as Martin Esslin has it, "relentlessly" (12) hold their audience's attention. This need became more of an imperative in the seventies, and the "golden age" of space exploration fizzled out in a rash of cost-effective situation comedies and "variety" shows.

I suggest that the junction in Potter's play is both the originator of, and the response to, an intricate web of spatial anxieties. Willy's compensatory narrative in Where the Buffalo Roam reappears in form--again as an articulation of this anxiety--in Peter Nicholls' play, The Gorge (BBC 1968), directed by Christopher Morahan.[53] Nicholls' play establishes a space where two processes of articulation meet. The first develops what I interpret as a "sitcom" plot built around the comedic possibilities of an extended family's day-trip to Cheddar Gorge. Nicholls' laughter, however, is not generated by the family, but by the intrusion of 1968 "alternative culture" in the form of, first a revivalist preacher, then an "almost" criminal motorcycle gang. The second, the compensatory space, is an example of the experiments made with point of view in the MacTaggart era. Nicholls' comedic material is counterpointed with a "hooligan" text (in effect, a different kind of space), here, home movie footage, silent and unedited, which gives a contradictory or "backstage," documentary version of events, able to fill out the spaces of the first articulation, making it contingent and pliable to a non-comedic reading. In effect, the "sitcom" family is juxtaposed with an entirely different "memory" of their day out recorded as a loop of discontinuous 8mm sequences. What the viewer receives is a kind of "friendlier" version of Potter's "non-naturalism," since the fissure in articulation coincides with the strange truths in the fiction of Nicholls' extended screen family.

The anxieties attendant on space and spatial transformations are thrown up by the "roughness," which is part of both Where the Buffalo Roam and The Gorge. Spaces become more self-conscious, and so, I think, are made available to cognitive and affective understanding: in Barbara Bowman's terms, more humanized, more related to characters' psychology (33). This roughness, the tendency to place the text "in-process," seemed to bring with it an interest in life beyond the middle classes,[54] a possibility realized through the abandonment of conventional scriptural space, authority and verisimilitude.

Interviewed in 1975, Colin Welland, actor, and writer of gritty, pre-Alan Bleasdale television plays such as Bangelstein's Boys (1969) and Leeds United! (1974), was fascinated by the power and possibilities of spaces:

> What amazes me about people is that they live in such small worlds, the walls which surround their lives are so very close to them, and what happens within that little compound is just as important or emotionally stimulating or anger-arousing as anything on a larger scale.
> (Madden and Wilson 117)

His approach was typical of the new drama, putting aside as it did the limitations of traditional screen notation and its connotations of "literariness," and exchanging them for an open collaboration between writer, producer, and director.

The abandonment of the old textual authority and its spaces is most clear cut in the television work of later figures such as Mike Leigh,[55] but it is also a factor in the films of Ken Loach, one of the key figures in promoting, among other things, Welland's writing career. Loach has become associated with a certain form of "documentary." He is the master of "habitual space," those places described by Bowman in the movies of Frank Capra that frame and humanize ritual action (35). I see his adaptations of Nell Dunn's writing, and his films of Barry Hines' Kes (1969), and The Gamekeeper (1979), as working out a new spatial grammar, one that skews the horizontal field of view, so alienating the compartments of traditional television and filmic narrative and putting them in the critical line of fire. I would speculate that crossing the junction in this way enables Loach to free the camera from its conventional space, the movements which demarcate the classic realist mise-en-scene. Features such as Poor Cow (1967), are open to all kinds of foreign intrusions, from the restless, unmotivated movement of the camera, to a real sense of the heckling, wolf-whistling world looking on at the business of movie-making. Loach's partial or "not-quite" fictions are usually celebrated for their ability to convey a "slice of life," however, rather than the liberties they take with space. The camera in Poor Cow or in earlier "Wednesday Play" films such as The End of Arthur's Marriage (1965), or James O'Connor's The Coming Out Party (1965), does not exclusively privilege characters. There is the usual grammar of close-ups, medium and wide shots, but these are frequently uncommitted: the camera is attentive to details beyond character, such as a shred of wallpaper flapping in a half-demolished house. These texts have a particular "look," because, rather than phobically recoiling from space, they tend to explore it. If Loach's "characters" appear "lost," then this is a result of their positioning in real, unmediated space: their lives are as hopeless and ugly as the places in which the drama, such as it is, unfolds.

"We never used to talk about that kind've thing"
(Up the Junction, 1965)

I would such as to close off the space of my inquiry in this chapter--an inquiry admittedly limited by places I am fearful of going--with a brief examination of what is probably still Ken Loach's most celebrated television film. His Up the Junction, produced by James MacTaggart, ("Wednesday Play," 1965), an adaptation of Nell Dunn's novel, distils many of my remarks on space and spatial anxieties.[56] The "junction" of the title signifies the real physical interruption of Clapham Junction Station and its tentacular mess of railway tracks. It is the eyesore that partitions Clapham Junction, south London, and its upmarket shops from the squalid, slum-ridden chaos of humdrum Battersea, and which divides the fantasy lives of "Sylvie" (Carol White), "Rube" (Geraldine Sherman), and "Eileen" (Vickery Turner), from their grubby weekday lives in the chocolate factory. I am interpreting the Junction as a physical correlative for the unstable boundary between old and new, and past and present. Most importantly, I think it spatially separates the pre-war memories of characters such as "Mrs Harding" and "Fat Lil," from the post-war concerns of Sylvie, Eileen and Rube, concerns which are collapsed into the exigencies of the "pop" soundtrack, here the music of Chuck Berry, "The Kinks," and "The Beatles." As with nineties' rave and techno, the popular forms in Up the Junction appear as stumbling blocks preventing passage into the space of adulthood.

I believe this deferral, an element of Karel Reisz's earlier film, is part of the endless questioning of its own process and authority which goes on in Up the Junction. The "characters" themselves are made problematic by their insertion into the space of non-fiction. Real, established professionals such as Carol White and Tony Selby appear to rub shoulders with real, everyday people. For instance, the scenes in the chocolate factory seem to have been shot by slotting the actors into the regular working day of the women watching over the chocolate Santas on the conveyor belt. Dave (Tony Selby) and Terry (Michael Standing), in a similar way to Willy and Tony Richardson's "Colin Smith," choose to occupy the fragile spaces outside authority. Their almost and actual criminal activities (running from car theft to breaking and entering) are supplemented by the "Tally Man"[57] vignette and by Rube's visit to "Winnie," the backstreet abortionist. Up the Junction offers not the possibility of home but the discomfort of unmediated spaces. Many of these "impurities" are the result of technique, but others--the scenes in the women's bathroom, for example, or the idle chit-chat on the production line--are enough to expose the junction which usually makes these spaces invisible.

Loach's south London mise-en-scene tends to explore and privilege spaces. Battersea itself is shown as a confusion of half-demolished and about-to-be demolished houses, watched over by new but already shabby tower blocks, and it is to a derelict house that the married Dave takes Eileen. The world of the film is shut in, caged just such as the children shown playing in the abandoned cars. Enclosed on the one hand by Clapham Junction, and on the other, by the futuristic Battersea Power Station, the space occupied by Sylvie, Rube and Eileen is defined by man-made structures in every sense.

The camera in Up the Junction extends the possibilities of the new drama envisaged by McGrath. Dialogue is always "backstage," an exchange of incidentals on the chocolate factory production line, or at the pub on a Saturday night. The spaces are intimate and the viewer is positioned as the confidant for a number of monologues. Loach frequently uses dialogue, only to disjoint it by switching to voiceover, a strategy used to tell Dave's story. This technique is given its most extreme expression when the male doctor's voice is inserted over scenes of Rube's bungled abortion mixed with the dreamlike sequence as she walks across Clapham Common. Most of all, however, Loach does not photograph dialogue. Often the camera will stay on incidental details such as hands, or for exterior scenes it will linger on the empty houses against a bleached sky. Long, medium, and close-up shots of the same scene, force the viewer to contemplate the characters, first in the space of their own bodies, then in the habitual space of the street.

As a comment on the "sense" of space and its realisation in human terms, Loach's film is a poignant place to end this chapter. For me, Up the Junction dramatises the fear of space in its own restless camera movements. The junctions, however, the real and the metaphorical one, do generate places where the anxieties usually repressed by official space and history can be represented. What endures in Loach's film is its compassion for the hard, unrewarding lives of characters such as Mrs Harding, the scrubber woman. For Sylvie, Rube, and Eileen, and the other women on the production line, there is only marriage and the other production line of children. Terry and Dave are also forced in various ways to conform to the system whose spaces they refuse: the first is killed in a motorcycle accident whilst Dave is put under correctional authority. The sub-criminal world of Up the Junction, which I see as driven by contestations over space (an anticipation, perhaps, of the much later partitioning of the "rave" scene), seems almost continuous with the oscillating drifts between willful autism and confrontation which I have suggested characterise Britain in the nineties. Television can expose and explore these phenomena and provide a way, through representation, of understanding them. In the wrong hands, however, I think it can deprive people of the spaces they need to question and of the language they need to think.

NOTES

1 This is one of a number of interesting comments made by Florian Brody in "My Home is my Memory is my Home." In the age of the internet, and other new communications technologies, "@Home" is the paradoxical designator for a place that is no place. "@Home" is increasingly a psychological condition, an almost complete state of internal privatisation and withdrawal.

2 I understand television as a technology which is predominantly used in the home. There are different "communal" uses of the medium, however, which I do not address here. For example, the public exhibition of television in "sports' bars" etc. would have an entirely different set of effects on space as compared to the phenomena I am describing in this chapter.

3 This is a deformation, I think, of John McGrath's position in A Good Night Out: Popular Theatre, Audience, Class and Form. McGrath suggests that working-class culture has always defined itself locally (32). My argument is for a rather more drastic localisation based around the immediate space inhabited by each receiver.

4 When writing about the North American MTV phenomenon, E. Ann Kaplan observes that, "the TV spectator is drawn into the TV world through the mechanism of consumption" (Rocking 28). As with most things, the truth of TV reception probably lies somewhere between Morley's active model and Kaplan's passive one.

5 Writing in the mid-seventies, Williams saw this as a positive trend. He observed that, "[o]ne of the strengths of television is that it can enter areas of immediate and contemporary public, and in some senses, private action more fully than any other technology" (Technology 73).

6 Raymond Williams' concept of "flow" was first developed in Television: Technology and Cultural Form. This is the view that television is a single "text," a continuum. In contrast, in Visible Fictions (1982), John Ellis suggests that television is organised around a series of "segments" (116).

7 The term "virtual" is something of a buzzword and as such requires clarification. I associate it with Jean Baudrillard's observation about television, that, "today it is the very space of habitation that is conceived as both receiver and distributor, as the space of both reception and operations, the control screen and terminal which as such may be endowed with telematic power - that is, with the capability of regulating everything from a distance, including work in the home, and, of course, consumption, play, social relations and leisure" (128). I also associate the retreat into virtual spaces as one of the tenets of postmodernism. This connection between technology and withdrawal is a dimension of works such as Stephen K. White's Political Theory and Postmodernism (1991) and Jean Francois Lyotard's The Postmodern Explained: Letters 1982-85. For some interesting reflections on theme park-style rides and a

different conception of what is "virtual," see Jim McClellan's "View to a Thrill." In the same issue of The Face, McClellan also writes about virtual reality and the future of cinematic special effects. See his article "Magical Realism."

8 David Harvey writes that "[the nineteenth century] tightening of the chronological net around daily life had everything to do with achieving the necessary coordinations for profitable production and exchange over space" (9). Both Harvey's work and Anthony Giddens' Contemporary Critique of Historical Materialism are the primary background for this section. Their analyses are interesting in my context because they look at industrialisation partly through its power to change space and time.

9 This was a common description of the new technology in early television marketing. See Lynn Spigel's Make Room for TV, 9.

10 Levittown is in W. Long Island, South-East New York. Spigel is using it as a generic term to suggest the municipalities which sprang up in the optimism of the post-war period.

11 Lynn Spigel writes mainly about American television, but my use of her is no oversight. "The world" here, more often than not, means screen representations made-in-the-USA.

12 In Problems in Materialism and Culture, Raymond Williams defines "naturalism" in fiction and drama as, "a conscious presentation of human character and action *within* a natural and social environment" (127). For Terry Eagleton, "naturalism" is "a kind of abstract objectivity" (Marxism 51), while John Tullock associates the "naturalistic view" as the representation of an event which removes "a complex understanding of the real social forces determining it" (98). While I agree with Williams' definition with regard to film, in the case of television, my use of the term is pejorative as section five will make clear.

13 Arthur Marwick discusses "Woodfall Films," the company founded by John Osborne and Tony Richardson, "ostensibly to allow the voices of anger, kitchen sink, provinces and [the] working class to be heard, but backed by Canadian producer Harry Saltzman who made no secret of his wish to turn an honest penny or two out of the new fashions" (77).

14 I am thinking of Berman's work in All That is Solid Melts Into Air: The Experience of Modernity.

15 Trevor Griffiths discusses this notion in the preface to his play Through the Night in Collected Plays for Television.

16 Quoted in "Framing experience: case studies in the reception of Oranges are Not the Only Fruit," an article by Julia Hallam and Margaret Marshment.

17 There are many discussions of the MTV phenomenon. I recommend E. Ann Kaplan's Rocking Around the Clock: Music Television, Postmodernism and Consumer Culture (in addition, perhaps, to her essay "Feminism/Oedipus/Postmodernism: the Case of MTV" in her Postmodernism and

its Discontents), and Andrew Goodwin's Dancing in the Distraction Factory: Music Television and Popular Culture.

18 The state of the documentary form received particular attention during the mid-seventies and early eighties, the period of the first Thatcher government. For a representative discussion of the issue, see two articles by Norman Swallow: "Television: the Integrity of Fact and Fiction," in Sight and Sound, and "What is the relationship between truth and life?" in The Listener.

19 See Part II of Arthur Marwick's Culture in Britain since 1945.

20 Most writing about the televisual form is quick to emphasize its fondness for hand-me-down spaces. For example, Ronald Primeau, in The Rhetoric of Television, writes: "Television soaps are the direct descendant of radio-drama, movie-house serials, and the story segments of the nickelodeon: TV's daytime drama draws as well from popular magazine fiction and the techniques of conventional stage plays" (190).

21 For a humorous and astonishing account of BBC1's ill-fated soap, see Robert Chalmers', "Sunset Over Costa Bomb."

22 The Australian-made Neighbours is an interesting case-history in space exploration. For the progress of Kylie Minogue from soap space star to pop star, see Chris Heath's "Kylie's Cool World," and the standard reference work on this popular series, James Oram's Neighbours: behind the scenes.

23 Peter Conrad comments on this phenomenon in chapter nine of Television: The Medium and its Manners. Patricia Mellencamp identifies the slippage as part of Baudrillard's "hyperreal." See her article "Situation Comedy, Feminism and Freud: Discourses of Grace and Lucy."

24 This was a reputation founded on The Two Ronnies (with Ronnie Corbett), and his later sitcom Open All Hours.

25 My use of the word "couple" here is no mistake. For me, the fictional "domestic" arrangements between Hancock and Sid or between Barker and Corbett or between Eric Morcambe and Ernie Wise are particularly ambiguous. It is as if the restricted scope of the sitcom mise-en-scene pushes them into what at least appear to be homo(without sex)ual relationships!

26 See Michael A. De Sousa, "The Emerging Self-Portrait: the Television of Television."

27 This "roughness," the appearance of spontaneity in performance, has become the norm in sitcom. It probably originated in the practices of virtuoso television performers such as Jackie Gleason, who loathed the drudgery of rehearsal.

28 Jack Hancock, Tony Hancock's father, was a semi-professional music-hall entertainer. Tony Hancock's first acquaintance with "the business" was through the vaudeville artists he met at the Railway Hotel, Bournemouth. For a brief Hancock biography, the "Tony Hancock Appreciation Society" internet site is useful. It can be found at: <http://ncl.ac.uk/~nnac/thbiog.html> (URL current at October 2, 1995).

29 Jonathan Dollimore describes this mechanism and its operation in the realm of sexuality in part seven of Sexual Dissidence: Augustine to Wilde, Freud to Foucault.

30 See Robert B. Musburger, "Setting the Stage for the Television Docudrama." Along with John Tulloch, Chambers' is using the term "naturalism" in a reductive sense. See note 12 above.

31 See Graham Caveney's article "chemical reaction." Caveney previews Elizabeth Wurtzel's autobiographical memoir Prozac Nation: Young and Depressed in America (Houghton, 1995).

32 By "withdrawal" I am referring to a different phenomenon than the "resistance" which was at least one dimension of the Punk movement. The distinction is a problematic one to make, however, especially since my own experience of the movement was ultimately a kind of withdrawal into the "loop" scripted at the beginning of this dissertation.

33 For more on the BBC's controversial "Ecstasy Film," see Gavin Hill's commentary for The Face "Pills, Thrills and Telly Aches."

34 These "highs" masquerade under exotic names inflected through New Age philosophy and the video arcade. "Druid's Dream," "Mind Bandit," and "GoGos" are just a few of those described by Tony Gibson in "Drug Squad."

35 Saunders' book is an important and exhaustive work, but other than in Germany, is published only as a hypertext.

36 From a transcript of "Equinox: Rave New World," a Channel Four programme broadcast on November 6, 1994. It is available on the C4 WWW page, at URL: <http://cityscape.co.uk/channel4/> (version current at January 10, 1996).

37 On March 4, 1995, Channel Four celebrated marijuana with its showing of the programmes Counter Culture, The Pulse and A Stash from the Past (a classic episode of Roseanne). Reported in "What's Up?" i-D Magazine, March 1995, 17.

38 An entertaining account of the Act so far can be found in Richard Benson and Johnny Davis's feature article "The Criminal Justice Act" in The Face. As The Face quite rightly notes, two points in favour of the Act are first, its recognition of male rape as a crime (section 142), and second, the removal of a judge's right to cast doubt on the testimony of the defendant in a female rape case (section 32 1b).

39 Reported in Mixmag, December 1995, 16. This "Tranzmitter" page also describes the recent activities of green activists "Reclaim the Streets" and of the group "Desert Storm Sound System."

40 Reported in The Face, November 1995, 110.

41 It seems the latest information on the Act circulates in the public underground of the internet. The Anti-Criminal Justice Act WWW homepage is at URL: <http://www.hyperreal.com/raves/cjb/>. Other related pages, such as "Football Fans Against the Criminal Justice Act" can be found at URL:

<http://www.demon.co.uk/display/ffacja>.

42 With regard to television and film, Raymond Williams has written that, '[t]he modes of "naturalization" of these means of communicative production need to be repeatedly analyzed and emphasized, for they are indeed so powerful, the new generations are becoming so habituated to them that here as strongly as anywhere, in the modern socio-economic process, the real activities and relations of men are hidden behind a reified form, a reified mode, a 'modern medium'" (Problems 62).

43 The "affair" is remembered in the Palace Pictures' Film Scandal (1989), starring Joanne Whalley-Kilmer (Christine Keeler), John Hurt (Stephen Ward), and Ian McKellen (John Profumo).

44 Measures taken by the disastrous Heath government. I believe that what Williams describes above as the "means of communicative production" are particularly active during times of national crisis. They act to minimise the appearance of national distress, to habitualise viewing subjects into "pulling together," and to discourage them from any active political intervention.

45 My misgivings here are based on the current nineties trend to present drama through the styles of "docudrama." I am thinking of the "dirty realism" of series such as Prime Suspect, which, such as The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner and Where the Buffalo Roam (discussed later), take the viewer into the worlds of the criminal and sub-criminal. My doubts, however, have more to do with the "styles" used in a current rash of "cop" shows. The hand-held camera work, the captions, and the deliberately sloppy editing (which, in fact, is very skilful) reinflects these fictions as somehow "true to life" or the "way it is." If I am not mistaken, a battle is going on to most effectively stylise life as it "really is" on the street.

46 Independent of the BBC's own internet archive, William Gallagher's "Dark Ride Guide through Television and Radio" provides a quick overview of "The Wednesday Play" and "Play for Today." Its WWW site can be found at URL: <http://www.ftech.co.uk/~rhys/darkride/darkride.html> (version current at January 19, 1996).

47 There are many points of contact here between my own crude description and the elegant theorisations made by Linda Hutcheon in her essay "An Epilogue: Postmodern Parody: History, Subjectivity and Ideology."

48 John McGrath would probably not be the only person to disagree with Potter's self-analysis. Writing about the climate brought by Ian Trethowan (former Director-General of the BBC), and Brian Cowgill (his counterpart at ITV), McGrath describes them as the kind of people, "who have led Dennis Potter from Vote Vote Vote for Nigel Barton, to a nostalgia for domestic events in the 30s, and for rural childhood in the 40s" (89).

49 Pennies from Heaven was subtitled "Six Plays With Music" (Fuller 152).

50 Kenith Trodd, future producer of The Singing Detective, acted as story editor on Buffalo.

51 This sudden violence is also a quality of Harold Pinter's The Homecoming, which opened for the first time in June 1965.

52 Richard Hoggart reviewed the 1959 film for Sight and Sound. Reisz's Lambeth was revisited in 1985 and the resulting film was again reviewed by Hoggart. See his article "Lambeth Boys."

53 The text of this play is one of the scripts in Robert Muller's book The Television Dramatist. The Gorge was originally transmitted on September 4, 1968. For details on this work and the other BBC plays, I am indebted to the BBC drama pages, a WWW site at URL: <http://www.bbcnc.org.uk/tv/drama_group/> (version current at April 1, 1996). I am also indebted to Christoper Cameron at the BBC for answering my queries.

54 A revisionist treatment of the upper-middle classes was to come in 1981 with Trevor Griffiths' BBC television play Country: A Tory Story.

55 This is particularly the case in Mike Leigh's Four Days in July, made for the BBC between 1983 and 1984.

56 With Tierra y Libertad (1995) and Ladybird, Ladybird (1994), Loach is still active as a director. In November 1995, Kawasaki City Museum, Japan, ran a "Ken Loach Retrospective" featuring screenings of seven early films, including Poor Cow (1967) and Kes (1969). Some of my material here was obtained from their WWW site at URL: <http://www.coara.or.jp/coara/ht/KenLoach.html> (version current at April 1, 1996). Made in black-and-white, and of 70 minutes duration, Up the Junction was first aired on November 3, 1965.

57 Loach's "Tally Man," a sixties' style entrepreneur (without a cellular phone), sells poor quality clothing door-to-door on an installment plan.

INCOMPLETE MOURNING

fuct™
it's twice as evil as Hitler;
more fun than Elvis.[1]

"Allright. I did it. I said I did it. Karen ... Della ... Angela ... Sharon ... Helen ... and Jeannie." (George Arthur Marlow, Prime Suspect)

1. Substantial Apparitions[2]

Life, in what Elisabeth Klaver has called the "borderless television megatext" (70), is existence in what I have suggested are spaces of "magic" anamneses,[3] where identities are confirmed by mass-produced "recollections." As I have argued in chapter one, British consumer culture and its "official" knowledges of space and time constructs an anamnesis, a "false memory," that is a substitute for lived experience and which solidifies as the genre of the national subject. I am using the term anamnesis, then, to denote the totalising and irresistible phony past upon which I believe British culture is based. The megatext seems unable to record the "noise" of individual memory, with its inconvenient interludes of non-narrative and its contamination by flashbacks, disassociative episodes and purely somatic experiences.[4] As I argue in my introduction, I recall the past as a loop of "televisual" moments which are possibly "placeholders" for the relative chaos of authentic, non-narrative recall. In the mid-nineties, the moment that was Punk is just this kind of "recollection" and nothing other. The real significance of that night in 1978 is a lost thing, a revenant cathected into my own nostalgia and coterminous with and diagnostic of my own approaching middle age.[5] The "Fuct," stylezine T-shirt logo above, the "street" competition for the "square" vulgarities of "Guess" and "Calvin Klein," or the exorbitant drug-dealer chic of "Tommy Hilfiger" and "Nautica," typically quotes "matter out of place."[6] These last two labels especially are examples of "functional" clothing ("Nautica" is intended as yacht-wear), which have been carefully recoded into landlocked street "attitudes," badges of status neither subcultural nor fully mainstream. In a similar way to the commandeering of a sports facility for a Punk concert, there is a kind of pleasure in the deliberate misuse, the cavalier treatment of the functional, and it applies, I think, to the "Fuct" logo (employing, as it does, the assumption that a clothing label can seamlessly interpose itself between two wildly disparate proper names turned iconic and--inevitably--ironic). In its tongue-in-cheek way, I think it celebrates its own "lostness," its place in the no place of Klaver's megatext, whilst cocking a snook at the plush slippages executed by creative director Oliviero Toscani in his work for "Benetton." Writing about logos, and "Benetton" in particular, Henry Giroux identifies a new politics of identity based on multiple losses:

> [M]ass advertising and its underlying corporate interests represent a new stage in an effort to abstract the notion of the public from the language of ethics, history, and democratic community. (4)

In its playing off of "evil" against "fun," dictator against pop icon, the logo behaves in much the same way as a semiogram, what Dick Hebdige defines as a "self-enclosed semantic unit" (Hiding 173).[7] As a textual sign turned graphic, "Fuct" refuses any connection outside the billboard space of the white T-shirt on which it is printed. It is pure nonsense and pure style.

My second opening quotation is almost a set-piece in the megatext: the litany of victims of the serial killer. George Arthur Marlow's verbal confession, as he delivers it to DCI Jane Tennison in Southampton Row police station at the climax of Lynda La Plante's Prime Suspect 1 (Granada TV, 1991), is dramatically effective, yet the names, the appeal to the "presence" of Marlow's victims are, for me, as empty as a T-shirt logo. It is as if death and loss are outside of representation, although in society, they are experiences which are patently abundant. Writing about this phenomenon in their introduction to Death and Representation, Sarah Webster Goodwin and Elisabeth Bronfen observe:

> Death is ... necessarily constructed by a culture; it grounds the many ways a culture stabilises and represents itself, and yet it always does so as a signifier with an incessantly receding, ungraspable signified, always pointing to other signifiers, other means of representing what is finally absent. (4)

The paradox is even more acute given the intertextual matrix, where, Marlow is also Peter Sutcliffe, the real "Yorkshire Ripper"; Richard Attenborough's John Reginald Christie in 10 Rillington Place (Filmways Pictures, 1971); and the unapprehended "Jack" of late nineteenth-century London.[8] Marlow's confession fails to relate to his actions, and in particular to the many photographs of his mutilated victims. This failure is provocative, given my suggestion late in Chapter One that women and trauma are outside of representation. Marlow's roll-call is merely a role-call; it seems like the wrong punch line for a very tasteless joke.

Loss and bereavement, both in this single television text and, as I will argue in this chapter, in the megatext itself, are repressed or made unavailable to individual subjectivities, or are simply unrepresentable. If there is a beyond to the mediations, however, it is clear to me that late-capitalist consumer society is predicated on complex forms of loss, absence and mourning. It is this disjunction I wish to explore and it is an important enough one to return me to my flippant opening logo, this time as a serious diagnosis of our condition in the mid-nineties.

2. You'll Never Walk Alone

> "Basically, if I'm not some sort of rock star within the next two years," deadpans Tampasm singer Charlotte Clark, "I'm gonna be in jail for killing someone." (Kimber 11)

> The meanings of suicide can be usefully organised around the conscious (cognitive) and unconscious meanings given to death by the suicidal patient: death as reunion, death as rebirth, death as retaliatory abandonment, death as revenge, and death as self-punishment or atonement. (Hendin 1150)

In this chapter I will argue that consumer society places its subjects in states of incompleteness. These states, which are also states of loss, are transformed into consumer desires: "wants" are channelled into "needs." This means that the inability to process complex, culturally determined losses such as the senses of time and place discussed in my previous chapters, resurfaces, I think, as the familiar Western compensations of aggressive "individuality," an unstable kind of identity secured through "success" and defined through "products." Consumption, I argue, is a kind of mourning. Real losses are misplaced in the quest for closure of artificial griefs posited on anything from our lack of a particular product, to the quest for an ageless body, to the simple pursuit of fame and attention. It is the megatext, "the technologies of entertainment, communication and information" (Moran 29), that generates this ideation, at the same time making its operations opaque to anamnesis. Authentic grief (one capable of closure) is exchanged for a sense of loss that continually regenerates itself and changes form.

"Tampasm's"[9] lip-ringed threat may not just be bravado. The stakes are high. Consumption is a death drive both in the literal sense and in the necrophilic sense of Morris Holbrook's "nostalgic consumption experience" (78). Tampasm's Clark discloses a chilling but common logic. The terms of her dilemma--on the one hand, fame, equated with her own reconstitution as a spectatorial object, and, on the other, the death of anonymity, acted out possibly in the "killing" she threatens--are both kinds of annihilation. Holbrook goes on to write that nostalgia, with its implications of loss, is a type of "homesickness" (96). In their passage and formation through the megatext, I argue that consumables acquire a "past," either of their own history of production and improvement, or of a more obvious nostalgia through the "limited edition" phenomenon. The experience Holbrook describes is so prevalent as to be almost meaningless. As I have suggested previously, contemporary pop styles recycle the last forty years as if stuck in an endless digital sequence where only the aura of loss, of nostalgia, is apparent. Styles contain their own history of the moment, but their failure to connect with their antecedents, their "homes," means they also signify loss, emptiness. An analogy might be the instant nostalgia of the special edition, mail-order, ceramic figurine where the consumer is invited to the destruction of the mould, a ritual that in an instant confers value on a mass-produced object. Here, the everyday, the banal becomes instant kitsch in the express production of the perfect *objet trouvé*.

Judith Butler has written that loss and mourning have been available terms for cultural critique since Freud's 1917 essay "Mourning and Melancholia" (57). In the 1990s, through the aggressive commodification of psychology as a consumer discourse, through the doctrine of "self-help," and through the pursuit of "(w)holeness," the terms of bereavement and loss have received a wider scrutiny. In Telling Facts: History and Narration in Psychoanalysis (1992), Joseph Smith writes of the presence of mourning in the humdrum and everyday:

> Loss is the impetus for love, work, and play, but the capacity for love, work, or play is hampered to the extent that losses remain unacknowledged and unmourned. (133)

This formulation is interesting, since it turns on a comparatively recent idea of mourning as a private psychological, perhaps pathological phenomenon, rather than a cultural rite.[10] The discourse of cultural criticism itself assembles a meta-narrative of multiple losses, a slow "leaching," to use Roger Silverstone's word, of "humanity" and of "real life" (Everyday 27,110) in favour of the mediations of the megatext. Silverstone locates the bereavements of the humdrum in the colonisation by the media, particularly television, of the mournable "transitional objects," such as "blankets, teddy bears and breasts" (Everyday 13). I think private grief is anathema to the megatext; it appears only as an apparition, a monument to representation itself, but evacuated of any depth.

I see some important texts in cultural criticism and theory as almost being founded on a consciousness of their own disintegrating terms, their own "lost" things. For example, the essays in Hal Foster's The Anti-Aesthetic: Essays in Postmodern Culture, written in the early eighties, are in a way mourning the loss of a sense of place, the disappearance of narrative as socially functional, and perhaps the "death" of effective cultural analysis itself. Theorists such as Mary Ellen Brown, John Tulloch and Tania Modleski, who have argued for the potential of modern media to resist the "preferred readings" embedded in a popular culture, often fall flat in their own failure to recreate themselves as consumers of the texts about which they write. Terry Eagleton's work, with its sense of the moribund authority of "history," of "private" lives, of the Marxian superstructure, in short of the "usable past" (Poole and Wyver 106), is both an admission and a refusal to acknowledge that life as a critic, or otherwise, is life in Dick Hebdige's "second degree" (149). Life in a dead past tense is perfectly embodied in television, and it is this perhaps that makes it so ripe a focus for much work in cultural criticism. Rather than raw material for challenge, or for revision, I believe modern media have become a growth necessary for the formation of identities, ones predicated on dislocation, on parody, on camp, on dead things.

This scuffle over revenants is camp style and, as Andrew Ross argues, there is nothing more camp than filling television's slack spaces with Hollywood classics long after the death of the industry which produced them (Respect 138). Camp and kitsch as operations of taste are both indices of Jonathan Dollimore's "superficial inauthenticity" (56) and perhaps symptoms of a culture trying to mourn its losses. Writing around the same time as Foster, Marshall Berman predicted the rise of a society that is innately parasuicidal[11]:

> The innate dynamism of the modern economy, and of the culture that grows from this economy, annihilates everything that it creates ... in order to create more, to go on endlessly creating the world anew. (288)

Historians Arthur Marwick and Alan Sinfield record, as I have done, and mourn for a construction of "Britishness" which they have seen eviscerated and profaned before their eyes. Punk pierced the Queen and put her on a record label, and later "The Smiths" proclaimed her dead.[12] However, in Sinfield and Marwick's work, mourning appears as regret for such things as the waning of diversity evidenced by the further disintegration of the political Left and anxiety over the solidification of increasingly policed technologies of entertainment and information. Mourning and loss, then, are terms in a cultural critique that registers a power structure predicated on these same terms. In the televisual "grid,"[13] dissidence and transgression are cancelled by the fact of their visibility. Every attempted intervention, whether it was or is Punk, or a terrorist bomb, or the remodelling of a television genre, contains in it a latent mourning; in the aftermath of novelty or shock, it always seems to be business as usual. Mourning is deeply enculturated, but it is constant and not episodic or individual. Because the mourning is compromised, the only exit to completion is death itself.

3. Danger Zone

> So I broke into the Palace,
> With a sponge and a rusty spanner.
> She said "I know you and you cannot sing,"
> I said "That's nothing. You should hear me play piano."
> ... Life is very long ... when you're lonely ....
>
> ("The Smiths." The Queen is Dead. Morrissey/Marr Songs, 1986)

> We have learned that suicidal patients give to death a special meaning, using death in their adaptation to life. A critical aspect of this adaptation is their actual or fantasised use of their own deaths in an effort to control others or to maintain an illusory control over their own lives.
> (Hendin 1152)

Forty years on from the "archetypal" angry text, the play Look Back In Anger, a rather different kind of angry youngish man was flogging the notion of "Old England."[14] Against a background of moribund unions, virulent riots, and an approaching third term for Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Stephen Morrissey's lyric above records the ultimate intrusion suggested by a prowler's violation of the Queen's bedroom.[15] On June 7th, 1982, and on July 9th of the same year, Michael Fagan, 31, unemployed and of no fixed address, gained access to the grounds of Buckingham Palace, the royal residence (Times July 12, 1982: 2). On the first occasion, he stole a bottle of wine, but on the second, he was apprehended whilst chatting with the Queen in her bedroom. The resulting furore over lax security was fortuitously brought to a resolution by the disclosure in The Times of July 20 that Commander Michael Trestrail, the Queen's Police Officer, in charge of Palace Security, had had a homosexual affair with a male prostitute and *ipso facto* was responsible for the breach. Whilst memorialising this unsavoury incident and the "justice" which contained it, I think the song also mourns for Charles, the Queen's eldest son, born to inherit a mantle, not of tradition, but of media moments. The recorded music of "The

Smiths" itself reflects a fretting sensibility laden with nostalgia for places, demi-icons and most of all the death and life of James Dean. Unlike the distinctly second order nostalgia of the later "Brit pop/rock," the album The Queen is Dead--in a similar fashion to the "Sex Pistols'" 1977 single God Save the Queen--spoke to and of the moment. The songs represent an Americanised "Old England," one strained through a sly homoerotism and articulated as a mosaic of evergreen pop music styles such as skiffle and rockabilly. Prince Charles in Morrissey's pop song is a casualty of his own life as archive; he, and the other "royals," seem to linger on as handy copy for the gutter press, or as an export for a long dead idea based on obsolete notions of space and class. It is arguable, then, that the break-in at Buckingham Palace was a clearer sign of the times, though one less hyped, than the earlier "no respect" interventions of Punk.

The Eighties, with its rioters, looters, intruders, and hooligans, may have revised the idea of Britain as a safe place, and the images on television news made it harder to recuperate "disturbances" as mere temporary aberrations. This decade, I will argue, is one in which the kinds of losses I have been discussing seemed to be more intensely consolidated in the media. I have suggested that the symbolic losses of identity and of place, for example, are unrepresentable, are stranded as vague states of mourning. However, this is an undercurrent in a media culture which I see as being predicated on representations of death. The almost forensic care with which death as a moment or as an event is constructed has arguably become the staple of entertainment, of the megatext itself. The logo illusion of death costs only money to produce, but it excludes loss and the closure offered by mourning, leaving the states of affect made available by these representations as conflicted, twisted between the threads of complex anxieties. The information overload offered by modern media is itself problematic. For example, the "home movie" footage of the Kennedy assassination or the prime time moment when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald on live television may, in 1963, have produced some kind of "collective identification" as Patricia Mellencamp argues (Indiscretions 56), some aura of real tragedy not yet pornographised for what seems like a collective necrophilia. Yet this is what has happened. Warholised, repeated, "the last few seconds" of Kennedy's life are a universal memory loop, but one from which all loss or even shock has been leached. This is a phenomenon Roger Bromley locates in a much earlier era:

> What seems to have happened is that the rhetoric and framework of oral history have been appropriated in ways designed to take the 'history' out of the interwar period and substitute for it a series of images which stand in for history and which condense, conflate and profess to sum up the period. (9)

In the degraded 8mm record of Kennedy's last moments, the sniper's shots seem to be "unrealistic" or "unsatisfying" in their effect; they are aesthetically wanting, lacking as they do the forensic spectacularisation of the fictive "moment" as it is staged for "entertainment" on film or on television.

Mourning, as Goodwin and Bronfen describe it, is always an appeal to a phenomenon split between "the here and the nowhere" (12). It also is a kind of endless replay, a repeating in order to replace, and by replacing, a forgetting of the lost object. This dynamic is explained by Bronfen in her investigation of Edgar Allan Poe's "Ligeia" and Alfred Hitchcock's Vertigo (1958) (Bronfen 108). Since repetition is central to these texts, it may be that the multi-channel exhibition of "news events," of actual wars, tragedies and atrocities is itself a kind of mourning, one that takes the lost object and either empties it, or replaces it with another, whilst leaving an intractable residue behind. In his examination of news coverage, David Docherty comments on how "death becomes integrated into the flow of television images and life goes on" (90). His audience survey--conducted as a series of local discussion groups in April 1989, which were then followed by a national poll in June of the same year--showed not numbing or indifference, however, but a particular concern for "the sanctity of the dead body on television" (92) and generally a capacity for shock. One particular respondent even expressed a distaste for the now widespread practice of showing individual grief on television (93). As I will suggest later, the affective economy of television messages, of any representation, is impossible to gauge, since this potential is something differently internalised by each addressee. With the replacement of some measure of community consensus, however, with "communities" of the self (privatised consciousnesses shaped by the operations of the media and its underpinning power), the megatext mobilises a multiplicity of individual agendas, with varying degrees of conformity and deviancy.

In mid 1987, "Old England" appeared to take another turn for the worse, but not this time on account of a royal intruder. On August 19th, Michael Ryan shot and killed sixteen people in the nondescript rural town of Hungerford, Berkshire. Writing on the event, Duncan Webster makes visible, I think, the sheer surprise of such an "American" tragedy happening "here," but also delineates a media determined to construct an aetiology able to defer the possibility of mourning (17). Through the popular press, Ryan himself was incongruously identified and enmeshed with "video nasty" favourite Sylvester "Rambo" Stallone.[16] It is as if in the shift from Ryan to Rambo, the media engineered a replacement of the lone gunman enigma with an existing celluloid vocabulary: Rambo, the "sign for male violence" (Webster 175), just as Prime Suspect 1 invokes a confused matrix of prior serial killers. This translation was enabled, if not for Ryan, then for the national audience, by the rise of the home video market, a phenomenon that itself deserves more investigation, inserting as it does the filmic codes of the Hollywood "epic" into the rather different spaces of television and the home. Through this mechanism, Ryan was "televisualised," reduced to an easily digestible logo, an image complete with Stallone's trademark headband and Kalshnikov.[17] This same displacement supplied an unfortunately facile narrative logic for Ryan's killings, but one not borne out by even a superficial analysis. Ryan, unlike the fictional Rambo, was not an ill-used Vietnam vet; his movements were not plotted, and most of the victims were killed in a random fashion as Ryan walked down Hungerford High Street on the way to his old school. Webster reports:

> Ryan began his killings by shooting a woman, picnicking with her children in Savernake forest, thirteen times in the back. Ryan drove back to Hungerford, stopping at a garage and shooting at the cashier. His next act was to set fire to his house; returning to his car he found that it wouldn't

> start, so he riddled it with bullets. He killed his dog and later asked a policeman to see that it got a decent burial. (180)

Goodwin and Bronfen treat representations of death--in this case Ryan as the "face of death" and as the killer who finally turned his gun on himself--as "metatropes for the process of representation itself" (4). The mapping of Ryan onto Rambo discloses a fit of textual anarchy. This operation is the default setting of the megatextual machine, an apparatus that promotes containment and closure through "facts," on the one hand, and through generic plot structures, on the other.[18] A more subtle reading, however, discovers the undercurrents of loss excluded from the reportage of this event, and whilst not excusing Ryan, such a reading might connect his actions to the kind of threat made by Tampasm's Charlotte Clark at the opening of section two. To me, both Ryan's actions and Clark's words derive from the same impulse, the same sense of frustration and entitlement mixed with the desire to meet their "true" selves, as constituted in the media spotlight. Whilst I shrink from the "society is to blame" model, Ryan's actions, including, significantly, the shooting of his mother, continue the motif of repetition discussed earlier. It is as if the gunman's random victims were an attempt at control, but more specifically, an attempt to control and determine his own "lost things" in a self-made narrative actuated by the necessity of his own "loss" at the end.[19]

I understand Ryan's behaviour as not only deviant, but also diagnostic of a culture either unable to mourn, or in states of mourning for unobtainable "lost objects," that is, mirages in the media. The repetitive mapping of "Ryan" onto "Rambo" and my opening disjunction in this chapter between "Hitler" and "Elvis" illustrate the interchangeability of information based on the economy of the logo. Outside the megatext, however, there is a residue. Beyond the reportage of the tabloids, Ryan's actions suggest a fairly common kind of depressive withdrawal into a fantasy world more rewarding than humdrum life in drowsing Hungerford. The massacre also demonstrated the extreme of suicidal ideation and its accompanying solipsism. Ryan's was the pathological privatised life represented by Dennis Potter in Where the Buffalo Roam, in which the doomed "Willy" is translated onto Alan Ladd's lone gunman hero "Shane." My tendency, then, is to read the "Hungerford

Massacre" against the grain of the policing forces bent on constructing the event as deviant and "senseless." This particular mass murder, I think, makes very clear the disjunction between culture (the dominant versions of space and memory) and the human affective economy. As part of consciousness, the latter is only made real through culture, but the powers which underpin the everyday cannot wholly contain it; the result is a surplus of "deviant" traumatic, repressed and transgressive meanings and memories. The "Hungerford Massacre" also drives home that "life on the edge," or "life in the cracks," Ryan's life, or Michael Fagan's life, is just simply life: that the deviant is still the dominant and that a culture that places life in such close proximity to death is life in the danger zone.

4. Pills and Soap

> [T]he effort to face loss that refuses to or cannot acknowledge specific losses is depression. (Smith and Morris 133)

> In the classical formulation of suicide as the product of unconscious hostility toward an introjected lost love object, guilt about hatred of the object is the source of the need for self-punishment. In destroying oneself and the object, one accomplishes atonement as well as revenge.
> (Hendin 1153)

"Emotional hypochondriasis" (Paris 208) is a condition identified in the equivocal "borderline" zone of psychiatric treatment. As I understand the term, it refers to narcissistic "acting out," often through parasuicidal episodes; it includes varieties of attention-seeking or compensatory behaviour easily translatable onto a Michael Ryan or a Michael Fagan. However, try as this concept may, psychiatry cannot contain the leaching or shading of this term as a descriptor for "non-deviant" society. That depression is a disease of late modernity is a common belief, yet it is a word often foreshortened by a reluctance to insert it in the culture at large. Depression, or as I see it, incomplete mourning, has undergone a reinscription within the last ten years. If it is still a "disease," it seems to be one that has been uneasily recoded across the imperatives of consumerism, fashion and "empowerment." For me, it is difficult not to see culture as simultaneously producer, recuperator and vendor of its own pathologies, and whilst I reject the "false memory" position of Joel Paris, it would be foolhardy to neglect the influence of the megatext and its power in determining the contours of individual trauma narratives.[20]

The enculturated losses that I suggest underpin these phenomena are arguably susceptible to the "escapist" combinations of sound and image presented by modern media. Sue Harper and Vincent Porter's study of post-war cinema in Britain,[21] though it points to the "powerful filters" (173) through which audiences read films, also shows how these fictions are actively "appropriated" (23) in Henry Jenkins' sense, or subjected to Jonathan Dollimore's "transgressive reinscription" (33), in order to partially liberate normally repressed states of mourning. This is a response typical of those encountered by Harper and Porter:

> I remember vividly my husband and myself seeing the film of *Cavalcade*. We both wept unashamedly and looked awful when we came out. I think it was a mirror of one's own life. Not that the story was the same but it covered all the period of our two lives, we shared all the same reactions. (169)

As I have said, the opportunities for this kind of release, however, are strictly demarcated by the mechanisms of media production. The result is to encourage the repetitive aspect of mourning discussed earlier: the megatext is so addictive because it is so unsatisfying. As commentators such as Patricia Mellencamp and others have pointed out, the sitcom genre of television already banks on a narrative economy based on repetition, forgetting and a habitualized denial of emotion through humour and other devices (Mellencamp, "Situation" 94). What media/consumer culture offers is the possibility of identities held in states of incomplete mourning by stories which do not end or walls of images which do not compute. In regard, then, to consumer culture, the media industry manufactures powerful persuasions which produce the senses of loss necessary for consumption, whilst repressing its own operations.[22]

I think this is a "homesickness" in every sense of the word: a feeling of absence and disgust for places that bring only dissatisfactions. In this way, we are all intruders, consumers of intimacy or just proximity, whether it is Tampasm's lurch for the spotlight, Michael Fagan's *tête-à-tête* with the Queen, or the private lives dissected in the daily surgeries of talk-show moguls "Oprah" or "Geraldo." These all seem symptoms of a culture running out of steam. In yet another visitation of camp, we are all offered a part in a "star system," one that creates the desire for celebrity by continually reminding us that we are not popular or attractive enough. Ours is literally a post-mortem era of missing, lost, dead or disassociated thoughts, those that could perhaps speak the experiences I have been discussing, if only there were the memory left to record them.

I read Elizabeth Wurtzel's novel, Prozac Nation: Young and Depressed in America (Quartet, 1994), as a revisiting thirty years later of Sylvia Plath's The Bell Jar.[23] In some ways, Wurtzel's novel suggests the commodification of some of the phenomena I discuss in section four of my second chapter. Wurtzel's narrator is her "condition." It is a voice mystified by self-diagnostic terms such as "atypical" and "meta-" depression; the narrator's life, however, (as with Esther Greenwood's in Plath's novel) is finally saved, not by electro-convulsive therapy, but by the "designer-drug" "Prozac." Already in its fourth edition, Prozac Nation is possibly one of the influential texts behind the new face of a parasuicidal culture. Prozac itself, the kiwi fruit and cream capsule, has been fetishized as "object" and promoted as no other drug before it, yet its exact physiological effect or efficacy remain unknown. Prozac is a slick logo, the possibility of a personality for the late twentieth century delivered through arch computer graphics and an aggressive marketing strategy. With the exception of Bayer Aspirin, Prozac is the only medication to have earned itself a proper noun and this word--a curious portmanteau of prefix and techno--has been extensively inflected both through advertising and through the extra-textual discourses that have clustered around the product. The drug brings consumers "home" to who they "really are," it is said, and generally it is marketed and perceived in terms of its restorative, not its side effects. Through Wurtzel's text, and assisted by the self-help library that has accumulated around Prozac (or fluoxetine hydrochloride, to give it another name), the drug has become an essential part of modern living. Prozac consumers wear the fact on their sleeves as both fashion accessory, it seems, and as an *ipso facto* confirmation of their human sensitivity. As a condition, depression is now a thing to disclose, not a shameful form of malingering. Rather than addressing issues of mourning, however, Prozac is prescribed as if it were non-intrusive plastic surgery for the personality. Converts to the drug talk of themselves in terms of "before" and "after" identities, with even a sense of nostalgia for the old, pre-Prozac self. It is essentially a "mood cosmetic" for many patients, one that may possibly deactivate the ability to mourn at source. Prozac, I suggest, is the media made over for oral consumption, a commodity taken directly into the body whose effects, if not chemical, are powerfully determined by the discourse of expectations into which it is inserted. It is the placebo drug for a placebo culture.

There is now a considerable body of writing on this medication and the phenomena--if not the aura--around it. Writing for The Face in early 1995, Graham Caveney is obviously confident that it is something happening "over there," in America, and that its presence is "still relatively minor" in Britain (111). Prozac was extensively analysed by the stylezines in the mid 1990s and while critical of the drug and its culture (especially as presented through books such as Peter Kramer's Listening To Prozac [1994] and Peter Breggin's Talking Back To Prozac [1994]), their tendency is to construct them as something quite distinct from street drugs and their subcultures. Although the analysis provided by the stylezines is interesting, it is also partial. Caveney's article, for example, defines Prozac against Ecstasy (by omission) and through its use "over there" (in America), just as pop group "Oasis" are positioned in terms of their "northernness" and the fact that they are not "Blur" (their immediate competitors in "Brit pop/rock"). As a personal note, I think it is also interesting that despite their progressive stance, the stylezines nevertheless mirror a certain conservative squeamishness I find present in British culture as a whole when it comes to contemplating abnormal conditions of the mind.

Prozac, in a similar way to its "street" equivalent MDMA, offers the possibility of withdrawal into the private, televisual spaces described in my previous chapter. The drug is essentially self-help into a sensorium where the economies of mourning and loss have been carefully erased in what seems another amputation of consciousness. Prozac and its followers offer "easy living," but with the side effect, it appears, of another contraction of consciousness, and so another thing to grieve. In a strange pharmaceutical coincidence, the next significant designer drug is set to be Wyeth-Ayerst Laboratories' "slimming pill" Redux™, a refinement of the already popular fen/phen combination.[24] What is eerie is that Redux and Prozac are both serotonergic. They are "mood" drugs in some of the same ways as the "outlaw" Ecstasy. Redux itself, the object, is a sleek solution dressed in minimalist Calvin Klein colours. It is both a designer and a designed capsule, one whose graphics proclaim its power to effect transformation. Redux even has its own Elisabeth Wurtzel in the appropriately sylph-like shape of Sheldon Levine and his book The Redux Revolution (Morrow, 1996). The drug is at once an invitation to step into the anorexic billboard world of models rendered in monochrome, a formation of an other, always unobtainable, perfectly honed body, and a prod to recall a slimmer, fitter, but lost, bygone self. Redux is an eating disorder commodified, an idea and a product that intersect directly with the inadequacies that I have argued sustain a consumer culture. Levine's pro-Redux rhetoric points to the sense of "self control" the drug brings, but does not attempt a more subcutaneous examination. The triad of Prozac, Redux and MDMA suggests that the very late twentieth century will bring disassociations from loss carried out past the boundaries of the body and into the chemical receptors of the brain. The colonisation and manipulation of the neurotransmitter serotonin is an industry; it retails not self-control, however, but the direct introduction--by way of the drug and its self-help library--of a commodity into the seat of consciousness itself.

The particular uses of television I have described and the drugs I associate with these uses are signs of egression (the type of escape associated with parasuicide, or "committed" suicide).[25] I associate egression with the surrender, insertion, and loss of individual identity in the "identities" held out by the consumer megatext--a process which itself is a suicide analogue--made possible by (among other mechanisms) the pharmaceutical interventions I discuss in the previous chapter. A similar departure of sense is implicit in cultural hyperamnaesia: when what has been lost cannot be recalled amid a confusion of competing quasi-nostalgias. These versions of leaving are all symptomatic of what I am calling "incomplete mourning." As I have previously suggested, cultural criticism may suffer from the undercutting which is a corollary of its own departing terms. Loss, mourning, spectatorial indifference, disassociation, and a generalised failure to meet symbolic needs, are terms in the forensics of my own argument, yet they slip past the implied death which is always unrepresentable. The remainder of this chapter, then, will be an effort to approach the incomplete mourning of a culture, which I argue is indifferent to its affective economy of pills and television soap, but this time from a different vector based on a specific type of representation. What follows is another departure; it is also a repetition. These are live terms in my debate, but what follows is also--to use an "alien" term--an arrival at a familiar place of my own discourse.

5. The Beat

> "Allright. I did it. I said I did it. Karen ... Della ... Angela ... Sharon...Helen and Jeannie."
>
> "I wanted to know what it felt like ... I felt like I'd fallen into hell."[26]
> (Guy Hibbert, Prime Suspect:The Scent of Darkness)

I will argue that, however contingent, the confession, although frustrated or entirely absent, is the destination of "detective" narratives. Watching the detectives on television is to engage with a generically determined space of truth, one which defines and reinserts the deviant, the criminal, into the system which she or he has transgressed. The confession can be seen as the moment of clarity which binds the deviant's past, history and memory into the order necessary, as Israel Rosenfield argues, for the creation of a self (87). It is both minor-key epiphany and identity processed into representation. The detective story is organised around an economy based on loss, and the detection gestalt is arrived at through recovering the lost pieces invoked at the inception of the narrative. Paradoxically, the confession only restores order at the cost of reframing and misplacing the process of narrativization, and in particular the "identity" of its deviant forces (Marlow, for example, is transformed from a victim of the processes of law and order, embodied by Tennison, into the "psychopath" who is the uneasy resolution of the text and its past). These operations, organised as they are around circularity (the beginning and ending with loss), repetition and incompleteness, are all indices of the genre, of the investment in loss by the detective narrative.

It is a short step in fact from Richard Terdiman's argument in Present Past: Modernity and the Memory Crisis (1993), or from Roger Bromley's aptly titled Lost Narratives: Popular Fictions, Politics and Recent History (1988), to an understanding that the ubiquitous detective narrative with its losses and compromised recoveries, is a key metaphor, or perhaps an analogue, of cultural memory, its operations and the identities these make available. This is a tidy formulation, but one frustrated by George Arthur Marlow's "confession": it is a blind, one that compromises DCI Jane Tennison's "triumph" (Thornham 232) and indeed her own authority in the televisual world of Prime Suspect. Indeed "Marlow," played by a different actor when he returns in Scent of Darkness, is shown as partly displacing his pathology, his misogyny, onto "Ron," a handy prison warder and receptacle for a repetition of the style of torture and murder in the first of the series. The point made about male violence, then, is both inter- and extratextual. Marlow's killings, in a similar way to the marauding of Michael Ryan or the studied murders of John Reginald Christie, are, as I have argued, also another type of extratextual phenomenon, a cultural enigma or a perpetually lost object too close to death on the one hand, and to entertainment on the other, to be representable. How television police series have created life on the beat and how they intersect with my earlier remarks on culture and loss are what concern me here. More important, however, is the slippage which has turned the fictional "beat" into a cultural heartbeat, into part of the complex extratextual matrix which mourns equally for events both real and imaginary.

"Detective" narratives, as I am choosing to call them, are losses contemplated through a vast intertextual/generic network. Writers such as P.D. James, Sue Grafton, Sara Paretsky and Lynda La Plante turn and fine-tune a pedigree based on the "hard-boiled" loners of Dashiell Hammett, Ross MacDonald and Raymond Chandler.[27] The isolation of these characters has also been modelled, refined, and inflected through the "look" fashioned by directors Michael Curtiz, Howard Hawks, Stuart Heisler and John Huston and later, perhaps, through the techno-porno-kitsch of the classic "Bond" directors Terence Young and Lewis Gilbert. These loners typically restore order through a resolution of the narrative enigma, but are themselves "lost": they are rule-breakers who inhabit the interstices between law and disorder. Detective narratives, particularly television crime, as Linda and Robert Lichter reported in the early eighties, are poor analogues for the banality of actual lawbreaking (14). They pass over the humdrum of domestic violence and flashers in parks for a hyperbole of the abnormal. Contemporary television narration, however, with its hand-held camera work and documentary "feel," re-enacts an earlier style of "dirty realism" in an attempt to recuperate the disjunction between screen crime and the "real thing," but without sacrificing the liminal status of its central characters. Rather, the displacement in characterisation, the gumshoe's "lostness," has been revisited as style, as Neil Postman's "Peek-a-Boo World,"[28] where private and public become interchangeable and meaningless terms in self-conscious narratives redolent of advertising. Life in this "middle region" (Meyrowitz 47) facilitates the bogus revelation; it is a sidestage/backstage view where "characters" just like "you and me" are always "on," "onstage," and "on the case." For the spectator, watching television is, as Meyrowitz describes it, "like watching people through a one-way mirror in a situation where the people know they are being watched by millions of people in isolated cubicles ...." (39). Through what I see as the ritualised violation and destruction of intimacy, the detective narrative is a prying zoom lens, but one which paradoxically, in its representation of a "misplaced and unjust security" (Silverstone, Message 188), lays to waste all notions of order outside its own contestable boundaries. Typically, the thriller represents crime as a threat to the habitual, as a series of actions that alienate the everyday; this estrangement is recovered at the close of the narrative (which usually brings the solution to the crime) and, in a sense, the "normal" is recreated as the natural order. This trajectory has tended to reinforce the normality and safety offered by dominant conceptions of space and memory, a process whose urgency in the present is suggested by the popularity of the genre, both in television and film.

The detective or "thriller" genre arguably embodies the thematics of authority in the articulation of its own male spectatorial economy (Kaplan, "Motherhood" 134). This economy, however, and the authority it proposes, are entirely constructed on the "blind" side of the one-way mirror described above, and in the eidetic universe of entertainment discourses competing for attention. Television police series in the vein of Hill Street Blues (MTM Productions, 1980-87),[29] by taking the viewer "behind the scenes" of authority--literally behind Captain Frank Furillo's back--into the private region of the patrol car (Ziegler 80-1), appeared to, at least, contest this dynamic. This was perhaps just a ploy, however, to embed the missing story of the detective narrative into a soap opera world of losses choreographed for the next show or the next commercial break. For example, as I read them, Crockett (Don Johnson) and Tubbs (Philip Michael Thomas) of Miami Vice (Universal Television, 1984-89), were the focus for a non-detective narrative, a non-narrative organised around their own channel surfing through episodic trajectories that could not satisfactorily locate them as "cops," or as extratextual stars.[30] Vice tended to be revision of the male spectatorial economy, or, rather, another step in its disguise. Its weekly prescription of denial--its violence was an aspect of this--and conspicuous consumption, seemed a perfect embodiment of some important values in the mid to late eighties. Vice was typical of the "pastiche," the lack of any "clear positioning" E. Ann Kaplan was later to discuss in terms of the music video ("Imaginary" 137). This billboard style of televisual narrative and its accompanying constructions of authority had emerged in the logo economies of seventies' detective dramas: the "powerful" women draped across the pixels of Charlie's Angels (Twentieth Century Fox, 1976-81), The Bionic Woman (a spin-off from Universal TV's Six Million Dollar Man), and Wonder Woman (Warner Bros., 1976-79).[31] I connect this television to Postman's "vaudeville" (105): a gaudy game of dressup and technophilia fit for a culture on the wane.

The vestiges of the detective narrative articulated in "the significant artistic endeavour" of Hill Street Blues (Estep and Macdonald 293), the quest for its own narrative (and character-driven) enigmas, and its inevitable revisitation of its own losses were repeated in the celebrated "limited edition" Cagney and Lacey (Mace Neufeld/Barney Rosenzweig for Orion, 1982-88), the first female "buddy" series. Cagney (Meg Foster/Sharon Gless) and Lacey (Tyne Daly) offered, as Danae Clark observes, "de-eroticized images of women" (129) where the "codes of detection" were employed "to uncover the 'truth' of women's social relations" (128). The parody Lorraine Gamman discovers in this series, its "mockery of machismo" (15), and its attempts to construct a dominant female gaze were interventions, however, that I think failed to connect with or to disturb the world invoked by Vice and its followers. In the late 1990s, the context that enabled even the remotest possibility of such ruptures appears (despite persuasions that would have us believe otherwise), to have been lost altogether--female power continues to be represented as "glamour" (Gamman 10). This is power as a type of impersonation and a surrender of self similar to the egressions discussed in section four. It is both ironic and an index of the aleatory interplay between culture and its products that, for a while, this same glamour made Miami Vice a profitable runway for those models and seminal high-fliers of the mid-eighties "Sonny" Crockett and Detective Ricardo Tubbs.

> *I want out. No one will ever love me. I will live and die alone, I will go nowhere fast, I will be nothing at all. Nothing will work out. The promise that on the other side of depression lies a beautiful life, one worth surviving suicide for, will have turned out wrong. It will all be a big dupe.*
> (Elizabeth Wurtzel, Prozac Nation. Prologue, 3)

Detective narratives made-in-America were broadcast by the BBC (with the exception of Hill Street Blues and LA Law, which went out over the British ITV network) shortly after their transmission in North America.[32] That such "foreign" representations could be accepted so indifferently into the British everyday speaks partly for the aggressive media colonisation, for the accelerating embrace of everything made-in-the-USA by the Thatcher government (Marwick 141-42). It also suggests to me a capitulation to the media pleasure machine, a leaching of identity connected to an actual past, into the powerful enticements of nostalgia, of the "false memory," discussed in

Chapter One. This is all the more complex when narratives whose *modus operandi* is the recovery of loss are almost instantly "lost" themselves in both their collective memory as discrete television series, and later in their own displacement into lost objects of media nostalgia. Thus, the crisis of loss in real lives has become misrecognised, displaced, onto what I interpret as the vicarious and commodified losses of the "transitional objects" retailed by media culture. These losses, however, observe the economy of the broadcast time-slot, not the protracted human necessity of mourning.

After holding onto a native format and genre for a considerable time, British television partially succumbed to the American style. For me, The Sweeney (Euston Films/Thames Television, 1975-82), featuring "buddies" DI Jack Regan (John Thaw) and DS George Carter (Dennis Waterman), was a translation into imperial measurements of both The Streets of San Francisco (Quinn Martin/Warner Bros., 1972-80) and the high-calibre ballistics practiced in Starsky and Hutch (Spelling/Goldberg, 1975-79). Iain Chambers, however, sees The Sweeney as less of a translation, than as an inevitable development from the BBC's pre-Suez Dixon of Dock Green (1955-76), itself a spin-off from the 1950 J. Arthur Rank movie The Blue Lamp (114). This film (which topped the box-office in 1950, and which co-starred Dirk Bogarde as a cowardly spiv), was an attempt to bring dignity back to the much-ridiculed police force. The honesty of The Blue Lamp was to hold out for over twenty years, before it was again swamped, not by incompetent country "bobbies," but by caricatures who appeared to be more handy with a gun than with a homespun aphorism or platitude.

The widely celebrated Dixon of Dock Green was created by Lord Ted Willis, a prolific "kitchen sink" writer for stage and screen of the time. His PC George Dixon (played by Jack Warner) was already a revenant, brought back from his death in The Blue Lamp to pound the beat once again.[33] As Penny Stempel and John E. Lewis correctly observe, Dixon represented "an archetype of the English bobby" (61). His avuncular and much parodied "Evening All," which opened each episode, actuated a frame narrative with Dixon describing, in the form of an exemplar or moral tale, the story to follow. This character arguably achieved the status of Roger Silverstone's "transitional object" discussed above, a secure and regular media presence for a culture losing its own identity amidst the confusions of relative affluence and trouble in far-off places.

If The Sweeney opened the way for violence in police series (Clarke 236), George Dixon reduced both larger cultural crises (for instance, the onset of what Dennis Kavanagh terms "stagflation" [125]) into the containment and security of a single, parochial narrative. From the mid-fifties to the mid-seventies, Dixon was "Britain" for many dedicated viewers; his appearance represented a weekly horoscope which could be read to buck up a nation losing its old certainties. Jack Warner/George Dixon (the actor's coffin was borne by police officers when he died in 1981) seemed to embody the human decencies of compassion, common sense and forbearance. The series was cancelled in 1976. In the face of Britain's rescue by the International Monetary Fund in this same year, George Dixon had become a weekly archaism, almost meaningless compared to the disposable concerns and violent solutions of The Sweeney. The loss of Dixon represented the egression of a father figure and the media death of a familiar face able to "translate" and give a human inflection to what in the seventies became increasingly insidious forms of law and order.[34]

Z Cars (BBC, 1962-78) was created by Troy Kennedy Martin. With John McGrath's collaboration it became, in a similar way to the "Wednesday Play," a finely calibrated series deeply implicated in constructing the short-lived codes of a type of non-naturalism often on live television.[35] Set in the "no place" of Newtown, a slimly fictionalised Liverpool, Z Cars opened up the "middle region," the backstage world of the patrol or squad car. As I interpret it, Z Cars was detective fiction as humdrum, as a weekly ritual and performance of the mundane staged around Ford Escorts, not the Ford Torino of Dave Starsky. Z Cars created not a myth but a memory (Tulloch 64), a sense that the viewer could participate in reclaiming the losses generating the narrative enigma. The series offered neither glamour nor spectacle, but a welcome to a working week only slightly different from the working patterns of its audience, at a time when 90% of the population had rented or bought the "goggle-box" (Sinfield 266). Z Cars weathered Harold Wilson's Labour Government and the Conservatives under Edward Heath. Its cancellation in 1978 was inevitable for a culture sliding out of control into identity crisis, higher unemployment and the 1979 "Winter of Discontent."

However, by offering the everyday as entertainment, Z Cars--and its sister series in "practical" crime, Alan Plater's Softly, Softly (BBC, 1966-?)--habituated and conditioned tired, after-work viewers to "pseudo-documentary drama" (Williams, On Television 89). The connection is at best an arguable one, but it is only a simple question of media cross-multiplication for a culture moving through the changes I have suggested, to substitute the terms of this formulation, to replace "entertainment" with the "everyday," so that the humdrum itself becomes hyperbolised, illusive, and finally, unreal: a lived representation of a culture predicated on and mediated through the logo logic of new entertainment technologies. Detective narratives, I think, leave a residue that discloses the megatext. Through such popular cultural productions as the police series, the megatext confesses, I believe, its own inability to mourn and displaces this failure onto its consumers. The mass-killer, Michael Ryan, and the shooting star, Charlotte Clark, discussed earlier, are and were in their own way detectives, in effect, self-made media presences looking for their own missing or compensatory narratives, only to become short-lived enigmas themselves: mere deviant blips of noise hurried away down the nearest memory hole.

> *This private world of loony bins and weird people that I had always felt I occupied and hid in had suddenly been turned inside out so that it seemed like this was one big Prozac Nation, one big mess of malaise.*
> (Epilogue, Prozac Nation 297)

> According to Gramsci, since ideological power in bourgeois society is as much a matter of persuasion as of force, [hegemony] is never secured once and for all, but has continually to be reestablished in a constant to and fro between contesting groups. (Gledhill 68)

Cagney and Lacey, along with its British semi-equivalents, was in part an attempt to recognize the audience as gendered and to represent the lives of working women. Such detective narratives sought to negotiate a counter reading able to expose an enigma whose equivalent was a culture's unconscious repression of the feminine (Kuhn 108). Television, however, as Patricia Mellencamp argues in a discussion of The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show (1951-57) and I Love Lucy (Desilu Productions, 1951-61) is a piece of "powerful machinery for the familial containment of women" ("Situation" 81). The "feminine," whether in the airy representations of Charlie's Angels, or the more dangerous homoeroticism lingering over some of the male "buddy" detective series, is, as Lawrence Grossberg suggests, "nomadic," an excluded and repressed term in search of a home ("In-Difference" 38-39). Its realisation in culture is Wurtzel's "big dupe," a loss fashioned first through the operations of melodrama, film noir, and finally, soap opera. This operation, Jackie Byars writes, positions women in states of incompleteness, so that they are forced to negotiate a role as consumers of their "own" media images (121). This negotiation can, of course, always include the "transgressive reinscription" imagined by Jonathan Dollimore (33), but the possibility of "rogue" texts must work against the generic pull of the thriller and detective genre toward the "male look" able to deny women's connection to their ostensible stories (Kaplan, "Motherhood" 134). A figure such as Alexis Carrington Colby, played by Joan Collins in the eighties' series Dynasty (ABC/Fox), is a "strong" woman in a more substantial sense than "Wonder Woman," but in the end she may offer little more than a repetition and variation on a film noir comic strip. Contemporary British "female" detective narratives, and their permutations, continue to address gendered audiences (as if there are any other) as truncated possibilities with lowered horizons, and it is on this frugal logic that I think representations of women on the small screen continue to operate.

Britain's "first policewoman star" (Lewis and Stempel 55) was Maggie Forbes (Jill Gascoine) in the ITV series The Gentle Touch (1980-84), a character reprised in C.A.T.S Eyes (TVS, 1985-71), a series based around a covert investigative elite working not for Charlie, but for the Home Office.[36] Maggie Forbes' BBC competition came in the series Juliet Bravo (1980-85), a Z Cars analogue, but with a woman as the central figure (Inspector Jean Darblay was even played by Z Cars actress Stephanie Turner). This semi-police procedural series was created and sometimes written by Ian Kennedy Martin, the writer behind Regan and Carter of The Sweeney (Stephanie Turner played Carter's wife in this series). Inspector, and later Detective Inspector Darblay (a promotion which enabled her disappearance and replacement by Anna Carteret who played Inspector Kate Longton)[37] inherited much of the Z-Cars mise-en-scene. Juliet Bravo, however, was a compromised genre. Its treatment of sexism tended to be lost in the domestic invoked by the presence of Tom Darblay (David Hargreaves), Jean Darblay's husband. Tom Darblay was the missing "policeman" of the series, fixing meanings rather than setting them into the play imagined by Annette Kuhn (18), forcing closure and ultimately wiping out the "noise" of the text, rendering it outside of memory and thus forgettable in time for the following week's episode. Juliet Bravo had all the markings of that acclimatisation to trauma which I argue is diagnostic of a dominant culture's resistance to coherent women's histories and so identities (Silverman 116). The loss implied here was inscribed onto the actual loss of Maggie Forbes' policeman husband in The Gentle Touch. The absent character was present, however, both in his widow's mourning, and in her domestic world, made difficult by a teenage son. Forbes' son, and Tom Darblay in Juliet Bravo, tended to invoke a kind of domestic containment which is still very much active in the later Prime Suspect. In The Gentle Touch, this effect was consolidated by the soap opera/novelistic possibilities of Forbes' singleness and attractiveness to men. Both Juliet Bravo and The Gentle Touch are reminders of what happens when a consciousness of gender and a sense of social conscience attempt to interfere with the overweening discourse of entertainment. Even when I first viewed the series in the eighties, Jean Darblay and Maggie Forbes appeared to be saps, paper tigers, logos to be digested at a glance and shaken off like the afterimage of a flashbulb.

6. The High Window

> "Allright. I did it. I said I did it. Karen ... Della ... Angela ... Sharon ... Helen ... and Jeannie."

> In its representation of a sexualised female anatomy, object/victim of male abuse, the evidential photograph uneasily recalls pornography. (Thornham 231)

> I interpret mourning as a phenomenon of far greater extension and duration than an individual's traumatic grief; as a force that constitutes communities and makes it possible to conceptualize history. (Schor 4)

Raymond Chandler's "hard-boiled" novel The High Window (1942) is a detective narrative whose enigma revolves around the changing meanings of a single photograph. The dog-eared monochrome print is only an illusion of stopped time, and Chandler's narrative repositions it as just a single frame in the "lost" home movie syntagm unreeled and realised by his sleuth Philip Marlowe. Photographs are my reason and starting point for an examination, in terms of the sketchy context above, of Granada Television's "quality" detective drama series Prime Suspect, created by Lynda La Plante.[38] As a series whose dynamic is arguably guided by the sexism and frustrations of police procedure, Prime Suspect gives death a particular construction through the science of forensics. Death, as images, as narrative enigma, repeatedly appears in the exposure and reviolations which are transformed into the "expertise" of the pathologist (most notably "Oscar Bream" in Prime Suspect 1 and The Lost Child). Of most importance, however, is the photograph. Most of the excess of Prime Suspect--its uncontainable meanings--centres around its use of the photographic image. In a culture which I read as being largely constituted through the image, this is important. I will argue that the collapse of narrative into the photograph--in Prime Suspect and elsewhere--is another index of a parasuicidal culture. Since the process of mourning described above by Esther Schor cannot be completed, trauma is, in effect, stuck, locked away, in the enigma of the photograph. In attempting to reconstruct the last moments of victims, Prime Suspect recalls the larger cultural process whereby culture is "forgotten" through its reliance on photographic "memories." In a sense, the only murder that comes to light on Oscar Bream's slab is the last moments of a culture.

In all six of the Prime Suspect "series" (as I will argue later, the categorisation is a provisional one), the critical "middle region" is the liminal space of the so-called police "incident room." It is here that the process of detection is shown taking place: where telephones ring unanswered; where personnel are hired and fired amidst vending-machine coffee cups; and where DCI Jane Tennison (BAFTA award-winning Helen Mirren) is the "professional woman," perpetually "on" and on her guard against some of the cruder gender conflicts put into play by what Sue Thornham terms the "relatively "safe" discourse of liberal feminism" (228). It is a place of waiting: for the case to crack or a witness to break. Particularly in Prime Suspect 1 (1991), the first and "default setting" of the Prime Suspect sequence, the incident room is also a place plastered with evidential photographs positioned for viewing by the broadcast audience.[39] The graphic representations of naked, mutilated women are an uneasy spectacle, one that the text struggles to advertise as the enigma resolved by the "confession" of George Arthur Marlow (played by John Bowe), his litany of names. When Marlow does crack, however, the roll-call of his victims--Karen, Della, Angela, Sharon, Helen and Jeannie--struggles to refer to either the gruesome photographs on the incident room wall, or the represented grief of the victims' friends and relatives. Similarly, in Prime Suspect: Inner Circles (1995), the name of the victim, "Dennis Carradine," fails to make contact with the evidential "memories" of the victim's last moments assembled by Tennison and her team. The camera's attraction to these photographs in Prime Suspect 1 is in part a function of the "dirty realism" toward which the narrative strives. It is also perhaps a repetition driven by a failure to find anything in the images, a proof that media culture deals only in "absent bodies" (Lombardo 60), and that these photographs have as little resonance as the random victims lined up in the gunsight lens of a Michael Ryan. Discussing this phenomenon in a wider context, Elisabeth Bronfen observes the following:

> the unrepresentability of death is such that it necessitates an unrolling of repetitions, both theoretical and narrative, a foreclosure of coherent and integrated conclusions .... (114)

The middle region of the incident room tends to obfuscate these contradictions. This location brings in a number of other conflicts which tend to background the disturbing truths posed by collaged photographs of Marlow's female victims. For example, Tennison's skirmishes with the abrasive Sergeant Otley, played by Tom Bell, are partly based on his defence of police machismo (a behaviour which is not, however, mocked in Prime Suspect). His hostility towards Tennison is bolstered by his aggressive need to defend the memory of the deceased DCI Shefford, Otley's former "boss" and head of the Marlow investigation. What these clashes really represent, though, is the friction between the north and south of England. Otley's Yorkshire grit and wiliness stand in bold contrast to Tennison's relative "sophistication" and obvious London accent. These lines of force are easily grasped. It is as if they were a backup and a diversion from the irresolvable enigma of the Jeannie Sharp "evidence" which speaks only of "lostness." Where the infighting between Tennison and Otley plays itself out in the safe arena of liberal feminism, the remnants of Jeannie Sharp's life are only proof that, as Sandra Tomc implies, that there is no way to remember, or memorialise narratives of women's victimisation (48). It is this loss, the dynamic of amnaesia, that Prime Suspect 1 invokes and imperfectly mourns for.

What Rick Altman means by an "ideology of the spectacular" is just this "italicising" (46), the obsessive return of the camera in detective narratives to something always incomplete, even as a representation of something already dead and broken. In Prime Suspect 1, for example, the camera keeps returning to the static picture show of photographs, despite the diversions described above. Similarly, Janet Thumin observes with respect to the central character in Alfred Hitchcock's Marnie (1964), that the feminine, the female body is repetitively proposed as a mosaic of parts, in effect mutilated by the camera and cut in the editing room (92).[40] Tipi Hedren's Marnie, her trauma and amnesia, are also operations of the filmic text, conditions that can also be diagnosed in the chronologically proximate but generically distant Last Year at Marienbad (1961) of Alain Resnais. This is, given the crudity of the pathology offered by Hitchcock, both a conscious and, as I claim, an unconscious process, underwritten, for want of a better word, by the megatext. What stands out, however, in the mass-produced narrative is exactly this fretful return to and presence of the photograph. Altman's "italicisation" through fragmentation is a register of what Dick Hebdige sees as modern culture's pull toward not coherent narratives, but "referential density" (Hiding 237); it also suggests a culture of "detectives," trained by the camera to search for truth, for lost things, in the violence of its lens.

This amnesiac return to the metaphor of loss, the photograph, is typically given an aura of significance, but offers only the depth, the to-be-taken-in-at-a-glance economy of the logo. The photograph, however, poses its own dangers. In Prime Suspect 3 (1992), an investigation that follows a paedophile ring to its own back door, the young male victim, "Connie," dies as the result of photographs that are stolen. The softcore images are retrieved from journalist-on-the-make, and circumstantial murderer, Jessica Smythey (an uncomfortable reflection of Tennison herself). The recovery of these images anticipates a raid on the studio of the male "glamour" photographer responsible for this dubious erotica. Before the material can be seized, he burns the prints with acid, an action that reminds the viewer of Connie's charred body as it appears as photographs on the incident room whiteboard. As the narrative reaches its uneasy resolution, the pictures of Connie are repositioned as the motive for his death.

With reference to this narrative of detection, I think it is also important to consider the status of the home video tape which appears in one form or another in all of the Prime Suspect series. Connie is presented through this medium as a young, attractive male body, one of many in a narrative which presents but cannot be said to deal with this problem. Rather, this text awkwardly proposes a middle region located awkwardly between crime and deviance and the reinvention or refusal of gender literally posed by "Vera," who is transvestite "star" (as a lip-synching Marlene Dietrich at the "Bowery Roof Club"), a snivelling witness in the police interview room, and, in the end, the chief accessory to

Connie's death. This type of middle region--neither one thing nor the other, neither on stage nor backstage--is what characterises the ubiquitous video recording. In the Prime Suspect series, videotapes seldom convey anything other than the differently articulated but identical loss invoked by the single photograph. Outside his role as something to be consumed, the "memory" of the dead Connie on tape, complete with false starts and youthful mugging, amounts to little more than his bleached "glamour" shots tacked onto the ever-present whiteboard.

To return to The High Window, the photograph in contemporary detective narratives, or the point of view it also invokes, stands often as a concentration of what seems like the *film noir* vision derived from German Expressionism. It is the distillation of a darkness, an absence unable to register on celluloid. Alan Silver and Elizabeth Ward write in Film Noir: An Encyclopaedic Reference to the American Style:

> The darkness that fills the mirror or the past, which lurks in a dark corner or obscures a dark passage out of the oppressively dark city, is not merely the key adjective for so many film noir titles but the obvious metaphor for the condition of the protagonist's mind. (Introduction 4)

In Prime Suspect: The Lost Child, the pathology of Chris Hughes, his "darkness," is comprehended partly through the obvious fragmentation of his scrapbook, his newspaper cuttings of lost and missing children (a subtle reversioning of the evidential photographs in the incident room at Southampton Row). His obsession is the repetitiveness or the return of the original victim to reprocess and absorb what will always be an encrypted and disassociated memory. Hughes as the "lost child" of the title, however, is a reading which I think is prohibited by powerful forces in the text. Another pathology is disclosed by the violation implied by the viewing of videotape footage of Hughes undergoing therapy at a centre for sexual offenders. His fixation on young children, his "deviance," carries with it a convoluted sense of loss. The "other" lost children are Hughes in a sense, but the recovery of this memory will always be transgressive. The discovery of Hughes' deviancy is a late-breaking narrative tilt, but not one that will resolve the enigma of the given plot.

Always returning to the same lost object, the archive of photographs, Hughes is the "excess" of the text, a different kind of enigma shunted into a siding by the crude symmetry of actual loss between the ambitious Tennison (who is shown entering a clinic for a "backstage" abortion) and the flipside "professional woman," Susan Warwick, the murderer of her own child. This architecture is reinforced by the presence of the estranged men: in Tennison's case, the intertextual psychiatrist Patrick Schofield (played by Stuart Wilson), and in Warwick's, the estate agent husband.

Almost conscious of its failure to position Hughes adequately, to absorb him into its own terms, the text stages a number of returns. In what is almost a set-piece of British police procedure, the identity parade, Hughes is refracted across a line-up of similarly unremarkable-looking extras and almost seems a victim under the advantage of Susan Warwick's scrutiny through the one-way mirror. She is the lens. Schofield's videotapes--he was Hughes' therapist at the centre for sexual offenders--are repetitions re-presented through a stylistic switch. The "confidential" tapes are a recursion to some features of the *noir* vocabulary. Hughes is recorded in extreme, shadowy close-ups, framed in profile, arguing his "normality" to a listener (presumably Schofield) out of shot. He is Silver and Ward's "dark corner," the merest possibility or trace of a voice able to speak loss but one re-routed and closed off through more imperative powers of containment.

The association between loss and fragmentation is continued in Prime Suspect: Inner Circles and in the sixth of the "series," Prime Suspect: The Scent of Darkness.[41] The former is accelerated to a resolution by the chance discovery of a video clip caught on a routine police highway surveillance camera. The enhanced but ragged pixels that identify "Jeffrey Brennan," the face of evil, constitute the "missing frame" in the plot syntagm that makes him the prime suspect for the murder of Dennis Carradine. The overtly intertextual Scent of Darkness, however, poses more complex associations. In a sense, this detective narrative is a "photograph" and an actual replay of the enigma and resolution of the original Prime Suspect 1. Although the evidential photographs tacked onto the whiteboard contain a distant shock of the familiar, this is a memory compromised by the destructibility of the past, articulated, for example, by Tennison's return to George Arthur Marlow's lock-up garage. In Scent of Darkness, all traces of Marlow's torture chamber have disappeared, in the restoration which has transformed the space into a furniture-restorers, complete with Vivaldi musak. The transformation suggests to me a kind of amnesia. The sliding of Marlow's psychopathy and *modus operandi* onto "Ron," the prison warder, recalls the media displacement discussed earlier of Michael Ryan onto "Rambo." This time, though, the repetition is imperfect. It is alienated and defamilarised by forces outside the text, primarily the use of a different actor (Tim Woodward) to play Marlow. Marlow repeats his actions through Ron and contemplates them through his "archive," his version of a videotape "loop," a memory which recalls the similar scrapbook assembled by Chris Hughes. The newspaper cuttings he collects of his vicarious crimes recall the "truth" pictured in the photographs on the incident room whiteboard; it is possible that Marlow's obvious projection back into his own obsession--a sickness temporarily farmed out to his surrogate murderer--is a disturbing escalation of his crimes in Prime Suspect 1. The frame of this memory, however, is only "complete" because it also includes pictures of his decrepit and appropriately vaudeville mother, Doris Marlow, ("the Rita Hayworth of Warrington"), the reductive logo for his own encrypted trauma narrative.

Scent of Darkness also replays Prime Suspect 1, and Marlow in particular, and inflects them as consumables. In accomplishing this, the earlier text is "cannibalised" in Dick Hebdige's sense (Hiding 237). It is repeated and the original narrative enigma and resolution almost wiped ("whited out"?) by the investigative journalist and Marlow-crusader "Whitehouse." Dissected and rearticulated in Whitehouse's popular text, Marlow's "story" is mass-produced in the form of a popular book (an operation that *ipso facto* places his guilt in question), and again the enigma necessary for detection is dislocated. Whether Scent of Darkness, by conducting an autopsy of the original investigation, hammers home Marlow's guilt is problematic. Victimising Tennison, and the narrative she constructs in Prime Suspect 1, seems a return in order to mop up the excess of the original text. I think it is a return, however, that only suggests the "darknesses" habitually placed off-limits to representation.

Under the pressure of the other text into which it is inserted, the photograph must always be subject to these kind of contingencies. Foregrounded as it is in the Prime

Suspect series, the individual image invokes not truth, but only the deferral implicit in Bronfen's "unrolling of repetitions." This narrative dynamic, and the places it haunts, the incident room, for example, generates a middle region stuck in a parasuicidal limbo: the Prime Suspect series stages myriad returns to representations of death (its own "narrative enigmas"), but can never, as it were, apprehend the phenomenon itself. The desire to decrypt the memories inscribed on violated bodies, which is at the heart of police forensics, is itself fragmented by the pathologies of a Marlow or Hughes which remain in-process and are less susceptible to the "preferred memory" implied in the construction of Prime Suspect. Whilst the individual photographs, as newspaper cuttings, as repeat narratives and as video scans, consistently demarcate loss, it is textual constructions such as Marlow that function as cultural "photographs." He is the subtext scored with the "noise" of disassociation, trauma, and the dropped and misplaced frames habitually concealed in media discourses of entertainment.

To offer a different argument of this same point, the photograph is pre-exposed with the aura of the commodity and, as I have previously suggested, it has a vested interest in maintaining its "incompleteness," in the same way that consumer culture simultaneously promises "everything," but, in the end, fragments this possibility and the identity that goes with it across products. There is a paradox here, since in their existence as images, not things, the black designer T-shirt, the impractical knitwear item, and the handy matt black and chromium electrical appliance, do, as spectacle, pronounce the illusion of completeness. Within the intertext of advertising discourses, I believe these consumables are proposed as "the answer" to the dissatisfactions in our lives, but they are mere phantasms of the megatext. This knowledge only becomes available, however, somewhere between the contemplation of the commodity-as-spectacle and the transaction that confers possession. At this moment, the complex of meanings that created the thing is lost, as is the illusion of completeness.

Thus, "possession" is always friable at best. Scent of Darkness seems an attempt to close the transaction started in Prime Suspect 1, to contain the Marlow "text" within acceptable limits and to incorporate it in what I am calling the megatext. It cannot, however, either represent the losses it invokes, or impose a closure on them. This is a failure intensified by the density of the multiple losses set up by the Prime Suspect series as a whole. For example, the different articulation of the videotape as I have discussed it above, is part of the repetitive reflexivity that Dick Hebdige finds in the "versioning" phenomenon so integral to pop music culture ("Digging" 364). Video in Prime Suspect has a *noir* enunciation, but with its anarchic mobile framing and tendency toward what Rick Altman calls the "discursive syndrome" (50), it is also a version that recalls the different "memory" of the home video (that replacement for the family photograph album). More than anything, video insertions enable audiences to experience a sense of being on the scene of presentation, a difference Lynn Spigel notes as integral to the ascendancy of television itself (Make Room 139). Video as "home made" entertainment, as a kind of technophilic music hall, also carries with it distant connotations of participatory and all but lost folk cultures.

The density of the Prime Suspect texts and the forgetfulness this induces are an effect of their fascination with and returns to television itself. Both in television and in film, the television set has become part of the domestic mise en scene; in the series under discussion, however, the contemplation of the small screen seems to be compulsive. In Prime Suspect 1, Tennison's appeal for evidence in the Della Mornay/Karen Howard investigation is televised or re-televised in the "Crime Night" programme, a presentation whose repetitive and photographic resonances are enhanced by a calculated extratextual middle region. The complexity of television-on-television is underlined chiefly by the use of "real life" television presenters (Sue Cook, for example), and by the versioning which appears in the reconstruction footage of the victim's last known movements. These operations enable a complex self-reflexive frame. For example, the viewer is shifted from behind the scenes of "Crime Night"--as Tennison is "prepped" for her performance--to "Crime Night" itself as a performance on the small screen. I suggest that these dislocations attract attention to the medium and that they tend to disengage the spectator from what is "going on" inside the Prime Suspect narrative. However, this device is a complex one. If it promotes disengagement, then this is opposed by the determined engagement of other "audiences." These characters are burdened with television's compulsive return to its own spaces. "Crime Night," as it appears on the small screen, is used to "travel" across multiple viewing audiences represented by Mr and Mrs Howard (the victim's parents), the boorishly drunk Sergeant Otley (ensconced at a bar), Marlow and Moira Henson, and Mr and Mrs Tennison (Jane's parents). Since these audiences give a different level of attention to the Karen Howard reconstruction, the shift from one "television" to another--the creation of viewing communities within the fiction--demonstrates the unstable meanings of a single video syntagm, just as the image alluded to in Chandler's The High Window shows the floating possibilities of a single photographic frame. The meanings generated by the "Crime Night" sequence of Prime Suspect 1 are problematic, and are made even more so, perhaps, by circumstances at the Tennisons which include Mr Tennison's birthday, the presence of "Peter," Jane Tennison's live-in lover, and a recalcitrant VCR which refuses to record Jane's moment on "the telly."

This repetition and refraction are manoeuvres repeated in Susan Warwick's disassociated and poignant television "appeal" for the return of her daughter, Vicky, in Prime Suspect: The Lost Child. The reprise is a presentation duplicated across monochrome and colour screens and finally is a projection on the impassive "screen" of Chris Hughes' face, the flickering image suggesting another "photograph," perhaps, for his collection. This self-reflexivity carries in it the imperfect return which is the imprint of incomplete mourning. Escape, then, becomes the death of the total amnesia shown in Prime Suspect: Inner Circles, as Olive Carradine, the victim's mother, sits in an Alzheimer's ward immersed in the total distraction of a television "western," unable to remember her gay son or to register his murder. It is this scene, more than the photographs on the incident room whiteboard or in Hughes' scrapbook or Marlow's cell, that for me operates metaphorically as an index of the emptiness and dissatisfactions of a media environment that has colonised and disabled the human capacity to process loss. The detective narrative, in particular, mass-produces the contours, the "noise" of individual memory, but without its genealogies and at the cost of displacing, recovering or acknowledging authentic somatic and traumatic recollections both of which are lost outside its terms. In this scenario, "memory" becomes no more than the recall, the history, of its own representations: a collaged environment of commercial messages complete with the nostalgia that guarantees its "lostness."

7. Pushing Fifty

> "I've always said that Mrs. Thatcher was one of my great heroines; but whenever I say that, especially in England, I have to immediately disassociate myself from her politics, which I loathed. Her politics actually drove me out of England. I found them that repulsive."
> (Helen Mirren interviewed by Amy Rennert, 1995)

> The signifying of Tennison's acceptance as *masculine* ritual (rugby song and champagne), reinforced, as so often in this drama, by camerawork which stresses the sheer physical presence of some forty police*men*, marks the impossibility of her situation. As a woman, her 'difference', unlike that of so many male heros, cannot be resolved. (Thornham 232)

Most mass-produced narratives, and television narratives in particular, eventually move towards a process resembling detection. The formation of extratextual knowledge seems almost a necessity. It is equivalent to the collecting of "clues" able to bridge the gap between "life" on the screen and the construction of "real" lives behind it. The investigation into and the maintenance of illusory "private" (privlic/pubvate?) lives is by now a habitualised operation that reaches back into the very beginnings of the Hollywood star system. It is a prying into a construction of a sense of intimacy with fame. These private investigations and their tabloid articulations as "scandal" or "gossip" create a climate where Charlotte Clark's claim to the spotlight, discussed in section two, is dangerously close to David Chapman's "intimacy" with John Lennon, a misrecognition that resulted in the murder of the ex-Beatle outside his New York apartment in December 1980. In the service of a different argument, Allison Graham points to ("almost" President Reagan assassin) John Hinckley's "blur" into the character Travis Bickle of the film Taxi Driver and Charles Manson's obsession with "stars" and in particular "The Beatles" (351). Life in the middle region, where hype meets humdrum, is life worried by an insatiable attention deficit. "Life" is only something that happens on screen, a transformation that, for a short time, the Punk movement in British pop culture deliberately exploited and trivialised.

Prime Suspect is investigated across a range of oppositional data which creates its own problematic middle region. This is a place of overlaps and residues, of meanings that gnaw away at the watertight case of this particular detective narrative. Interferences of this kind are made more complex by their doubling, that is, their construction for "home" and North American audiences. "Helen Mirren," who stars as "Jane Tennison" in Prime Suspect, is inflected through the chronology and popular memory of her own prior television, film and theatrical roles and through the "insider" knowledge that attempts to fix an identity behind the parade of characters she has played. It is as if popular culture is its own "incident room," continually producing enigmas and then the appearance of understanding them. The circulation of insider information has also put into play a type of gossip which concerns itself with the conditions of the series' production.

The middle region is best exemplified by Amy Rennert's companion book to the PBS run of the series: Helen Mirren *Prime Suspect 1*: A Celebration (1995). Interviewed by Rennert, Mirren is immediately reminded of her reputation in North America "for playing sexually voracious characters" (34), a statement presumably based on her roles in films such as Caligula (1979), Excalibur (1981), and most recently in Peter Greenaway's The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover (1990). Although Mirren's theatrical roles with the Royal Shakespeare Company, and her successes with Strindberg and Chekhov are similarly glossed, this process elides the unavailability of the theatre experience--especially one that for Mirren has been located chiefly in Britain--as a mass or broadcast memory. The kind of publicity Rennert's text makes available estranges Mirren, the actress, from her character, Jane Tennison, but in terms of Prime Suspect, as Sue Thornham writes, it "actively works to redefine both the character and the meaning of the text" (228).

Helen Mirren's DCI Jane Tennison, as she has appeared in North America, on the PBS Mystery! slot and later the prestigious Masterpiece Theatre, is always proposed as more than the sum of her parts. This action is a knee-jerk gestalt based around the production of loss and the density of reference which is its symptom and disguise in media culture. These entertainment texts play off representations of "character" and "actress/actor" and are underwritten by impossible oppositions which are nevertheless recovered with ease. For example, Mirren is "famous" but also "normal," in her own words "lower-middle class," born in 1946 in the small seaside town Southend-on-Sea (Rennert 38). She is both Tennison and not Tennison, proximate but distant, English and American, English- and American-speaking. The investigation that assembles a middle region for the performer/character produces clues which are *evidence* but not *evident* (Beatrix Campbell qtd. in Thornham 231). This created circumstantial world is wafer-thin. It is also often tantalisingly close to the duality of Tennison's "public" (onstage) and "private" (backstage) lives as represented in the Prime Suspect series. The revisiting of Helen Mirren (now standard practice in the entertainment business) in some created middle region where she is not Tennison, seems an attempt to ferret out something that is missing. I believe it is a similar impulse which prompts the return in Scent of Darkness to the forces represented by Marlow.

It is these disjunctions, the construction of an illusory intimacy through the equalisation of fame and the humdrum (an operation which recalls the dynamic underlying the logo which opens this chapter), that are the disturbing inscriptions that lie and lie under the throwaway world of Elizabeth Wurtzel's Prozac Nation. The inescapable reading is that of a culture set up to take a fall based on its own mass production of losses. In the textual strategy of Prime Suspect, the phenomenon is refracted through yet another overlay of investigations. Insider knowledge makes the fact readily available that after Prime Suspect 3, the series' creator Lynda La Plante--responsible for the Prime Suspect novels, not the teleplays--moved on to other projects including the British series The Governor and a novel Cold Shoulder (optioned for movie production by actress Michelle Pfeiffer). Although producer Sally Head has remained on the "team" through the entire series, Inner Circles, The Lost Child and Scent of Darkness seem as if they are blatant products of corporate authorship: extrapolations from and returns to La Plante's prototype made by writers Paul Billing, Eric Deacon and Guy Hibbert respectively. La Plante's departure--reportedly based on her refusal to "soften" Tennison's character (McClurg 1)--is a more elusive clue. The corporate ownership of the Tennison character and the understanding of its status as a valuable commodity are data which texts such as

Amy Rennert's attempt to render invisible. Ironically, Prime Suspect is celebrated for its "personal" if not gentle touch, but the series itself is only slightly more than its inherited set of conventions, a familiar face--on the wrong side of "glamour"--a favourite collection of camera angles, and the ever-present middle region of the incident room.

If these extratextual identifications are disruptive, then there are others that militate against the unproblematic absorption of Prime Suspect into the megatext. As Sandra Tomc writes, La Plante based the original Tennison on the "real-life experiences" of DCI Jackie Malton in London's Metropolitan Police Force (58). Of her first meeting with Malton, La Plante has commented:

> "She was sharp, she was tough, and she was very, very funny. I suddenly had in front of me the most wonderfully complex character."
> (Rennert 74)

Whilst relaying some of Malton's experiences in a world dominated by men and their rituals, Rennert does not challenge the "supervisory discourses" (Tulloch qtd. in Thornham 229) which keep this extratextual knowledge in its place. Malton's career is represented as a triumph of iron control over her "feminine emotions," which nevertheless are still present in the privacy of her office. Sue Thornham, in contrast, eschews this feminisation and instead examines the matrix that links Tennison with Malton, contextualising it with knowledge of the court action started by assistant chief constable Alison Halford in May 1990, alleging sexual discrimination in the police force (Thornham 228). The possible transgressive reinscriptions made available here must challenge the manoeuvres staged in the Prime Suspect text itself, which allow Tennison to be dislikeable and successful, but which also insist on her (deserved?) isolation, her private irresponsibility and finally her loss of gender as just another of the "lads" on the force.

The possible Americanisation of Prime Suspect and replacement of Mirren "at a year shy of fifty" (Rennert 95) are perhaps another inevitable operation of the Hollywood machine. In my preferred reading, however, the prospect of a remake suggests the kind of return and repetition only loss can actuate. On the run from its "supervisory discourses," Prime Suspect is profoundly disturbed by the contradictions made available by insider knowledge and by the forces which created it and continue the text's production. Even without these textual disobediences, the "internal inquiry" generated by the disjunctions in the series creates a private investigation which cannot be closed because the necessary clues to resolve its enigma are outside representation. As an exhibit in this inquiry, Amy Rennert's text is a "celebration," but it is one that makes uncomfortable returns to Helen Mirren's age and her possible loss of value as an actress and, by implication, a commodity.

> [A]s the narrative of investigation supersedes the narrative of crime, the victim gradually becomes less visible, fading almost into irrelevance. (Klein 173)

> The psycho-linguistic location of the feminine in the repressed semiotic processes of signification leads to the advocacy of the 'feminine' avant-garde or the 'deconstructive' text as a means of countering the patriarchal mainstream. (Gledhill 66)

> [D]rag fully subverts the distinction between inner and outer psychic space and effectively mocks both the expressive model of gender and the notion of true gender identity. (Butler 137)

Analysed in this way, Helen Mirren and her Prime Suspect character Jane Tennison are clearly lost across some self-evident and some highly evasive ruptures. It is also arguable that both are lost again in the practices of cultural studies itself. As an argument and so a form of detection working under what I have earlier suggested is a knowledge of its own disintegrating terms, it is possible that cultural theory can only rearticulate and repeat, in its own encrypted form, the forces operating in the culture whose products it purports to explain. The search for or construction of what Trevor Griffiths has called "strategic penetrations" (Bull 137)--the tracing of what I see as instabilities in "official" memory and space--is an attempt to pin down the invisible readings of popular texts.

My own project to apprehend the instabilities at work in Prime Suspect operates from an imagined position always outside the popular memory into which this set of detective narratives is inserted. As a supersession pointed towards giving form to textual ruptures, my discourse may not take the place of anything--in Klein's formulation, the original narrative of crime--or be anything other than a contemplation of its own self-reflexivity, no sooner imagined than lost. This argument may just be another example of a process of repetition and deferral, a dance marathon in effect, whose existence is a fatigue-drunken denial of the "lost things" upon which I have argued consumer culture is based. If this is so, then the only way forward is to concede this fundamental incompleteness, and to continue to exist inside of the mechanisms that manufacture texts whose *raison d'etre* is the avoidance of this knowledge.

The remarks made by Kathleen Gregory Klein and Christine Gledhill above represent very different positions in cultural studies. Gledhill constructs a feminism which draws on the notion of gendered spaces--the incident room of Prime Suspect is a performance of this problematic--as the locus for active interventions. This place is not far from the performed liberal feminism of Prime Suspect itself. Moving between pop culture and high theory, Klein, however, proposes a less optimistic construct based on what I understand her to mean as ideology's power to "map" culture's differences onto sexual difference.[42] My own reading of television detective narratives, and of consumer culture in general, tends to upend such "preferred" binary oppositions, foregrounding instead the "interference" that for me prevents a George Arthur Marlow or a Chris Hughes or Michael Ryan from being unproblematically positioned on the left side of the perpetrator/victim dyad. This operation is more imperative in Prime Suspect since this text is so clearly laid out as one organised around a drama of sexual difference. If, as Klein suggests, the victim is "lost" in the closure which brings "the discovery of the criminal" (173), then one of the other disappearances or casualties of the enigma's resolution may be sexual difference itself.

Sue Thornham writes on how "legitimate" and "deviant" codes are equalised by association in Prime Suspect 1 (231). The character DCI John Shefford, whose place Jane Tennison significantly fills, is paired with George Arthur Marlow, the criminal, and by implication with the "lads" (Tennison's "men" who engulf her in the final celebratory sequence of the narrative). The inescapable rupture in the text, however, is that the sexual difference represented by Tennison is also constructed as deviance. She is equated with Marlow and with Shefford. Part of this construction comes through the liberal feminist articulation of the text; most of it, however, is no more than the generic legacy of the classic outsider of popular narratives, in this case an extrapolation of the precedent established by such unlikely "bad boys" and rulebreakers, for example, as Regan and Carter of The Sweeney. I suggest, though, that Tennison's "crime" of sexual difference is not allowed to stand. At the close of the Prime Suspect 1, she is left stranded in the narrative of crime, the actual and potential victim of Marlow's "not guilty" plea in court, a statement that arguably positions her as defendant and Marlow as the ally of the forces represented by John Shefford. Her difference, as Sue Thornham writes, stands accused: always lost and unresolvable (232).

The textual negotiations described above speak in particular for the detective narrative and its project to interpret and recover both the "past"--the narrative of crime--and the differences it carries. As a text where memory is more than usually contingent, the detective narrative works against the affective states that enable mourning to occur. The narrative of detection Tennison assembles is a "rogue" text since it reconstructs the faulty, at-a-glance work of Shefford and his sidekick Sergeant Otley. Her reading of the past, however, and her obvious proximity to the female victims in Prime Suspect 1 are things outside the institution which grants her authority. Shefford is still "right": he identifies the killer but not the evidence. The meanings mapped onto Tennison are doomed to be an aggravating presence. They are enigmas outside the text which constructs and investigates her, a text which is satisfied with the flimsiest of resolutions: the trial in Prime Suspect 1, the leaking of Connie's file in Prime Suspect 3, and the reunion of Tennison and Patrick Schofield in Prime Suspect: The Scent of Darkness, for example.

I suggest that Tennison remains always as deviant and as a victim of the Prime Suspect text. She is the proof of Judith Butler's statement that gender is "a kind of persistent impersonation that passes as the real" (x.). In the entire series, Tennison is the perpetual drag artist, a role explored in Prime Suspect 3. Tennison is one of the "lads," in the same way, perhaps, that the drag artists "Vera" and "Red"--resident performers at the *risqué* Bowery Club--are just "girls." The latter, however, are an example of "authorised" deviance locked into place by the binary opposition of the performers' audience who comprise a good section of corrupt police top brass. The equalisation between official and rogue sub-cultures carries an at-a-glance irony, but it is one cancelled in a culture where visible deviance is almost instantly incorporated and commodified. Despite this trip into a middle-region underworld where transvestites rub padded shoulders with Chief Inspectors, Tennison carries a fragile difference, a performance, which may contain no private truth but only a vague sense of something missing. Vera and Red seem just properties of a mise en scene; they are storefront dummies who draw attention away from Tennison as sexual difference, as deviant, as victim, and finally, as Sergeant Otley's "tight-arsed bitch."

8. **Ordinary Boys**

> I wouldn't say that I was raised on romance.
> Let's not get stuck in the past.
> I love you more than anything in the world,
> I don't expect that will last.
> They told me everything was guaranteed,
> Somebody, somewhere, must've lied to me.
> (Elvis Costello. Pay It Back. Plangent Visions Music Ltd., 1977)

> "Allright. I did it. I said I did it. Karen ... Della ... Angela ... Sharon ... Helen ... and Jeannie."

The kind of responses I have described in the previous section are typical of a culture that is unable to face or comprehend its own losses. This failure has all the characteristics of a pathological depression. The megatext--to return to Elisabeth Klaver's term--guarantees and generates this condition to keep in place a parasuicidal culture dependent on compensatory narratives for its existence. In place of the transitional objects described above, the megatext can only produce entertainment that disassociates loss through either humour or violence. Michael Ryan and constructions such as George Arthur Marlow are traces of a rage common in what I think is a culture of retaliation or of "getting even." Such compensatory impulses function as displacements and as always incomplete solutions for "homesick" identities forced to exist on an edge between irresolvable bereavements and the will to self-destruction these bring.

The spectacularisation and dissection of violence that dominates detective narratives is just part of a larger cultural syntagm. Violence is a convenient bypass, a translation into a logo economy of deeply troubled states of affect, where lost objects remain lost in the sheer density of images and the cutting which strips them of any immediate reference. Albeit in an encrypted form, Prime Suspect represents this process but cannot "understand" it, given only the terms of its own knowledge. The evidential photographs, for example, are unsettling, but since they occupy Sarah Webster Goodwin and Elisabeth Bronfen's "the here and the nowhere" (12), they denote not much more than the baffling "surreptitious quotation" of Dick Hebdige's "life in the second degree" (Hiding 149). Existence in the ordinary--in the humdrum--is secured by habitualising these processes. It is a power that persuades through "entertainment" and through the overdetermined desires consumer culture makes available; as I have suggested earlier, it is also a power that reaches into the brain itself to modify identities and their underpinning recollections at their source.

In line with modern policing methods, part of the "detection" in Prime Suspect is performed through the science of psychiatry. As an investigative tool, the terms of this science are typically "dirtied," as I have discussed in my introduction. Jake Hunter of Prime Suspect 3 is constructed as the author of the popular book "Murder Theory: Mind-Hunting the Serial Killer," as Tennison's lover, and as a psychiatrist working with the police. By implication, "Murder Theory" stages another return--repeated in Scent of Darkness--to the key representation of male violence: George Marlow of the original Prime Suspect. Psychiatry in The Lost Child and Scent of Darkness is mapped onto "Patrick Schofield" who is in turn Tennison's estranged and actual partner. Both Hunter and Schofield are authorities in their field and, particularly in Schofield's case, set and maintain the parameters of deviant male behaviour. Both are semi-apologists for their own gender, but the availability of the "knowledge" they would seem to insert is compromised by their personal involvement with Tennison: the deviant and victim of Prime Suspect. In this text, Schofield and Hunter can be placed at the more healthy extreme of a continuum of male violence which is stuck in the problematic of "getting even."

At the other end of this extreme is the baby-faced killer Marlow. Unlike the other circumstantial or even ordinary murderers of the Prime Suspect series, Marlow's rage against women is associated with an already circulating psychiatric profile (he is the "psychopath" of popular fiction). His is a problematic representation since it is one reliant on "auxiliary" discourses, for example, the popular literature on serial killers and on his insertion into and association with a matrix of real and imagined killers including Peter Sutcliffe (dubbed the "Yorkshire Ripper"), in addition to a roll-call of North American analogues. Marlow's diffusion across this matrix and his uncertain positioning with regard to Jane Tennison in the narrative of crime and punishment not only leaves his victims unmourned, but fails to modify or divert the misdirected rage against himself disassociated as a retaliation against women. This is why, as I have suggested, Marlow is a representation scattered across and repeated over the entire Prime Suspect series. Marlow also remains uncontainable because of the perpetually "lost" non-narrative of women's memories as victims. These can only appear as the empty high-contrast images on the incident room whiteboard. The extreme close-up of Marlow's face which closes Prime Suspect 1 may be a sequelising manoeuvre; it also makes clear that the retaliatory rage he represents is still "out there," both actually and as a very ordinary insertion into entertainment programming.

Marlow's is always an *ex post facto* violence. His retaliatory narrative is one retailed in the ruptured past tenses of detection, or in the case studies of a Patrick Schofield or Jake Hunter. Marlow's violence is outside the terms of a present tense articulation; the clues left behind mime the fragmentation and disjointedness of non-narrative traumatic memory. What Marlow represents, however, intersects with the deliberate masculine values of the police force in Prime Suspect and these are ones given a definite present tense articulation. The violence of the boxing benefit held to raise money for John Shefford's bereaved family in Prime Suspect 1, and the way the violence is intercut with multiple viewing audiences at home, make the event very "ordinary," and the vehicle of misdirected retaliations including Sergeant Otley's personal grievance against Tennison. The boxing match is authorised and ritualised male violence and, as Sue Thornham writes, it excludes and denigrates women (230). Reading this sequence is problematic since both the perpetrators (Marlow and his girlfriend) and the bereft (Mr and Mrs Howard, the victim's parents) are equalised as ordinary viewers in front of their respective screens.

The effect described above is heightened by the general difficulty television has as a technology in communicating perspective and difference. If Marlow intersects with the retaliatory energies of the boxing benefit, then he is also on some kind of par with the dangerous Sergeant Muddiman of The Lost Child, who "pays back" (with a severe beating) the innocent deviant Chris Hughes to compensate for his own traumatic and encrypted past. Similarly flattened into the ordinary is the extreme rage of the incompetent, but power-hungry, DCI Tom Mitchell in Inner Circles. Up to his neck in a murder investigation dying of his own preconceptions and lack of creativity, his frustration--in a similar way to Muddiman's--is just within the limits of the "normal." I think Muddiman and Mitchell's actual and latent violence suggests the "organising therapeutic metaphor" alluded to in my introduction. In some ways, they clarify the pathologies of the fictional deviant Marlow and actual transgressors such as the mass-killer Michael Ryan. Connected to Muddiman and Mitchell is the very ordinary treachery of Mr Warwick, Susan Warwick's ex-husband. His is the conscienceless appetite of the adult child, the same cruel baby of Marlow's disarming baby face. Warwick retaliates against his "ambitious" wife--an analogue of the "dragged up" Tennison--and she redirects his rage onto her baby daughter Vicky.

> Unruly boys who will not grow up must be taken in hand.
> Unruly girls, who will not settle down, they must be taken in hand.
> A crack on the head is what you get for not asking,

> And a crack on the head is what you get for asking.
>
> ("The Smiths." Barbarism Begins at Home. Morrissey/Marr Songs Ltd., 1986)

Violence and death are nomadic retaliations. As widely available representations, they are fodder for the vicarious "paying back" of frustrations based around what modern living does not offer or satisfy. Violence and death are also nomadic in the sense that who or what is at their receiving end is the arbitrary victim of a complex affective state usually masked by anger. Concentrated in constructions such as George Marlow, or the "remapped" murderer and media darling Michael Ryan, violence and death seem to be symptoms of the aleatory pressures applied by culture. The male rage embodied and institutionalised here is barbarism translated into the ordinary, but it is a power misdirected in the search for "lost things." Prime Suspect diffuses and revisits Marlow in varying degrees, but the object of retaliation, if very real, is also the victim of a rage more accurately directed at the male perpetrator himself. What falls outside the rituals defined by "the lads" is all too often re-routed through the most accessible and available emotion: anger. Marlow is the representation of a perpetrator whose crimes in a shocking sense are not personal. The losses he actuates and controls are nomadic. They float outside representation as do the encoded losses he tries to recuperate through his violence.

> Thatcherism has created an empty space in people's lives, filled it with public images of a privileged national past *and* of people building their own lives in their own way, while actually taking the past away from them in some respects. (Bromley 189)

I believe life in the megatext, or as Roger Bromley frames it, life in a culture shored up by revenants that never really lived, is an ordinary rigmarole based around repetition. These returns are attempts to recoup losses which are part of the human condition, but which also have been deeply embedded in consumer culture, leaving identities fundamentally incomplete without its products. The rigmarole, the humdrum, is dependent on what I have called compensatory narratives to bypass the insupportable affective states attendant on conditions of incomplete mourning. Part of the compensatory dynamic includes the compression and denial of parasuicidal living rendered ordinary through the ascendancy of the logo and the enforced closure of Dick Hebdige's "semiogram." The incongruities of this culture are extraordinary. While mental and physical health are prized, psychological dysfunction is given its own cachet. As representations of violence are more spectacularised, so culture permanently loses the non-narrative "noise" through which violence can be understood and death represented, other than through the lax economy of the image.

The detective narrative Prime Suspect operates through these incongruities and employs the same wafer-thin logic behind the T-shirt logo with which I opened this chapter. In my analysis, Granada TV's award-winning series is locked in impossible matrices of disassociated generic fragments and imperfect cultural recollections. As a narrative this series is a wasted trip to a resolution which can only ape the inarticulacy of the culture which produced it. Incongruous again, however, is the ability of the Prime Suspect text to represent some sense of loss, not through its narrative trajectory, but through its mise en scene: the incidental and unmediated traces of the camera as simple recorder. The bleak, dilapidated low-rental anarchy of the "Larchmont Estate" that is crucial in Prime Suspect: Inner Circles, slips through the mediations of its organising narrative and stands instead as both a production designer's convenient location shot and as a monument to some sixties idea of community living gone west. The "Huntingdon Country Club," with its striped and verdant lawns, is paired with the Estate, but this opposition does not entirely carry off the equalisation between blue and white collar crime intended in the text. Rather, the "Larchmont Estate" disengages itself in a documentary sense from the immediate narrative of Prime Suspect and stands as a separate representation. The effect is an almost alien feeling of place and a placing of loss, similar in kind to the documentary-drama negotiations of early Ken Loach experiments such as the film Up the Junction. The incidental interference this location sets up carries the potential of blindsiding the "public images" described by Roger Bromley whilst mobilising the individual memories necessary to see Larchmont as a sign of the times, rather than the mere "problem housing estate" the Prime Suspect narrative would have us believe.

Although I believe the human dynamics of loss are produced and just as effectively closed off in a consumer culture, the search for "dirty realism" seems to set up a wordless set of meanings able to communicate what Roger Silverstone has called "the leaching of humanity from places" (Everyday 27). This is another of the incongruities in a culture I have described as losing the notion of place itself. The interference posed by the Larchmont Estate recalls the grim, post-industrial locations of Northern England in the original Prime Suspect 1, or the disturbing nostalgias invoked by George Marlow as he wheels his mother around Brighton pier, accompanied by a cracked soundtrack of her vaudeville repertoire. This docudrama effect that occurs outside the immediate narrative registers, but cannot organise or understand the losses it represents. Perhaps the construction of Susan Warwick in Prime Suspect: The Lost Child, however, carries the best imperfect trace of Britain as a prozac nation. Perpetually bewildered and trapped between Tennison and her own compensatory narratives, Warwick's "suicide" is displaced onto the slow smothering and abandonment of her daughter, a loss she actuates but cannot understand or grieve.

NOTES

1. An offshoot of skateboard fashion, the FUCT label produces *haute couture* T-shirts. This logo appeared in The Face, July 1995, 26. For more on Erik Brunetti and his FUCT label, see Jeff Spurrier, "In the beginning was the Word."

2. In "Digging for Britain: An excavation in seven parts," Dick Hebdige writes: ".. nations and identities are delicate, resilient things. Neither purely organic, nor directly imposed, neither simply invented or stumbled upon, they are substantial apparitions."

3. This term comes from Andy Croft's essay "Forward to the 1930s: the literary politics of anamnesis."

4. For some fairly current thinking on the operations of memory, I would recommend two videotapes by Bessel van der Kolk: "Trauma and Memory I: the Disocciative Defense" and "Trauma and Memory II: the Intrusive Past." Both are published by Cavalcade Productions.

5. This was only confirmed by the hideous reunion of Glen Matlock, Paul Cook, Steve Jones and Johnny "Rotten" Lydon, the "Sex Pistols," for their 1996 "filthy lucre" tour. See Q Magazine, June 1996.

6. In Hiding in the Light, this is Dick Hebdige's formulation for the operations of pop art.

7. Since the British market is less enamoured of "Elvisabilia," the "flipness" of the "Fuct" logo tends to fall slightly flat. This phenomenon is more fully explored in George M. Plasketes' "The King is Gone But Not Forgotten: Songs Responding to the Life, Death and Myth of Elvis Presley In the 1980s."

8. Sander L. Gilman writes about the "Whitechapel Murders" in "'Who Kills Whores?' 'I Do,' Says Jack: Race and Gender in Victorian London." As a deviant human sexuality gone wild, "Jack" was in effect a parallel to the "destructive" prostitute. As "Jack" was terrorizing the East End of London, a lurid stage version of Robert Louis Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was titillating audiences in the West End.

9. A name that, among other things, sounds like the drug Tamazepam (see Chapter 2).

10. Esther Schor's Bearing the Dead: The British Culture of Mourning From The Enlightenment to Victoria is an interesting account of how the modalities of bereavement have today become fully internalized, indeed blanked from consciousness.

11. I understand "parasuicide" to be the habitualised condition of suicidal ideation, an acting out of and sometimes completion of suicide. This is written about extensively by Sidney Zisook and Lucy Lyons in "Bereavement and Unresolved Grief in Psychiatric Outpatients."

12. If I remember correctly, the label on the Sex Pistols' single "God Save the Queen" showed the monarch with a safety pin through her lip. A legendary pop band from Manchester, "The Smiths" released their album The Queen is Dead in 1986 on Rough Trade/Sire/Mutant Records.

13. A term Charles Molesworth borrows from Don DeLillo's novel White Noise. See "From Out of the Darkness: Culture and the Uses of Knowledge."

14. For a more revisionist examination of Osborne's play and its significance, see Stephen Lacey, British Realist Theatre: The New Wave in its Context 1956-1965.

15. Since Michael Fagan's crime was trespass but without damage or theft, it was treated as a civil not a criminal case. See Time Magazine and Newsweek October 4th, 1982.

16. This panic resulted in the Video Recordings Act of 1984, the 1987 Obscene Publications Bill, and the establishment of the Broadcasting Standards Council, chaired by Lord William Rees-Mogg.

17. A semi-automatic machine gun, still legal in Britain.

18. In "Historiography as Narration", Hayden White comments that "the historical story splits the reader's attention and points it in two directions simultaneously: toward the facts, which it treats as *manifest* referent, on the one side; and toward the generic plot structure, which serves an an "icon" of the structure of the facts and as a *latent* referent, on the other" (293).

19. Ryan's actions that day were a prelude to his own suicide. When cornered by the police in his old school he asked how his mother "was" fourteen times. He later killed himself with a Berretta pistol.

20. "False Memory" and the debate around it are explained in the editorial of the May 1996 issue of the Canadian Journal of Psychiatry (41.4). This issue also contains two articles by 'false memory' apologist Joel Paris: "A Critical Review of Recovered Memories in Psychotherapy: Part I - Trauma and Memory" and "A Critical Review of Recovered Memories in Psychotherapy: Part II - Trauma and Therapy."

21. This article is based on a Mass Observation survey carried out in August 1950. MO received 318 replies to their questionnaire, 193 from men and 125 from women.

22. In the Ideology of the Aesthetic, Terry Eagleton writes: "the task of political hegemony is to produce the very forms of subjecthood which will form the basis of political unity" (24).

23. For an interesting review of Wurtzel's novel and the phenomenon around it, see Kodwo Eshun's review in i-D Magazine March 1995, 91.

24. See Michael D. Lemonick's primer on Redux™: "The New Miracle Drug?" It is also noteworthy that MDMA began its life as an aid to dieting.

25. Some of the professional psychiatric literature directly intersects with observations commonly made in cultural criticism. Egression is discussed by Edwin S. Shneidman in "Essentials of Suicide."

26. The confession made by "Ron," the prison warder and George Arthur Marlow's surrogate killer, in the sixth of the Prime Suspect series. So that the reader may get a sense of context, I have included summaries below of the five Prime Suspect narratives I discuss in any detail.

27. In this section, I am checking my own knowledge against Glenwood Irons' introduction in his Feminism in Women's Detective Fiction.

28. Postman's title for chapter five of Amusing Ourselves to Death.

29. For most of the production information and dates used here, I am indebted to Jon E. Lewis and Penny Stempel's Cult TV: The essential critical guide.

30. This problem is discussed by Lawrence Grossberg in "The In-Difference of Television" (31).

31. These shows are also discussed in an article by Tsilia Romm "The Stereotype of the Female Detective Hero."

32. The almost concurrent transmission of these programmes is made clear in Lewis and Stempel's Cult TV.

33. For many of the details on the "evergreen" series Dixon of Dock Green and Z Cars, I must thank Diane Smith at the BBC Archives Department in London.

34. "Dixon of Dock Green" was revisited in the much later series Heartbeat (Yorkshire Television, 1992), the story of a country policeman and his General Practitioner wife in Dixon's 1950s, complete with a vintage soundtrack. Heartbeat was a low-budget exercise in nostalgia: a weekly dose of incongruous petty crimes and James Herriot-like rural imperatives.

35 Diane Smith reports that nearly all of the "Z Cars" episodes between 1962-65 were transmitted live.

36. A better sense of this genre's extent can be gained by consulting John Conquest's guide Trouble is their Business: Private Eyes in Fiction, Film and Television 1927-1988.

37. See Lewis and Stempel, 73.

38. So that the reader may get a sense of context, I have included summaries below of the five Prime Suspect narratives I discuss in any detail.

Prime Suspect 1. 1990 (miniseries)
Granada Television
Directed by Christopher Menaul
Written by Lynda La Plante

Prime Suspect 1 is the first of a cycle of police procedural thrillers, built around the character "Detective Chief Inspector Jane Tennison," created by writer Lynda La Plante. The drama is set in a busy, impersonal, London police station, with occasional excursions to the "north" and to the suburbs. Against much "official" opposition, Tennison assumes command of a murder inquiry after the sudden death of the popular DCI John Shefford. Through her determination and efficiency, Tennison is able to correctly identify the murder victim - a young prostitute - and secondarily to expose the hypocrisy and corruption of her male colleagues. Although the murderer identified by Shefford is released, his remains the "prime suspect." As more identically mutilated and tortured victims are discovered, it becomes clear Tennison is looking for a serial killer.

Tennison's work is made difficult by the obstructive behaviour of the men she must command, particularly John Shefford's close friend, Sergeant Bill Otley, an abrasive northerner. However, Tennison is shown as driven and egotistical. She seems more motivated by personal ambition than by any compassion for the murderer's victims. Her behaviour makes her dwindling private life difficult, a circumstance underlined when "Peter," her live-in lover, walks out.

The plot relentlessly gathers momentum as the evidence builds up against the "prime suspect," George Arthur Marlow. A clever dissembler, with a pathological attachment to his mother (a faded vaudeville star), Marlow is finally undone when his girlfriend, Moira Henson, cracks under interrogation. By this time, "the lads" are fully supportive of Tennison's methods. Prime Suspect 1 ends with an exciting pursuit when Marlow is flushed out and forced to run to the lock-up garage his rents in King's Cross. The garage contains the grisly evidence which will convict him. Under interrogation, Marlow admits to having committed the murders, only to plead "not guilty" later in court.

Prime Suspect 3. 1993 (miniseries)
Granada Television
Directed by David Drury
Written by Lynda La Plante

Prime Suspect 3 is a convoluted drama that begins with an investigation into the murder of a young male prostitute and ends with the suicide of a retired, high-ranking police officer. Transferred to a London "Vice Squad," DCI Jane Tennison's assignment introduces her to an underworld of paedophiles, glue-sniffers, pornographers and victims. As she accrues evidence on "Connie," the murdered male prostitute, the investigation begins to centre on key-witness "Vera," a transvestite, and in particular, on the "Advice Centre" for rent boys run by Bruce Parker Jones.

In Prime Suspect 3, Tennison's work is obstructed by jurisdictional problems ("Vice" vs "Homicide") and by the "old guard," represented in characters such as Superintendent Chiswick and Chief Halliday. She is assisted in negotiating the netherworld of places such as the "Bowery Roof Club," however, by token gay police officer Ray Hebden. As usual, Tennison's private life is on the rocks. She decides not to continue her relationship with psychologist Jake Hunter. Later in this miniseries, she finds herself pregnant and is seen entering an abortion clinic. Tennison is a more compassionate character in Prime Suspect 3 and actively supports Detective Inspector Brian Dalton (a "mole" planted by Chief Halliday) when he is bitten by an HIV-positive street kid.

Eventually, the "old guard" overplay their hand. Collateral to the initial investigation, a paedophile ring of long-standing is uncovered involving John Kennington (a retired police superintendent) and Edward Parker Jones. In the light of this discovery, the solution of Connie's murder is bathetic. Vera finally breaks down and admits to having knocked Connie unconscious in a jealous rage when she discovered some photographs missing (in fact, removed by investigative journalist, Jessica Smythey). The subsequent fire in Vera's flat (a sequence which opens Prime Suspect 3) was an accident. Although the gross internal corruption discovered by Tennison is not made "official," a file, nevertheless, is leaked to Jessica Smythey. She leafs through the file as the credits roll.

Prime Suspect: Inner Circles. 1995 (2 hours)
WGBH Boston/Granada Television
Directed by Sarah Pia Andersen
Written by Meredith Oakes (story) and Eric Deacon.

Inner Circles is a police thriller built around the upper-crust corruptions of the "Huntingdon Country Club." As is usual with Prime Suspect, what appears to be an isolated crime (in this case, a suspicious suicide), branches out into a murder investigation tied to land fraud and a cover-up by the local police. Jane (now Superintendent) Tennison must battle the old boys' network of the country club and her chauvinist colleague, DCI Raymond, in order to solve the case.

Tennison's investigation reveals that murder victim, Dennis Carradine, was doctoring the books of the country club in order to embezzle their funds. Carradine is connected to solicitor Maria Henry through "Hernandez, Torres and Partners," an organisation that turns out to be the front end for a land fraud using local council money. The "inner circles" multiply when the character Paul Endicott is introduced. Endicott is a defrocked lawyer, Maria Henry's lover, and father of Hamish Endicott, the slow-witted bar-tender at the Huntingdon Country Club. Hamish has a crush on Polly, Maria Henry's amphetamine-burning daughter. Polly and Hamish are used as pawns, both by Maria Henry and Paul Endicott, and by Tennison herself. Endicott and Henry work Hamish up into a jealous rage so that he murders Jeffrey Brennan, Polly's abusive boyfriend and the killer of Dennis Carradine. Finally, Tennison turns Polly against her own mother and thus manipulates Endicott and Henry into implicating themselves in their scheme of murder and land fraud.

As has become a convention in Prime Suspect, Tennison is threatened with removal from the case as a result of her combative style. She holds onto the investigation, however, by threatening to take the whole story to the press. The action in the drama is effectively split between the plush lawns inhabited by the Henrys and Endicotts, and the depressing locale of the "Larchmont Estate," the focus for blue-collar crime in the area. Tennison continues to isolate herself through her attitude, and her only "confidante" is DI Richard Haskins from Prime Suspect 1.

Prime Suspect: The Lost Child. 1995 (2 hours)
WGBH Boston/Granada Television
Directed by John Madden
Written by Paul Billing

The Lost Child is a clever script that is, perhaps, the least typical of the Prime Suspect "canon." The drama works associatively, and the "lost child" of the title is at the same time, Susan Warwick's missing ten-month old daughter; the child aborted by Tennison; and the "child" lost somewhere in the logic of character Chris Hughes's mind. Thematically, the Lost Child is an investigation into abuse and trauma. It is an experience discovered in the lives of Hughes, and of Warwick (and, ultimately, her murdered daughter) and in the life of Sergeant Muddiman, one of the members of Tennison's investigative team.

The Lost Child begins with the discovery of Susan Warwick, lying in a pool of blood. Her daughter, Victoria Jane is missing, but nothing else has been taken from the house. Chris Hughes, a known paedophile, is the immediate "prime suspect." He has been spotted in a nearby park and closer investigation uncovers the scrapbooks he keeps of missing children. At the time of Vicky Warwick's abduction, Hughes is maintaining a relationship with a woman who has two young female children. Despite a television appeal (watched by Hughes), Vicky does not turn up. Finally her body is discovered in a remote sluice, and the case turns into a murder investigation headed by Jane Tennison. Since the evidence against Hughes is wholly circumstantial, he is released. He is pursued, however, by over-zealous Sergeant Tony Muddiman (himself an abuse victim). Muddiman steals video-tapes of Hughes's psychiatric counselling sessions and shows them to Hughes's girlfriend. This precipitates a siege in which Hughes takes his girlfriend and her children hostage. Susan Warwick arrives at the scene. After gentle prompting from Tennison, it becomes clear that Warwick is mentally unstable and that she, in fact, is the murderer. The siege ends peacefully.

In its focus on Chris Hughes, The Lost Child shows the true complications of any abuse scenario. The picture is filled out by psychiatrist Patrick Schofield (Tennison's sometime boyfriend) who has counselled Hughes in group therapy sessions for sexual offenders. Susan Warwick is cast as a victim of her own ambition (at the time of Vicky's disappearance, she is studying for her taxation finals). The true loser, however, is Tony Muddiman who is fired from the force for assaulting Hughes and who, presumably, is left to confront the ghosts of his own past alone.

Prime Suspect: Scent of Darkness. 1995 (2 hours)
WGBH Boston/Granada Television
Directed by Paul Marcus
Written by Guy Hibbert

Scent of Darkness revisits Prime Suspect 1, and in particular, its main character George Arthur Marlow (this time, played by a different actor). A series of raped and mutilated bodies have turned up. Their "MO" is precisely that of the Marlow killings (even though Marlow is in prison), with the added touch that each body has been doused in gardenia perfume. Tennison's case in Prime Suspect 1 is called into question, and this doubt is promoted by the publication of a book arguing for Marlow's innocence.

In Scent of Darkness, Tennison not only must negotiate between the offical slur on her competence as a detective, but also must balance her relationship with lover Patrick Schofield, and fight the competing investigation run by unimaginative boor, DCI Tom Mitchell. Tennison is betrayed by her old friend, DI Richard Haskins, by her old boss, Superintendent Mike Kernan, and even, it seems, by Patrick Schofield. Finally, she is taken off the case. Inside his prison cell, meanwhile, Marlow is pasting newspaper cuttings of the case onto his wall, beside the picture of his mother.

Mitchell's investigation goes awry, however, and Tennison gets back the covert support of Mike Kernan and the help of Richard Haskins. Working on her own initiative, Tennison tracks down Marlow's mother, Doris, and finally visits Marlow himself. Tennison tells Marlow of her visit to his mother and he cracks when she delves into his childhood trauma (memorialised in the smell of gardenia). Tennison is suspended for this action. Marlow is next seen coaxing "Ron," one of the prison warders (and a former friend of Marlow's now deceased girlfriend, Moira Henson). "Ron"--Marlow's "copycat" killer--has kidnapped a victim, but has run out of nerve and cannot murder her. Tennison works out the connection between Henson, Marlow and Ron, and a frantic search ensues to rescue the woman before the killer can get to her. Ron is caught and the drama ends with Tennison receiving a light reprimand.

39. Sandra Tomc observes in "Questing Women: The Feminist Mystery After Feminism," that Clarice Starling in Jonathan Demme's The Silence of the Lambs (Orion, 1991) is also confronted with gruesome evidential photographs.

40. For movie production dates and cast details etc., I have perhaps foolishly relied on the Internet Movie Database. It is at URL: <http://us.imdb.com> (current at December 3, 1996).

41. Some reviews of these additions to the "Prime Suspect" cycle are available at the "Mr Showbiz" web site. They can be found at: <http://www.mrshowbiz.com/reviews/tvreviews/archivep.html> (URL current at September 25, 1996).

42. The uses of sexual difference are a commonplace of cultural theory. For a good variation on this phenomenon, Judith Williamson's argument in her essay "Woman is an Island: Femininity and Colonisation" is provocative.

NOT ELSEWHERE CLASSIFIED

Prologue

I avoid movie theatres. When I do see a film, I make sure it is either something I have seen before, or, failing this, I go to an inane comedy, or a film whose conventions are too strange, or conversely, too familiar for me to engage with them. This is my "safety" margin. When social form becomes an issue, however, I may be nagged into watching a video. Most of the time, I make myself unavailable for these invitations.

My experience is to leave a movie theatre bereft, lessened, as if I have left something behind. My pain—because this is what it is—has nothing to do with the overt content of what I have seen: the violence, "sex," "bad language," or some obnoxious patriotism stretched out to 70mm and enhanced with "THX" sound. My disturbance is made up of wanting to be a part of what is on the screen. I don't want to act, and I do not want the kind of power and attention lavished on the "stars." I know the actors are as far removed as I from the whole of which they are just parts.

I want to live those lives projected up there on the screen. I want to sit on the ridge of a deep canyon and ponder my life against a setting Arizona sky. I want my life to change, to have some plot, to keep on moving. Secretly I want this and I want it all to happen as if I were watching it from the tenth row of an auditorium. I want a cinematic good time lived in a Technicolor world where there is no time.

In contrast, television "contains" these feelings but it does not stop them. Instead of avoiding the small screen, I am drawn back to it again and again as if I were always missing something. When doing something else, I need the sound of its confusing voices coming from the other room. Hours of indiscriminate viewing go by. I cannot recall what I have watched or why, or exactly what the feeling is that drives me to kill time in this way. I cannot put my finger on it. Maybe it is just a sadness because the life on the screen has to end. I think I want it to go on.

As I explain in my introduction, my project in this dissertation is to examine British television culture through a specific form of analysis based on a "psychopathological" model. From this perspective, my methodology has enabled me to make observations about some areas of television culture and to suggest how these intersect with and can be understood through analytical categories in psychology and psychiatry. Although this methodology has been useful, it also has its shortcomings. Most individual psychiatric "conditions" are not understood, and do not have a name. They are the behaviours and habits of mind which the American Psychiatric Association, in its Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders: DSM IV, relegates to the area designated "Not Elsewhere Classified." The following chapter is an investigation into some of the elements of this area. It is a continuation of my project to analyse British television culture through a psychopathological model; it is also a further stage in my continuing self-analysis. As such, what I have written reflects my own specific, socially situated use of television.

My approach in this chapter is partly a strategy of closure. The area of the "Not Elsewhere Classified" includes something of all the previously described "conditions." It contains those disassociative states which, as I have previously argued, are able to change viewing subjects' relationships to space, time, and the experience of loss. I attempt to explore what is unclassifiable not through drama or serials, but through the advertising messages which--at least in commercial television--both interrupt and connect programmed broadcasting.[1] Commercials can be extremely complex messages which concentrate televisual and filmic strategies of presentation and narration. As I will go on to discuss, television advertisements quite frequently attach what is being advertised to ideas and associations which, under analysis, appear to go far beyond the possibilities of the product. It is this "excess" which particularly interests me in this chapter.[2]

Where in Chapter One I use Elvis Costello's song "Sunday's Best" to provide some continuity to my analysis, here I remember "Duran Duran's" video-single soundtrack "Rio." This combination of song and video sticks in my mind in a similar way to the losses I associate with the movie theatre and with my experience of television viewing. Although only three years separate the single "Rio" from "Sunday's Best" ("Duran

Duran's" album of the same name was released in 1982), for me the two songs represent two entirely different musical and televisual experiences. "Rio" was a single backed up with a powerful music video and I recall it as if it were a commercial message little different from those stripped down and analysed in section four below.[3] Even now, it acts for me as a compensatory fantasy for life beyond the hump of the year 2000. I keep steering my analysis towards it because (as with the do-it-yourself televisual worlds described in Chapter Two) it has all the weight of the inadequate transitional objects which seem to lurk behind everyday life in the "Not Elsewhere Classified."

"Rio" is also used here as a recurring link to the commercial nexus I later designate as "the city." In sections one and two of this chapter I explore the affective environment made available to viewers through television's powerful advertising messages.[4] Following Louis Marchand's Advertising the American Dream: Making Way for Modernity 1920-1940, I suggest some ways in which time and history are represented through the television commercial and how the development of the commercial form itself has recorded a "memory" of our time.[5] "Rio" is a framing device in this chapter: a reference back to the psychic nowhereland of the unclassifiable invoked by my title. This is a device I supplement with the half-remembered advertising copy I use to label sections two to six: "*look famous ... be legendary ... appear complex ... seem a dream ... prove real.*" Doing this is perhaps an acknowledgement that in some fairly obvious and some more subtle ways, my project is also commercially motivated.

The song "Rio" (whose personal significance I try to understand through my writing) leads me into a number of areas. I examine how what I term the city is realized through the structure and development of British commercial television. As I have suggested in Chapter One, the view of time which I term "official history" is in part a product of the "heritage culture" described by Roger Hewison (10); a powerful British national identity has been made available through television and its marketing of the past. As I also argue, however, this "redefinition" also involves the loss of other ways of recording time and realising identity. The commercial redefinition of national identity in terms of current European politics seems a particularly potent dimension of the six advertising messages I "recover" as written script in section four of this chapter. The orderliness I have imposed is deceptive, however. The Public Service Announcement (message four), for instance, appears to be a simple emotive device attached to a road safety message. This message, however, exemplifies the use of the mock syntagm. The proper names we see at the end cannot be satisfactorily connected to the children whose short lives pass before us on the screen. I think the lack of specificity here is typical of the density of meaning which is one characteristic of the contemporary television advertising message.[6]

My analysis in this chapter and particularly in section four is an attempt to address this "excess." Television commercials often seem to be "advertising" something that goes beyond the terms of an overt product. These are meanings which are always just out of the "frame" and I think they have important connections with the losses I have discussed in the previous chapter. For example, from my perspective "Rio" resonates far beyond a persuasion to buy a sound recording. Somehow it has become "important" in many of the same ways as the defining televisual loop which opens this dissertation. I think I am not alone in attaching this form of cultural resource to my emotional life and it is the investigation of this mechanism that forms the core of my inquiry in this chapter. Television commercials and the particular music video I associate with them seem to promise much; they appear to offer the necessities of identity, but in the end leave emptiness and disappointment.[7]

1. Disappointed

Moving on the floor now babe,
You're a bird of paradise.
Cherry ice-cream smile,
I suppose it's very nice.
With a step to your left,
And a click to the right
You catch the mirror way out west.
You know you're something special,
And you look like you're the best.
    Her name is Rio
    And she dances on the sand.
    Just like that river twisting through a dusty land.
    And when she shines,
    She really shows you all she can,
    Oh Rio, Rio, dance across the Rio Grande.
(Duran Duran. Rio. Capitol Records/EMI, 1982)

> Off to my left there was an empty swimming pool, and nothing ever looks emptier than an empty swimming pool. Around three sides of it there was what remained of a lawn dotted with redwood lounging chairs with badly faded pads on them. The pads had been of many colors, blue, green, yellow, orange, rust red. Their edge bindings had come loose in spots, the buttons had popped, and the pads were bloated where this had happened. On the fourth side there was the high wire fence of a tennis court. The diving-board over the empty pool looked knee-sprung and tired. Its matting covering hung in shreds and its metal fittings were flaked with rust.
> (Raymond Chandler. The Long Goodbye. 1953)[8]

> In a small town, we stop at a pizza place and order a large tomato-and-olive and a pitcher of beer.
>
> The place is filled with families and video games. The kids who aren't playing video games or running around are staring at MTV on a large screen. Some of the parents catch themselves also staring at it, jerking away at a commercial or a veejay's inanities. But the kids continue to goon away obliviously.
>
> I watch as a gorgeous module dances like a drunk giraffe and drools over an average-looking rock and roller who's wearing make-up not quite thick enough to conceal his pock marks. (Mark Lindquist. Sad Movies. 1987)

"Duran Duran's" "Rio," above, as a lyric, a song and the score for a music video, is an example of one pop sensibility brought by the "New Wave" which followed Punk. Even though the song and the album racked up large sales, I was not a fan of "Duran Duran" or of the musical "generation" they in part represented. I find it strange, then, that fifteen years later, I can "replay" the song as part of my private memory. I read it now as the almost poignant pursuit of an idea fashioned into an exotic commercial package and then made real (in the sense that Simon Le Bon, "Duran Duran's" singer, married "Rio," the "supermodel" Jasmin Parevnah). The song and the video constitute a self-reflexive commercial (in the sense that it functions as the advertisement *and* the advertised), but the lyric and the spectacle attached to it seem to have created such an overload of ideas and associations that the primary commercial appeal--to buy the record--has been displaced for me by far more powerful meanings.

I am not sure why this song has returned. Stripped of its immediate commercial identity, "Rio" perhaps offered the kind of "compensatory fantasy" (7) described by Karal Ann Marling in her discussion of the American automobile. Complete with an album cover by Ralph Nagel (1945-84)--who, in the seventies, reinvented women as commercial graphic art--"Rio" may have been proof that a few young men could ditch the humdrum and cross over into a televisual world of material wealth and the assumed universal fantasy coded into "Rio" as graphic art and video image. With its commercial inflections, this package of song and style taunts with a confusing invitation to contemplate the life of the "if only." "Rio" is a beckoning into life in the subjunctive mood. The pull into this style is almost irresistible.[9] It is a world entered just by looking, and just by looking we can almost see ourselves dancing on the sand with the fantasy.

The writing of this video into my memory suggests to me the power of commercially inflected television messages.[10] I connect this mechanism to the creation of televisual spaces discussed in Chapter Two and identify my "recollection" as an important "condition" created by British television culture. I think my experience also speaks for the potential of these messages to fabricate a commercial environment which intersects with other forms of advertising and which can place viewing subjects in affective states largely determined by television and its commercial forms. This same environment sells soft drinks, cars and weekend rail passes. I am spellbound by "Rio" through the same logic of disappointments, I think, that actuates the desperation of a Charlotte Clark or a Michael Ryan discussed in the previous chapter. The humdrum is identity and physical place lost in the commercial "identity" of consumer culture. As such, the lights never go down or come up. There is no convenient framing as in the great escapes offered by the old, classic realist text. The wish-fulfillment offered by a package such as "Rio" is continuous with the pleasures and possibilities attached to our "democracy of goods" (Marchand 292). Marketing puts us all "in the picture," but ignores, as it always has, the straitened circumstances many of us endure in the post-employment age. Developments in communications have tended to spread these messages, making it even more problematic to differentiate between the "dream"--the self experienced in the third-person--and a grounded state of economic powerlessness.[11] "Rio" is a complex message: an incitement to buy a product and a reminder that the love and fame located "way out west" lie only on the other side of the screen.

In a similar way to other "pure" television commercials, "Rio" literally invokes a "foreign" space as the site for the realisation of dreams and identity. This process is also a significant factor in the message analysed in section four. The coding of this space is typically dense, but from my perspective it seems to draw heavily on images which loosely evoke "America," or more specifically, California.[12] The created sense of "City" is an urban conglomerate which blends graffiti and swimming-pools, ghettos and gated communities, in a way which effaces locational certainty. This televisual invention is the transforming video mirror "way out west" ("Rio") in the sense that many of its representations are reflections upon themselves. The hard-boiled, cinematically rendered city of Raymond Chandler, or the tawdry urban ennui described by Mark Lindquist over thirty years later, is nevertheless compelling because in a similar way to "Rio" its stylized "sense of place" makes an association with the escape and wish-fulfillment described by Stuart Ewen.[13]

As I have indicated, I will refer to this televisually-rendered "foreign" space as "the city." As I will explain later, it is a space which for British television viewers is being made more dense through the putting into play of representations of "Europe" described by David Morley and Kevin Robins. The city is constructed through the commercial vocabulary of excess described above. I think it is a space continually trying to reinvent itself through its own prior constructions in filmic and televisual media, as if its resting state were an opportunity to vogue or pose for some ever-present wide-angle lens. The city is a powerful source of images of possibility and transformation; it is a street-smart advertisement for escape, but it may be one that is as bankrupt and dilapidated as Chandler's empty swimming pool.[14]

Because it is a foreign space full of exotic potentials, the televisual city as it appears in commercials is strongly identified with the future. It is a place of anachronisms, of instant stardom in Chandler's Hollywood, or of the similar optimistic lurch for fame and attention encoded in "Duran Duran's" "Rio." However, the city only attains its full presence in the third-person temptation of commercial messages. It is incarnated in the individual textualisations of viewing subjects, a process that I see as necessitating some level of affective engagement with the messages which construct it. Part of its attraction lies in its incongruous facility to represent itself as real: because it is ruined it is somehow "authentic." The city is the commercialized nightmare constructed through television and then represented again through an ongoing therapeutic talk-show which claims to understand its ruin.[15] It is the city of satisfactions because so many of its associations have been grafted on to the desires used to sell products all over the world.

This compensatory space has developed exponentially with increasingly sophisticated urban centres and with the penetration and sophistication of the technologies which represent them. Chandler's transformation of the city into a pure style of cropped dialogue, punctuated by jump cuts and lap dissolves, was coterminous with post-war affluence, with the partial substitution of the commodity for community, with the arrival of rock 'n roll, and with the birth, death and transformation of the classic realist Hollywood text.[16] I think it is in this formative stage that mass-produced commercial messages began to exert a significant influence, and when print, audio, then audiovisual media were developed into what Barbara Bowman calls the "acute spaces" (33) which later became a staple of television commercials. These are spaces of heightened reality, possible transformation and--I argue--disembodied loss. Employed in television commercials, these acute spaces become sites of disappointment and frustration: incentives to do better, to smell cleaner, to drive a superior car, to be irresistible and to emulate and enter the reality within the commercial frame. As in "Rio," these spaces become wish-fulfillment narratives and at the same time sophisticated statements of and persuasions into a particular ideology.

The city as a commercial idea and virtual "place" constructs the highly sophisticated acute spaces of the transnational form of modern media.[17] It is projected into, and to some extent thematised, in Hollywood film. The city seems to be the point of reference in the souped-up genre experiments of John Carpenter, and particularly in the MTV stylings of a film such as Escape from New York (International Film Investors/Avco Embassy, 1981).[18] Such texts apparently discard the city, but the city is also what makes brittle sense of these departures, and it is finally the place to which these texts must return. More "Chandleresque" versions of "the city" are represented in Ridley Scott's futuristic detective thriller Blade Runner (Ladd Company/Sir Run Run Shaw, 1982).[19] In this text, the ruin of the city is understood through the jaded eye of "Rick Deckard" (Harrison Ford)--a futuristic Philip Marlowe--through the florid, self-reflexive mise en scene and through Deckard's violent termination of perfect female Patrick Nagel cyborgs--robots, who in their simulation and incorporation of the highly sexualized female body are, for Claudia Springer, the "consummate postmodern concept" (306). A different type of ruin and understanding is at the centre of the personal breakdowns exquisitely stylized in The New Age (Wechsler Productions, 1994), written and directed by Michael Tolkin. All are part of a "mega-" or "supertext" that places identities at a tangent to its own seemingly corrective brand of therapies.

These fictions of escape, disappointment, of lost love and rebirth appear to be on a continuum with what I see as their commercial counterpart, the advertisement. Where Hollywood film appears to mourn for and to understand the disintegration of what used to be called the American Dream, the advertisement builds a wall of products associatively linked to escapist compensatory fantasies that invite the viewer to safely experience the temptations of the authentic and ruined city. For life outside "Rio," in the humdrum of everyday Britain, the televisual equalisation of "experience" and the commodity translates into insupportable conditions of living for impossible commodity-based dreams built around the arrival of the next payday, or the next inadequate unemployment cheque. "Living" becomes reduced to idle luxuriating in the highly metonymic and connotative language of a text such as "Rio," an escape of sorts, but one that only brings the disappointment necessary to start the cycle again.

What follows is an attempt to probe the elusive cultural "conditions" which I believe are written through and by television commercials. These conditions are more difficult to delineate than my previous definitions of and speculations around the disassociations inherent in false memory, the perception of space and the inability to mourn. Part of this might be my own reluctance to admit that what I identify as the "commercial" quality in "Rio," in Chandler, and Lindquist, offers definite pleasures. In some ways, embracing this admission is to understand the world as empty and disappointing. As well as being an analyst of the city, I find that I also need the departures and dreams it offers. My quandary shares some of Irvin D. Yalom's misgivings about treating a specific kind of analysand:

> I do not like to work with patients who are in love. Perhaps it is because of envy--I, too, crave enchantment. Perhaps it is because love and psychotherapy are fundamentally incompatible. The good therapist fights darkness and seeks illumination, while romantic love is sustained by mystery and crumbles upon inspection. I hate to be love's executioner. (15)

2. *look famous ...*

> People suffer from mediated desire when subjective yearnings are not their own but, rather, have been instilled externally ... The quest to emulate an admired Other leaves the Self empty and broken, out of touch with its own subjectivity and a deeper, *authentic* sensibility. (Andersen 104)

It is clear from my reading of studies such as Roland Marchand's Advertising the American Dream (1985), Erving Goffman's Gender Advertisements (1976), and Vance Packard's The Hidden Persuaders (1957), that the modern, televisual advertising message was conceptualized in print (a process that, today, happens in reverse in the short attention-span layouts of the stylezines I discuss in my introduction).[20] Since commercial television came to Britain only after World War II--the Independent Broadcasting Authority was not formed until 1954[21]--it is not too fanciful to assume a propagandist inflection to British commercial television in the 1950s. After World War II, the task of shoring-up the "Home front" quickly became a "war" against the past and present and a push for the future. The substitution of wartime anxieties (and chief amongst these was the loss, especially in the large cities, of a secure sense of "home") with the new social reality of consumer society and its sustaining fears, was an almost unnoticed rearguard manoeuvre.[22] Rumours about "the enemy," diversionary tales of atrocities and wartime campaigns of misinformation, were displaced into the commercial in the form of the new anxieties implicit in what Anthony Pratkanis and Elliot Aronson have called the "factoid" (71). This usually took the form of an expediently defined idea--often underwritten by scientific "truth"--which was then rendered as fact. For example, smoking has been variously constructed in the past as an aid to breathing, as a cure for asthma, and as a remedy for constipation.[23] Thus, the new commercial form worked assiduously to cultivate the rumours, the "careless talk" and slips of the tongue it had frightened into suppression during the war, along with a new affective language of codes and sub-codes[24] that shifted language and image away from denotation into highly charged areas of connotation.

Marchand's study is a detailed examination of the creation of "commercial realism" and the construction of the mass market and its tastes in America. Although his ambit is confined to print advertising, most of the techniques of persuasion used in American commercial television--approved by the Federal Communications Commission in mid-1941[25]--were refined through advertisements in print media. The arrival of this mass, transnational consumer culture on American, then British, television was also to be the materialisation of a pathology of steadily encroaching confusions. These confusions were, and continue to be, generated in part by a dysplasia of boundaries--the mixing and finally the loss of the distinction between classes, between mass and elite tastes, between "art" and the utilitarian, between the everyday and the sacred, and between authentic desire and Robin Andersen's "mediated desire." As I have suggested in previous chapters, these boundaries are important in television culture; messages which manipulate these boundaries, however, can produce complex anxieties and other abnormal states of affect in viewing subjects.

Marchand's text is really an account of the erasure of the personal and intimate, and its reinvention as an instrument to be played by the mass market. Identity and imagination were effectively recreated through these operations and later were projected onto the small screen. Aided by the new iconography of MTV in the eighties, the commercial text of the nineties renders the humdrum a pale imitation of the two-dimensional flickering image and its pixillated fantasies. Many of the strategies of the contemporary form--the family tableau, the parable of self-improvement, and the quasi-therapeutic pitch--were developed in the pre-war period examined by Marchand. An interesting aside is that as Marchand's work suggests, one of the most confusing aspects of early print advertising was its assumption of a universal female audience: women were assumed to be the predominant consumers.[26] In the nineties, however, it seems even advertisers are unable to impose any control over gender identifications. In my view, what started out in the sixties as "unisex" (a trend promoted by the rise of the "boutique"), has, in the contemporary period, become a convenient label in which the "equality of the sexes" is simply the successful creation of a single market (as the "Calvin Klein" *CK1* range of products illustrates). If this particular area of desire has been turned into a kind of anarchy, often mistaken for a liberation from gender, then this is only one of the dilemmas posed by the world of the "if only" caught for a moment in Marchand's genealogy.

Technological innovations, new modes of televisual presentation and more accurate methods of creating and monitoring markets enable television commercials to be exceptionally powerful. They can trigger a vast net of associations, fears and memories. This floating grid of associations, however, increasingly seems to veer away from the product it is designed to create and retail. It is no longer very clear what some commercials are selling. The taking of the product out of the commercial, or the effacement of the overt product by far more powerful compensatory fantasies (for example, the allure of the deserted beach, not the new car driving across it), was inherent, I think, in the first overlaps and slippages between commercial texts. Parody and satire, the playing off of one pitch against another, tend to produce a confusing third term that exists only as it is referenced to viewers' intricate knowledge of commercial reality. In the sharing of a language authenticated by the exchange of a cross-textual gag--a mechanism also discussed in Chapter Two--is a kind of intimacy, a welcome into the frame of the commercial which suddenly has all the feelings of a "home" from home. This is perhaps why direct product placement within the familiar, stable and repeating worlds of sitcoms and soap operas has again become fashionable. For example, the association of our media "friends" with a packet of Kellogg's "Raisin Bran," or the interplay between one program and another, or one genre and another within the same program, has all the aura of novelty but is really little different from the "gaps" ("Situation" 91) Patricia Mellencamp finds in a vintage program such as The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show (1950-58). When a commodity is surreptitiously slipped into the "stars'" conversation, or into the sitcom mise-en-scene (as happens with breakfast cereal in the American show Seinfeld), there is at least the potential for the viewing subject to be drawn closer to the product and to the actors (other kinds of "products"). The effect is the kind of intimacy created by George Burns' puncturing of the nominal fictive bubble when he stepped outside of the action in order to confide in the "audience" at home.

Television appears to quickly forget its innovations so that it can rapid cycle and reinvent them further down the road. Although Robin Andersen discusses this kind of "commercialtainment" (2), it is not certain whether the product benefits from association with a familiar star in a familiar place, or whether the key allure is just with the perceived "cleverness" of the show itself. As I suggest, it frequently seems as if the product and the pitch (however disguised) simply do not connect. The manipulation of a medium in which viewers have become highly skilled readers actually renders the product inconsequential. What is more likely is that the city that reaches through these messages is increasingly at a loss to control the connotations and desires it has been steadily broadcasting for over forty years. In order to maintain some coherence, commercial campaigns are progressively forced to dispense the ideas behind their products across a wider variety of media. This strategy is both an exercise of power and a symptom of impotence and psychosis.

This form is itself a costly commodity--advertisers pay exorbitant rates to enter the televisual flow--and it has translated the world through and into its own language.

Commercials make claims or in the contemporary form seem to make no claims at all. Style (here, a shifting and constantly revised sense of the contemporary) is conferred through understatement, through a tangential association, or through an empty word rendered iconic by an overjolt of hitherto unrelated and open-ended suggestions (most obviously, the transnational brand "Nike" stands for health and fitness, and more distantly, for self-sufficiency, determination and success, all of which are no more than a "just"[27] away: the future reduced to a check mark). Confusingly though, it is in the "hip" commercial texts, which conceal and make exclusive their products, that the greatest hyperbole compulsively lies. As logo, a word is reborn. It becomes, in a similar way to "Rio," a potential slogan, an image that stands in as a mnemonic, and as an "ontological metaphor" (Tanaka 84), for wish-fulfillment texts playing in the minds of viewing subjects.

3. *be legendary ...*

> Historically ... broadcasting has assumed a dual role, serving as the political public sphere of the nation state, and as the focus for national cultural identification. (Morley and Robins 10)

The terrain is dense in British television because it has retained some commitment to public service broadcasting, a practice that both secures national identity at home and constructs it for consumption overseas. The BBC, as Anthony Smith has written, continues to be a considerable force in Britain, and it is one "outside the justifying rituals of the marketplace" (10). What the BBC nevertheless sells is in some way a steadily fragmenting sense of the past largely based on the "vision" institutionalized by its first Director-General, John Reith. Formulated in the thirties, Reith's conception of public broadcasting was by all accounts authoritarian and patrician.[28] He steered the BBC toward bettering the "ignorant masses," and this aim was brought into being by the imposition of standard radio and television license fees from which the corporation still draws its major funding. In part, it is through maintaining Reith's vision that BBC television has efficiently sold the country on itself. As I have argued in Chapter One, this process becomes more visible during times of crisis and it is at these moments that television's role in defining official history and national identity can be seen and felt.

As I have already suggested, the production of these memories is an extremely complex and self-perpetuating operation. This complexity is perhaps enhanced in British television because it is not fully "commercial," and has until recently retained a commitment to public service broadcasting with its imperatives of responsibility and nation-building. These imperatives are complicated by the legacy of radio broadcasting and its sectioning off of the listening audience into socio-economically based entertainment "classes."[29] British television is not, however, just the BBC. Britain's "independent," commercial television is also involved in mass-producing the past, or rather, it is engaged in embedding a sense of the past in a timeless media present. Its first commercial channel began broadcasting in 1955. This was brought about by the 1954 Television Act which led to the formation of the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA), the body that controls Britain's commercial television. Through a rather complicated and competitive system, the IBA grants franchises to companies which then provide television service for their region. "ITV," then, is really a series of "channels." Despite the strict regulation of television output outside the public sector, as evidenced by stern documents such as the Pilkington Committee Report (1962),[30] "Channel Four," Britain's second commercial channel, began transmitting in November 1982. Through another complex legislative mechanism, "Channel Four" is supported by a levy fixed on the other ITV companies (Sparks 326). This keeps their profits in check, and enables "Channel Four" to broadcast minority programmes which it does not make itself, but which it commissions from other companies. Its twice-weekly soap opera Brookside, for example, is produced by the predictably named "Brookside Productions" (Self 55).

"Channel Four" has also made history in other ways. In contrast to the sometimes shabby period dramas of the BBC, this newer, leaner company--through its subsidiary "Goldcrest Films and Television"--has revived both "Old England" and the Empire through lush features such as Chariots of Fire (20th Century Fox, 1981). Scripted by Colin Welland, a former "Z-Cars" copper, and with a dreamy, synthetic score by Vangelis, Chariots of Fire was a nostalgia-bathed commercial for the virtues of honest hard work and comradeship. The similarly produced Gandhi (Columbia Pictures, 1982), directed by Richard Attenborough, a past chairman of "Channel Four," was another diversionary tale lapped up by a country channel-surfing out of "punk" onto the "New Wave." These complex production deals that combine drastically revisionist histories with the city, have continued in the ongoing rewriting of "literary classics," for example, in the Merchant-Ivory "cycle" and its retextualising of E.M. Forster's Room with a View (1986) and Howards End (1992). Whilst such operations open up the general public to the "good books" from which they may have been excluded, the impetus is not to educate but to make money; the question of "taste" has been suddenly let go with a total disregard for the unsatisfactory but stabilizing structures formerly imposed by class and its control over high and low culture. More recently, the BBC have realized the commercial gold to be mined in the classics, and have invested their confidence in Kenneth Branagh, to marshal his friends through texts such as Much Ado About Nothing (BBC/Renaissance Films/Samuel Goldwyn Company, 1993).

One of the conclusions that can be drawn from this trend is that Britain has been packaged as an idea and put into play in the commercial supertext. Viewed within the culture which is their nominal source, these packages are deeply conflicted between the sense of the local and familiar, and the sense of distanced, reconstructed compensatory tales that take place in and sometimes on the never-never. Forster's "Howards End," for example, has all the strangeness of a half-remembered holiday cottage revisited and idealised as the background for a low-fat, low-salt butter commercial. Television's interventions in film-making are an index of the insecurity of the small screen, but they are also interventions that get recycled back into everyday, domestic television, compromising its hold on the factors that determine the quality of life. As a channel for social and political critique, both the commercial and the non-commercial systems have lost their force. As the decade comes to an end, the relationship with their audience is drifting toward a negotiated settlement similar to that between consumers and the "if only" world of MTV, with all its meretricious connotations of satisfaction, security and home.

In the past fifteen years, the BBC/IBA four-channel duopoly has been increasingly wracked by the market. "Channel 5," which started broadcasting to around 80% of the population in April 1997, is another conduit of commercial messages and seems set to be a formally self-conscious, pop-culture savvy hybrid of "Channel Four" and MTV stylings. So far, however, it has been described as "irredeemably awful" (Reid). Its appearance was inevitable given various changes in the infrastructure of British broadcasting. These changes may suggest an accelerating capitulation to the city. Part of this restructuring has been a response to the new consumer choices offered by the opening up of the home video market[31] in the early eighties, a freedom, as Sean Cubitt writes, quickly suffocated by the powers of censorship built into the 1984 Video Recordings Act (106).[32]

The loss of John Reith's version of England, however, can probably be located in such inconsequential events as the beginning of "Breakfast TV" in 1983. With this small modification, the "frame" of British broadcasting was cracked. The "Peacock Report," three years later, was a more serious threat to the BBC and ITV's role in manufacturing the "everyday." The recommendation of the report--one consolidated by the 1990 Broadcasting Act, the 1994 Government White Paper titled "The Future of the BBC," and the necessary renewal of the Corporation's Royal Charter--was based on diversification. Its implication, clarified in the White Paper, was a new direction based on the Thatcherite doctrines of "Serving the nation" and "Competing world-wide" (qtd. in Sparks 334). This solidification around the illusory plurality of the market, evident in the BBC, has been reflected in the "rapid concentration of ownership" (Sparks 332) of the independent regional companies controlled by the IBA, for example, in "Granada's" takeover of "London Weekend Television."

In this trend can be seen all the confusions of the city. I suggest that the commodifying of the notion of "public service" is television's belated attempt to recreate an audience and a national identity fragmenting under the pleasures of commercial forces outside of its control. For a culture which often seems to be grumbling its way through a perpetual recession, the "grammar" of Britain's own commercial imagination is not alluring enough to provide the raw material for satisfactory compensatory fantasies. Britain cannot compete with the solutions offered by figures such as "Rambo." Increasingly, the "everyday" and a sense of home are positioned in the netherworld of an advertising supertext made in America. The slow death of public service broadcasting is itself a projection of this pathology, a scramble to reengage with its own "lost things."

The true incoherence of this was evident in the broadcasting crisis of July 1993. At the occasion of the "Radio Academy Festival" in Birmingham, veteran BBC correspondent Mark Tully roundly criticized John Birt, the Corporation's Director-General, for encouraging a "management style" (Leapman, "downmarket" 1) responsible for putting the BBC out of touch with its license-paying audience.[33] Shortly after, but not as a result of Tully's remarks, the BBC dropped the "Light" in "Light Entertainment" and appointed David Liddiment--the creator of some of "Granada Television's" most popular shows--as head of the restructured "Entertainment" group (Leapman, "looking" 17). This was all part of a manoeuvre to recapture its viewership--at a low of 28.9 per cent in 1993--by losing its perceived elitist bias.

As the BBC struggled to appeal to lower income groups, Marcus Plantin, the central scheduler for ITV, announced its opposite intention to mould itself for the pleasures of a "young and up-market audience" (qtd. in Leapman, "spending" 3). With ITV trying to establish a new reputation and the BBC trying to lose another, the result is set to be an arrival at some common denominator. This jockeying for position suggests that the large cultural underclass will continue to be addressed at a tangent to their lives. The future is likely to bring an even more acute loss of the old identifications provided by television. In their space will have been substituted placeless advertising messages, available on more channels, around a clock whose hands will have become meaningless. The current situation in broadcasting indicates that for the viewing subject immersed in this world, one of the few alternatives to the role of Irvin D. Yalom's "executioner" is to assemble a life, and a sense of hope, out of the potent "narrative" that I have argued is implicit in products and the complex of associations that sell them.

The mass production and distribution of these messages have been encouraged by the new media environment brought by the arrival of cable and satellite TV. In a very short period of time, a system of national identification has become one challenged by the "transnational imagery" (Murdock 81) made available through the "BSkyB" satellite broadcasting consortium dominated by Rupert Murdoch. In another bid to retain its audience, Murdoch's enterprise has in turn been challenged by the BBC's own intervention in new technology. The Corporation has signed a deal with the "wholly commercial" (Sparks 335) Pearson company (a company that also has a stake in the new "Channel 5") for combined satellite services in Europe. The BBC has changed its "corporate culture" in other ways, for example, through its "pay-TV" channels "BBC World" (an advertising-supported news and current affairs programme) and "BBC Prime," and most recently through its £140m deal with the "cable and satellite channel packager" "Flextech" (Horsman 10).

What I interpret as the capitulation of Britain's system of public broadcasting to the market suggests an intensification and deepening of the "conditions" I discuss in this dissertation. In this chapter, I see a pathology implied not only in the extension through television commercials of what I have termed the city, but also in its circulation by way of highly compressed and associative messages. I think these messages have abandoned any simple communicative role. From my perspective, they are the germs of consumptive ideation and the conditions they produce are perhaps unclassifiable. Since "developed" culture is technophilic, these conditions are denied under a rhetoric that lauds new techniques and technologies of communication. In television culture, it appears that identity is becoming a question of limited social interaction and a repertoire of the patterns of behaviour necessary for dutiful consumption, if only in the escapes and "homes" from home offered by commercial compensatory fantasies. The condition is many things, but it is at once a kind of autism and a type of "magic thinking"--a substituted rationalization imagined in order to head off the complex affective states that lie outside the mediations and enchantments of a television culture.

The mechanism of imaginative projection is fundamental to the way viewing subjects relate to television commercials. My crude, shot-by-shot recoveries of the following six messages gives them a logic not always apparent (and arguably not intended), when they are placed in the televisual flow. Most of all, the sense of velocity and movement is lost (those leaps of time and place that make them so dream-like), especially since many of the shots only became apparent after multiple viewings. What has also been lost in my reconstructions is the open-endedness of the six messages: an apparent refusal to commit to one narrative, one time, or one place (often read, I think, as the necessary condition for "style").

In some ways, I would like to believe that my "scripts" for these six messages speak for themselves. This of course is not the case. These "recoveries" can only speak for my internalisation of what I have seen and heard, subject to the methodology described in my introduction. As I have suggested earlier, I believe such messages offer a highly associative form of address which may or may not lock into each viewer's individual mode of "recording" experience. My choice was made from a sixty-minute collection of "Channel Four" and "ITV" commercials recorded on the second weekend in March of 1997. This final selection represents neither the most arresting, nor the most banal of the recorded sixty minutes. I have tried to choose messages that for me exemplify the developed state of the commercial form.

What is significant is that four of the messages--two indirectly--concern travel. They are fantasies of leaving, of shedding a false identity and arriving at another, third-person impersonation. In my reading of these particular commercials, the travelers often seem to get lost or appear lost, even though the messages may have the nuances of "home" coded into their escapist departures (usually by way of the product itself). I will be discussing these points later, but what is evident even from a cursory viewing (or "reading") of these "texts" is their mislocation, their "lostness," in some idea of the "new" Europe, and then in the globalising forces I have equated with the city. Given the importance of television culture in Britain, I think these messages speak for the insupportable confusions facing identity and the idea of "home" as a location negotiated in the neurotransmitters of the brain. What they almost certainly encourage is a process of thinking, and of stilted critique, limited to the span of a standard 30-second advertising "slot."

4. *appear complex ...*

1. Advertisement: Renault Clio

Channel 4 and London Weekend Television. March 8-9 pm, 1997.

Length: 25 seconds. Number of shots: 26

VIDEO	AUDIO
1. Camera travels over long, bare, female legs curled in the fetal position. Travel of the camera is matched by movement as the lone woman sits up on the side of the bed. This sequence is so fast it is almost subliminal.	Medium-tempo, laid-back, dance track "Keep on movin." Runs throughout commercial, except when interrupted. Chatter (in French) from the radio alarm clock.
CUT TO	
2. Car. Woman seen driving. She is filmed from in front of the windshield as reflections pass across the glass. She looks straight ahead. Focus is tight on her face. The steering wheel is blurry. Colours throughout this commercial are white and various blue tones. CUT TO	
3. Car. Side view of car in traffic (Hyde Park?). The frame is canted at a 45 degree angle. CUT TO	
4. Car. Woman seen driving.. Reflections on car windshield. Whiteout reflection and travel to	
5. Car. Woman seen driving. She looks to her left. CUT TO	
6. Car. Reverse angle to shot 3. Travel on movement of car to MCU, French number plate, partly obscured (CLIO 1-B), and Renault logo. CUT TO	
7. Car. Side view in traffic, but the car passes across the frame in the opposite direction. The woman is lost. CUT TO	

8. Street. Car pulling up at black and white striped pedestrian crossing on busy city street. Pedestrians cross in both directions. CUT TO	
9. Street. CU on little girl. She is holding the hand of an adult off-screen. The little girl looks back. CUT TO	LITTLE GIRL: Papa?
10. Car. Reverse. The woman is looking at the little girl. Woman now shunted to the left of frame. Focus is not so tight. Woman's face perhaps expresses yearning (she is strong but still maternal). CUT TO	
11. Car crosses walkway. Seen from 45 degree, aerial, medium shot. CUT TO	
12. Car viewed from side. CU on light detail and silver Renault hood logo. CUT TO	
13. Street. Woman seen in medium shot. Cropped--no head or feet--rushing across frame with dry-cleaning. Rain-slicked streets. CUT TO	
14. Street. Woman swings dry-cleaning into back of car. Brief view of her face from the side. CUT TO	
15. Street. Seen from the rear--car speeds towards a dead end. Brake lights glow. CUT TO	SNDFX: Car noise drowns out dance track
16. Street. Aerial shot. Car framed at 45 degrees in lower right of frame. It is now parked at a sidewalk. A few outdoor cafe tables on the wet surface. Car and sidewalk are colour-matched, but separated by white traffic bollards seen from above. Woman gets out of car with dry cleaning and rushes toward cafe. CUT TO	
17. Interior cafe. Woman enters and kisses man. (he is a waiter, a customer, a boyfriend, an ex-boyfriend or a husband). CUT TO	SNDFX: Background sounds of cafe. A few words of French are distinguishable. General babble.
18. Cafe. Woman, seen in medium focus through	

standing customers, comes out of a door marked "Toilettes." She is now dressed in a business suit. CUT TO	
19. Cafe. Woman runs. Quickly waves good-bye. Her hair is flying. CUT TO	
20. Car. CU of Renault hood logo. CUT TO	
21. Interior. Business meeting (a presentation or interview. Our woman is "on the spot"). Three interviewers at large table, two male, one female who sits in the middle. They have their backs to the window. Our Renault owner faces the light and her chair is placed in a "slide" of incoming sunlight. Male 1 moves to confer with male 2. CUT TO	SNDFX: Throat clearing echoes in large room. Dance track is interrupted for this section.
22. MCU on male 1 and male 2 conferring. Male 1 looks at the interviewee during this action. CUT TO	SNDFX: Indistinctly heard sounds of conference between male 1 and male 2. A few French words are heard.
23. Reverse shot. Sitting interviewee in centre frame. Intent on male 1 and male 2. Tense and impatient. Her shoulders are hunched up. CUT TO	
24. Reverse shot. MCU of female interviewer. Looks down and at interviewee. CUT TO	
25. Exterior. Renault woman runs happily down steps to her waiting car. Only the top of the car is visible as she opens the door. Medium focus, grainy shot. Woman almost breaks into laughter as v/o comes up. CUT TO	Dance-track resumes "Keep on moving" MALE VOICEOVER The new Renault Clio. It's moved on.
26. Exterior. Camera pulls back and shot tilts upward as woman get in car and slams doors. Standing male figures glimpsed behind a window of the building she has just left (she has bowled them over). Caption on opaque band on left of frame contains "Clio" logo and text:	

The New Renault Clio

It's Moved On

2. Advertisement: The Independent (daily newspaper)
Channel 4 and London Weekend Television. March 8-9 pm, 1997.
Length: 20 seconds. Number of shots: 3

VIDEO	AUDIO
1. Computer-generated graphics. Black screen. The words "Left" and "Right" are pulsed alternately on screen left and screen right. The words are in red and blue respectively. The words flash at a faster tempo and as they do so they are staggered to indicate the connection between the words and the movement and sound of marching feet. As the tempo increases, the words increase in size and decrease in focus. Words dissolve. CUT TO	SNDFX: Pulsing words are accompanied by the tramp of marching boots. Slow tempo at first, increasing in speed as the images are flashed faster on the screen.
2. Black screen. Caption (white on black): **WOULDN'T YOU** **RATHER BREAK RANKS?** Dissolve	SNDFX: Fade out.
3. Caption (white on black). Distinctive "Independent"masthead : **THE INDEPENDENT** **IT IS. ARE YOU?**	

3. Advertisement: Mitsubishi Carisma

Channel 4 and London Weekend Television. March 8-9 pm, 1997.

Length: 35 seconds. Number of shots: 27

1. Establish: Exterior. Film noirish black and white. Night. Foreground left, a vintage public telephone box shot from an oblique angle above. Frame dominated by the lighted word "TELEFON" on top. Background. Sinister warehouse, canal. Reflections in water and on wet cobblestones. Shadows. Caption: **BERLIN** **MONDAY** A white car drives in from screen right, lights on. CUT TO	MUSIC: "James Bond" continuity style music suggests "genre." Plays throughout the commercial, resolving at the end.
2. Exterior. ECU Black gloved hand on telephone receiver . CUT TO	
3. Exterior. MCU from outside telephone kiosk. A woman puts the receiver to her ear. She is framed from the mid-chest up. She has black hair and is dressed in black with a short vinyl or leather coat. The telephone dial is seen to the left of the frame. The glass of the kiosk is dirty and rain-spotted. She speaks into the telephone.	WOMAN (London accent): I've got the money
CUT TO 4. Exterior. Same location. Man holding a cell phone, left-framed at 45 degrees. His teeth are bad. Prominent features.	Music builds in this section as if for chase sequence.
He speaks in a menacing voice.	MAN

Vienna. Tomorrow.

Man turns into right of frame. Camera pans left to another man suspended upside down over a canal. Sharks swim incongruously in the water. CUT TO

5. Exterior. Seen through telephone kiosk. The door closes and the woman is seen walking to the white car (English license plates). She carries a briefcase. CUT TO

6. Exterior. Car door closes. Pan left into CU of tail-light cluster and the word "Carisma" in chrome on the trunk.

DISSOLVE TO

7. Exterior. Day. Through windshield. Intent face of woman driving shot from above and in front.

DISSOLVE TO

8. Exterior. Car drives over leaves through an avenue of trees. Stripes of sunlight stream over road. Car drives out of frame.

DISSOLVE TO

9. CU coloured balloons in muted blues and greens. Caption:

VIENNA
TUESDAY

DISSOLVE TO

10. Exterior. Car pulls up at a flight of stone steps. A grizzled balloon-seller is seen mid-frame, to the left.

11. Exterior. Without car door opening, woman is seen climbing steps. Other pedestrians all descend. The balloon-seller is motionless.

12. Interior. MCU. Woman picks up the red receiver of a modern, public phone as it rings. She speaks into receiver.

WOMAN

Where to now?

She turns to her left, watchful.

13. Exterior. Sinister man framed from slightly further back. He speaks gutturally into his cell phone.

MAN

Prague!

14. Exterior. Camera pans to suspended man now closer to the water and the sharks. He is struggling now.

CUT TO

15. Interior. CU red telephone receiver is slammed down.

CUT TO

16. Exterior. MCU of radiator grille. Stone steps in background. Foreground dominated by prominent red Mitsubishi hood insignia. Woman descends steps, ready to enter car.

DISSOLVE TO

17. Exterior. Car swings into picture from right of frame and disappears down avenue of trees. Sunlight. White signpost "Praha" appears in left of frame.

SUPERIMPOSE

18. CU male hand holding passport. The picture belongs to the woman driving the car.

DISSOLVE TO

19. Exterior. Car drives into frame from left. Low angle. Tramlines are seen on the road. Caption:

PRAGUE
WEDNESDAY

Cars swings across and then out of frame.

CUT TO

20. Exterior. Night. Woman's anguished face

seen behind glass of telephone kiosk. The car is seen complete at a 45 degree angle in the left of frame. The camera pans down and voiceover begins	MALE VOICEOVER A Mitsubishi Carisma doesn't need ...
CUT TO	
21. Exterior. CU bespectacled man behind megaphone. He is dressed in black and is angled into the left, bottom corner of the frame. He shouts.	MAN Cut!
22. Exterior. Camera pans over to woman in telephone kiosk. She turns to her left, takes the receiver from her ear and speaks in disbelief.	WOMAN What?
	MALE VOICEOVER ... an implausible plot ...
23. Exterior. Camera pulls back Woman exits telephone kiosk as technicians wheel this "prop" away to the left. We are "behind the scenes." Woman raises her arms in frustration.	... shot by an overpaid director.
CUT TO	
24. Exterior. Three quarters view, as the white car is reversed onto a waiting trailer.	
25. Car shot head on, on trailer. Centered in frame. The caption "Carisma" is placed under the car.	The Mitsubishi Carisma. Some cars have it; some don't.
CUT TO	
26. Exterior. The suspended man still swinging dangerously low over the sharks.	
Caption: **FIN**	Music ends
Man wriggles desperately.	SUSPENDED MAN Excuse me?

CUT TO	
27. Computer-generated animation. Electric blue on black. Morphs into Mitsubishi logo and caption: **Mitsubishi** **Motors** **Re-Inventing The Wheel**	SNDFX Sound "logo" accompanies movement of animation.

In its styling, use of captions, and tongue-in-cheek references to the telephone as a device to move the "plot" to different "locations," this commercial suggests a reference to the Tom Cruise feature Mission Impossible (1996).

4. Public Service Announcement

Channel 4 and London Weekend Television. March 8-9 pm, 1997.

Length: 90 seconds. Number of shots: 13

VIDEO	**AUDIO**
1. "Home video" footage. Interior. A young boy in school uniform moves through other children who are seated, prior to taking the stage at a school parents" night. Caption "© W. H. Auden 1940" bottom left of frame.	Slow, plaintive oboe music with strings. MALE VOICEOVER (Scottish regional accent)*: Stop all the clocks Cut off the telephone
DISSOLVE	
2. "Home video" footage. Interior. Young boy in kitchen of house. Adults are present but only partly visible. He is excited and happy.	Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone.
DISSOLVE	
3. "Home video" footage. Interior. Young, mischievous little girl on settee. She looks around with enormous eyes.	Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
DISSOLVE	
4. "Home video" footage. Exterior. CU baby in pram, waving arms, eyes tightly closed.	Bring out the coffin Let the mourners come

DISSOLVE	
5. "Home video" footage. Exterior. Young boy on holiday. Wide shot of villa balcony. The ocean is visible in the background. He is upset or shy in front of the camera. The boy raises his arm to the camera, then turns, looking into the distance.	Let the aeroplanes circle mourning overhead. Scribbling on the sky the message: "He is dead"
DISSOLVE	
6. "Home video" footage. Exterior. Two young boys in bathing trunks standing by the side of the swimming pool. One gently pushes the other into the water. Young boy in water elbows himself back onto the poolside.	Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves. White traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.
DISSOLVE	
7. "Home video" footage. Interior. Young boy in Sunday best sits on settee, a white carnation in his buttonhole. He is at the centre of a family occasion.	He was my north, my south, my east and west.
DISSOLVE	
8. "Home video" footage. Exterior. CU baby in crib.	My working week
DISSOLVE	
9. "Home video" footage. Interior. Young boy on stage reading in front of other children. He finishes his piece and awkwardly leaves the stage.	My Sunday best My noon
DISSOLVE	My midnight
10. "Home video" footage. Interior. Little girl on settee. She has just woken up.	My talk, my song
Camera moves in to MCU then CU.	I thought that love would last forever. I was wrong (voice breaks with emotion)
Still	MUSIC ENDS
FADE TO BLACK	
11. Caption (white on black):	

Andrew, Laura, William, Adam
and Tracy were knocked down and killed
by cars near their homes

FADE TO BLACK

12. Caption (white on black):

At times we all drive a bit too fast

FADE TO BLACK

13. Circular traffic warning sign animation (a hand moving downwards), and caption:

Kill your speed

* The reader here is Jack Hannah. Hannah acts in the feature film Four Weddings and a Funeral, (Working Title Films/Polygram, 1994) a movie which also features the poetry of W. H. Auden.

5. Advertisement: Eurostar

Channel 4 and London Weekend Television. March 8-9 pm, 1997.

Length: 25 seconds. Number of shots: 5

VIDEO	AUDIO
1. Exterior. MCU. Man in dark business suit sits in front of the lower half of a sword-carrying statue. A pigeon is in lower right corner of frame. Camera swings down to take in face of statue (easily identified as Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square).	MAN (heavily French-accented English)*: If you are traveling from central London
CUT TO	
2. Exterior. Extreme deep focus straight down. Man's legs dangling dangerously over parapet and busy London traffic below (red buses and black taxicabs).	Here And you want to go to Brussels
CUT TO	
3. Interior. Medium shot. Man against background of "old Europe" (sightseers photographing a famous monument.	

He gesticulates with movement of head.	Here
Man turns to right and walks out of frame.	Then we are wondering why
CUT TO	
4. Exterior. Man walks on from left of frame. Background is dominated by a large green British traffic sign indicating "Airport 12m."	so many of you choose to go via
Points at traffic sign	here
Man crouches and covers ears with hands as an airliner roars out from behind the sign.	SNDFX Aircraft noise
Camera pans up to show underside of aircraft	Noise rises in volume
Pan down to MCU man as he shouts against the deafening noise.	MAN Maybe this is the famous British sense of humour
	SNDFX Fade aircraft noise
CUT TO	
5. Fade in Eurostar graphic and caption:	FEMALE VOICEOVER (slight trace of a "foreign" accent):
£59 **from waterloo and ashford** 0345 30 30 30 or see an appointed travel agent or railway station	Visit Brussels from only £59 return

* Eurostar's spokesman in this commercial is Eric Cantona, the French-speaking captain of the Manchester United football team.

6. Advertisement: British Midland (Airline)

Channel 4 and London Weekend Television. March 8-9 pm, 1997.

Length: 20 seconds. Number of shots: 14

AUDIO	VIDEO
1. Interior. Factory assembly line stretches across and out of shot. MCU man in white lab coat in left of frame. He speaks German. A BMW crest is on his top pocket. He rubs chin, considers, thinks.	MAN (German is barely distinguishable)
CUT TO	
2. Interior. Factory. Overhead shot of robots spot-welding the shell of a new car.	SNDFX Factory sounds
CUT TO	
3. Exterior. Factory parking lot. Wide shot. Man is seen in middle of hundreds of new cars all the same colour. He gesticulates with arms.	MAN Zwei Hundert!
	MUSIC Fades up but stays low. "Ambient" style, bass-line only
CUT TO	
4. ECU. Digital display (red LEDs on black background). Numbers count down.	SNDFX Clicks, as numbers count down
CUT TO	
5. Interior. Medium shot. Female fashion model in long red dress. The Eiffel Tower is seen through a large window in the background. She shrugs.	WOMAN (Indistinguishable French)
CUT TO	
6. Interior. Wide shot. Slow motion as fashion model twirls in flowing red dress.	
7. ECU. Digital display. Numbers count down.	SNDFX
CUT TO	Clicks, as numbers count down.
8. Exterior. Two male airport baggage-handlers loading luggage. In the background is seen a building	

and the sign "Schiphol Amsterdam." Man carrying aluminium flight-case speaks.	MAN Three Hundert!
CUT TO	
9. Interior. Medium shot. Fashion model. Her dress is adjusted by a pair of hands (body offscreen). Her face expresses irritation.	WOMAN No, no!
CUT TO	
10. Interior. Empty bar. Grizzled man, left-framed behind around twenty, full, foamy pint beer glasses on bar. He speaks.	MAN One, five, oh
CUT TO	
11. Interior. CU. Model in red dress. Background now out of focus.	WOMAN No, no ...
CUT TO	
12. Exterior. Factory parking lot. Man in lab coat amidst new cars. He is more animated now.	MAN Lies!
CUT TO	
13. Exterior. A bank of round, red-on-black digital counters (like runway navigation lights) at bottom of frame against a blue sky. The numbers move. An aeroplane appears and disappears through top, left of frame.	MALE VOICEOVER Actually ... There are over 1400 flights every week to 15 European destinations
CUT TO	
14. Caption against blue sky. (Second line is flashed in French, German, then English):	
BM British Midland **Your Airline for Europe**	British Midland. The airline for Europe.

Aeroplane flies from right to left across top of frame.

5. *seem a dream ...*

> [Y]ou can punch the buttons in the predictability ... You can call the shot numbers out in advance. The formula-ridden television is because of sales, because ... the nerve is they'll soon have, where they'll tell every five seconds who's switching off.
> (Dennis Potter interviewed by Melvyn Bragg, Blossom 16)

Movin' on the floor now babe,
You're a bird of paradise.

My initial comments on the six messages which comprise the previous section are more in the vein of simple observations than in-depth analysis. I think the public service announcement is easily the most powerful. Across its extended length, it embeds triggers that invoke an acute sense of loss, made even more powerful, perhaps, by the incongruity of its positioning within the "everyday" of "Channel Four's" "soap," Brookside. The ingenuousness of the "home video" footage it favours, however, is complicated, or even questioned, by the "celebrity" voiceover of Jack Hannah, and the distant extension this makes to the character he plays in the feature Four Weddings and a Funeral (1994). In contrast, the frankly arch "plug" for The Independent, a daily British newspaper, clearly foments the probable fall of the Conservative party and imminent election of "new" Labour in the 1997 General Election. This message is slightly unnerving, because its graphical style and the audio track of tramping jack boots (deliberately) suggest the strategies of overt propaganda. The two car commercials are self-consciously filmic, one ironically so. I believe they can be said to represent just one round in the seasonal "car wars" in Britain--the attempt to secure a market share for almost identical products through the language, not of performance statistics, but of style. The remaining two messages are hybrids, and their implications are a little more complex. They are appeals to "Britain" made through what I interpret as a rapidly conventionalizing language of commercial metonyms that carry the meaning "Europe." With the exception of the public service announcement, all of the commercials are time-compressed, that is, their footage flashes across the eye, as if on benzedrine, at more frames per second than is usual in live action or in "regular" television.

These texts are also similar in that their strongest appeals are made through image rather than written text, and these images only become real in the network of differences--ultimately product differences--contained in the commercial supertext. As with the advertising text "Rio" (both the mythical place and the mystical woman in the "Duran Duran" video), the women in the Mitsubishi, Renault, and British Midland advertisements are spectacularly overdetermined within their stylized, deictic "lives." These representations are conventional, and the power structure they imply (for instance, the "independent" woman denied authority by a male voiceover), although in some ways obvious, is the subject of such inquiries as Chiara Giaccardi's statistics-based study on "the social construction of reality" in television (109).[34] Largely manufactured out of "fashion" codes, then inserted into acute space, "women" as both consumer vehicle and product replacements are more alluring than the commodities to which they are attached. For this reason, I think their existence in these spaces suggests a loss of gender rather than a proposition of it. As occurs in the video "Rio," however much we as viewers might try to centre these images, they always miss our attention: our eyes never lock, and their gaze is lost somewhere over our shoulders. They seem to have an existence on the interface between technology and humanity, the place where Claudia Springer finds "an intense crisis in the construction of masculinity" (322).

The "female" characters imagined in the mini-narratives of these three advertisements are, in effect, cyborgs: machines that invoke unsatisfactory desires and that, through their constructedness, de-centre a clear gender address. The association between woman and desired object, or the compensatory fantasy both of these assemble, is so confusing that "woman" as a gendered object for universal contemplation is emptied out and achieves the status of the unobtainable "transitional object" discussed in the previous chapter. Because these representations cannot be satisfactorily internalized as objects of desire, they invite feelings of absence and loss--a confused affective state, on the same level as the look that passes between the woman at the wheel and the little girl at the crossing in the Renault Clio text.

Although I have argued that commercial reality is based on the economy of the spectacle, the impressions of size, of style or movement, of "moving on," are never complete. "Spectacle" is a naturalized vocabulary of cropped objects or bodies-as-objects, of actions that begin and do not end, and of gestures and half-gestures. For me, the reach of the city lurks in this "grammar," particularly in those texts--the Renault, Mitsubishi, and British Midland commercials--whose intention is to construct a "wash" of style. These compensatory fantasies set up confusing continuities through their pastiche and parody of classic realist genres and through their close resemblance to the attention-deficit dynamic of a televisual form such as MTV.

The triggering of grief made possible in the road safety message is partly realized through the inconsistencies that result when the closed world of home video is incorporated into the articulation of the professional television commercial. This sub-filmic medium is typically associated with memorializing family events meaningless to an outsider. Placed in a commercial message, the contrast posed by the different "look" and "homeliness" of the home video offers a representation which locates the viewer somewhere between personal and private, local and distant. The images of the young boy reading out loud on stage, or cowering from the camera's attention, are enigmatic slices of the past, but in their incompleteness they contain a dimension of the loss inherent in all recollection. Home videos are also recordings of what slips the attention during the present tense of filming which itself is clearly an "event" in this particular text.

These kinds of losses, I argue, are routinely stylized and put to work in the overt commercials which crowd into any given advertising slot. As I have suggested, the polarization of loss and gain in commercial messages is reaching a level of complexity outside the terms of the humdrum. Particularly in the car commercials, there is a sense of the "Rio" syndrome--of messages that have become self-contained units. So far are these texts from the reality of the everyday, that I believe television viewers are put in danger of becoming stranded--locked into the half compensations of narratives sustained by an intricate network of losses and obstructed desires. It is as if in the relationship between culture and consumer a type of transference has occurred. As analyst, commercial culture seems to reduce cognitive language and to substitute a kind of prepackaged thinking, based around verbs that get their meanings through the cropped imagistic logic manufactured by the city. I claim that this has become the inadequate language of remembering and imagination and of the self-assembly which is our culture's prerequisite.

The flip side of commercial realism, and the television billboard in particular, may be invisible. The transference is imperceptible, making it difficult to analyse culture as it analyses us. Television makes this kind of understanding even more problematic because its form and physical existence are violatory in nature, reorganizing homes with its schedule which in fact is a "flow," but one built up of interruptions and incongruities that have become normalized. These violations of what I think used to be organised around the term "taste" tend to desensitize, making possible the jolt from a hypnotic banal into the grief hooked by the public service message, and the violent dislocations in space, fashion and time that constitute the "style" of the Renault campaign.

The billboard itself, from which I have taken these six messages, is a transmitting surface that propounds a commercial existence where the mind is played over by lovingly crafted compositions of moving, still photographs that carry the desire to be in another time, another place and another life. This imperative is strong enough even to be beyond suppression in the public service message. I argue that the ability to cut and paste such incongruities has become the first language of a culture; its dictionary is an accumulation of fads and styles that can be manipulated and "violated" at any given time into the dislocations of the ephemeral and expedient "now." The language, however, is not merely surface; it is increasingly matched to the city--seeing the world as television (the drug-assisted "trip" I discuss in Chapter Two) is less a question of will now than a matter of capitulation. Since television is primarily an advertising medium, the viewer's identity is potentially a phantasm constructed in the parallel therapeutic "talk" of the afternoon chat-shows which themselves are violated by overt commercials whose effect is to make viewing subjects mourn for things they cannot have or people they cannot be.

I think the politics of identity discussed in Chapter Three in connection to the "Benetton" advertising campaign are part of the same phenomenon. Identity seems to be a question of consumption, of the focussing of desire on an idea (and, perhaps, the products attached to it) constituted from what often appears to be a non-sequitur dictionary of commercial forms. This machining of the media past in the service of the acute problem of identity also accounts for the instant reproduction and reconstitution of the sixties I have found at work in the "Brit pop/rock" trend and in the agitprop absurdity of the "Fuct" logo. This commercial language holds out what Simon Frith calls the "illusion of democracy" (188). One of its manifestations is the "style of television" transferred onto the surfaces of the transnational stylezines discussed in my introduction. Publications such as The Face, i-D, Sky, Bikini, Surface and the even more aptly named Dazed and Confused,[35] suggest to me the return of television to the printed page, this time supercharged with the look made possible by developments in computer graphics. (This is a reversal of Marchand's process as outlined in section two of this chapter). In the stylezines, times are tough and only the tough (and young and strong) survive. In The Face, style appears to be a therapy all its own, and it is especially potent when it is a style achieved without visible effort. Every month, this particular magazine dispenses prescriptions for correctly "dressing down." Facing The Face--and owning the identity and power it offers--requires a discerning consumption of the recent past: one week it may be an early digital watch (with red LED numbers); the next, an obscure denim jacket. The necessary amnesia and the blanking of affect such magazines seem to demand are just the operations of the city-on-the-screen made real. This "paper television" is less willing to understand and recuperate the ruin echoing in its cover-to-cover commercial, however, and because of this its strategies are slightly more recoverable than those executed on the screen.

> It disturbs me what advertising is selling us. That we are what we consume, that we become what we pay for ... Everybody is exploiting humanity to make advertising. But it depends how you do it. Do you question? Or do you just sell symbolism? Do you want to show the agony or do you want to produce the agony? (Toscani qtd. in Hack 89)

Oliviero Toscani is the figure behind the corporation "Benetton" as it is represented in print advertising. Talking above at the 1995 "MTV youth marketing conference" in London, he is the future, televisual or otherwise, of "advertising communication" (Hack 89). He is the architect of putting "matter out of place" in billboard and magazine commercials that sell, not products, but visual and emotive dislocations. Where punk put a safety-pin through the Queen's lip, Toscani computer-colourised her into the "Black Queen Elizabeth" of the 1993 "Colors" campaign. According to Jefferson Hack, such images are the product of editorial-become-advertising, of images that shock in order to present facts that "question our reality" (289). Despite its many awards (for the white baby at a black woman's breast, "Benetton" won the 1989 Italian Grand Prix for best photo in any print advertising), its images have also been deemed pornographic and have been banned in spite of vigorous legal action to prevent this. Defending "Benetton," Toscani has commented:

> It's the culture of the people, and their sense of guilt over the past, the present and the future, that's why they censor. (qtd. in Hack 89)

I find Toscani's reference to time interesting, given my view that commercial realism habitually builds a type of "Kleenex" history: one that can be used, then thrown away on a whim. The "Benetton" photo-layouts could easily be freeze-frames from the Renault, Mitsubishi, and British Midland advertisements discussed earlier. What Toscani constructs are strategic moments dislocated in time and space--tableaus shooting wildly into an audience of varying affects. That the images discomfit at some universal level is almost guaranteed by the "Colors" theme and its various binaries of White/Not-White, HIV Positive/HIV Negative, and so on. Although these commercials could not be described as inviting the third-person projection of televisual compensatory fantasies, they nevertheless contribute to the language, the continuum of non-sequitur, but highly emotive images that make up the total commercialized environment. A pubic area or a buttock tattooed with "H.I.V. positive" (both used in the 1993 campaign) are read by Hack as "selling the truth" (90). "Benetton's" "truth" seems just another level of retailing message that quickly and recklessly contaminates boundaries for the sake of it. With this power, however, "Benetton" can put images into play that may be later analysed as "rebellious" and "daring." Their revolution seems more a kind of devolution to the sub-cognitive logic I described earlier. By evoking shock or outrage (or at least the impression of it), the result can be desensitization and confusion as the mind tries to incorporate and normalize these impurities into its processes. In order to retain its reputation and its audience, "Colors" too must "keep on movin'," perhaps obliterating its products altogether (a line of expensive sweaters) on the road to more "truths" that come with a confusing price tag. As is often the case in advertising, however, "Benetton's" off-the-peg truths have been copied, most notably by the "Diesel" corporation.

> How to
> teach your
> children
> to **love**
> and care
> MODERN CHILDREN need to SOLVE their OWN
> problems: teaching kids to KILL helps them deal
> directly with reality - but they learn SO much quicker
> when you give them a guiding hand! Make them
> proud and confident! Man, if they never learn to blast
> the brains out of their neighbors what kind of damn
> FUTURE has this COUNTRY of ours got ???
> (Diesel Jeans and Workwear. Advertisement.)

I think the "Diesel" jeans and workwear channel of paper television is a campaign to "out-Benetton" Oliviero Toscani's kitsch artvertising. Although banned by the Advertising Standards Authority in August 1993,[36] the copy above--an advertisement inserted by The Observer as part of their "Uncensored" supplement--draws the reader down the rifled barrel of a loaded pistol held by an impassive youth. suggests an escalation in the non-sequitur commercial world, again made over as "social conscience" and editorial. This photo-layout uses a similar style of subtle corporate emblem placement to that employed by Renault and Mitsubishi, and only the "Diesel" logo is there as a sign of product identification. Banking on irony, this advertisement, however, is perhaps too "smart" for its own good. The audience this layout implies, and creates, is one in the throes of an adaptive withdrawal--one that has come to be emotionally dependent on the hyperbolised non-sense of commercial reality. By combining a sales pitch with the "authentic" self-knowledge of the city--people do carry guns, and firing them is a way of "solving" problems--to me, the black, white and red graphics are not "clever" but simply confusing. Perhaps, unwittingly, what this advertisement does, is simply overdetermine the same dynamic of loss that lurks in the incomplete spaces of the "wonder-girl" of the "Renault Clio" narrative. The impassive youth in the "Diesel" layout described above, literally poses the same actual threat of potential and real violence I discuss in terms of Charlotte Clark and Michael Ryan in Chapter Three. Behind the pose and the real, however, is an identical sense of loss and emptiness: the world that awaits when one can no longer "keep on movin'."

Joakim Jonason, the art director for "Diesel," claims their campaign entitled "Living"--a run of print advertisements in the stylezines aimed at promoting their denim "workwear"--is a "satire on the whole advertising business" (qtd. in Case 112). Tackled with the "square" question about what his layouts "mean," Jonason observes: "We don't want to make clear what we mean because we want people to think for themselves" (Case 112). When analyzing their own work, Jonason and "Diesel"-founder Renzo Rossi waver between a flip kind of social conscience and their own anarchic idiosyncrasies. The commercials, and the products very loosely attached to them, are treated as a type of therapy, or a type of "truth," even though the satire is, at times, hopelessly obscure. The images circulated in layouts such as "Car Crash," "Corporate Pigs," "Gay Sailors," and "Dirty Dog" (the titles of some of their 57-strong "collection") are dense juxtapositions in cartoon worlds sprinkled with a "message" that we feel we should "get," but which often remains evasive. This is how Jonason describes an image titled "Living Room":

> This is one of the few that involved a lot of small things going on at the same time. There's an ugly old man playing golf, with the woman on the floor with her legs spread, symbolizing how these guys use women. His wife is sitting next to him knitting. Then there's the kids watching adult

> movies and talking on the telephone, and the fascist in the corner. It's more or less a view of the world - albeit just the bad bits. The Diesel people are in the middle of all this, but are independent. (Case 113)

All of this seems reasonable enough placed as it is in the lush MTV of Sky magazine. These, in effect, televisual freeze frames, are offered to us as cultural analyses. Looked at another way though, these advertisements are emotive collages orchestrated by a corporation whose visual language is a symptom of transference. Powerless to analyse culture, the corporation itself and the commercial reality of which it is a part, are the ones scrutinized in the pathology of its own advertising messages. So dense and haphazard are their visual clues that in a sense these images cannot be referenced outside of themselves--more than "Rio," they have become semiograms that act as billboards for the kind of emotional dependency I see procured by the compensatory fantasy.

Diesel, Benetton, and their small-screen equivalents work to invest their brand names with what Gillian Dyer calls the perception of "newness" (149). Although the print advertisements I have discussed and the Mitsubishi commercial clearly plunder the pop-cultural "past," it is the style of the messages, not the old-fashioned boys and girls in them, that will get dated. The inculcation of "newness" is a metonymic extension of breakneck film sequences and non-sequitur collages that eschew any connection to a datable present. Similarly, it is the style of Euro-techno sequences such as the British Midland commercial, that must be continually revised in order to avoid the perception of jadedness, or the "sophistication" of the Renault Clio text that is most open to time decay. The car commercials, in particular, bend over backwards in their attempts to "freeze" a style often identified as "classic" and, therefore, "timeless" (a pursuit that is weakly parodied in the Carisma text).

Where Diesel and Benetton leave the real world behind, for their own universe of "self-knowledge" dressed in sweaters and bogus workwear, my television commercials represent a more overt performance of leaving. To remain "new" is to "keep on movin'," whether it is changing jobs--and probably relationships--or leaving the country for a land full of suspicious "foreigners." The newness of the Mitsubishi Carisma is in "leaving" the fiction of one advertisement for the authenticity of the one that frames it. Leaving is all part of the parallel notion of wellness, of therapy. Leaving turns the self into a constant process of reinvention, a process made real in the moving on from one identity, and one product, or desire, to another, always in pursuit of a completeness which commercial reality will never grant. The process is replicated in the breathless multiple "destinations" of the Mitsubishi sleuth, or in the final moments of the Renault narrative, as the joyful woman prepares for another destination, perhaps only to get lost again in the confusion of the big city.

The newness and promise of escape built into the messages described above, work hand-in-hand with the inculcation of "authenticity." The success of "Brit pop/rock" (and "Oasis" in particular) is a phenomenon partly based on a manipulated perception that creates a bond with a false "past" which is then used to ratify authenticity in the present. The rebirth of "Adidas" polyester sportswear as a mainstream street style--rather than simply a sports style--reflects this same mechanism. This bond with a "past" and the resulting sense of identity, appears to create a false sense of autonomy, particularly in the so-called "youth market" where identity seems a definition made through consumption. Street fashion often defines itself against an imagined, "square," production-line kind of trendiness. "Working clothes"--albeit for the unemployed--are "authentic" based on what I see as their dubious connection to some largely forgotten idea of manual labour. The authentic also lies in the "self-understanding" that is a possibility in the dense and uncertain satire and parody of the Diesel and Benetton layouts--to deride is to have knowledge of. This confusion of meanings is added to by a text, such as the public service announcement, which combines the "authentic" of home video footage with the compromising strategies of the commercial supertext.

Much of the appeal of these messages evades classification. I can neither explain the significance of my opening memory "loop," nor the authenticity of "Rio," nor can I bend them satisfactorily to my analysis. As a commercial package, "Rio's" allure is perhaps an embarrassing admission, but shameful or not, it offers an escape from something to somewhere. It may be just an aspect of popular culture that these mass-produced messages are both public memories, and the catalyst to unlock private recollections, or rather states of affect, that make no sense, that stubbornly remain outside of classification.

6. *prove real ...*

> In the field of cosmetics, for example, one brand may have a cool, aristocratic image, another a film-star, luxury pent-house image, and a third a hot, passionate sort of image. This does not mean that the women who will be attracted by those images are themselves duchesses, film-stars or daughters of joy: what matters here is what are their secret dreams of themselves--one as Lady Cynthia, extending a slim aristocratic hand to be kissed by a rejected suitor, one as a *femme fatale* burning in the flame of her passion the luckless moths who gather fascinated around, and so on. These are the harmless day-dreams which help to make bearable the weary round of washing-up, bed making, filling cans in factories and watching machines in a textile mill, and it is in the light of these dreams that one brand is chosen rather than another. (Henry 10)
>
> *You're a bird of paradise ...*
>
> Today there were fear, hatred and pain, but no dignity of emotion, no deep or complex sorrows. (Orwell 32)

The certainty of women's "secret dreams" imagined in Harry Henry's booklet on "motivation research"--published in 1961, by "Associated Television Ltd.," an ITV franchise--is a certainty that is no longer possible, even though the late 1990s have brought an aggressive revisiting of the sixties (not, however, as history, but as an image bank of styles). However, as Louis Marchand demonstrates, commercials and the thinking behind them do record "a picture of our time" (xv) that is a kind of excuse for history. The fanciful "Lady Cynthia" is, in a similar way to "Rio," cut adrift from the humdrum

Henry envisages as household chores or gainful employment on a production line. The clear split between work and the daydreams that make it bearable is one of the "lost" things of the post-employment age. What I see as the total marketing environment of the nineties nevertheless permits the desire for fantasy, for compensations such as the secret dream of Lady Cynthia, but obstructs their full realization as satisfactory compensatory narratives, if only because they are economically unobtainable. This failure also diagnoses the condition of mystification in which the humdrum, the non-fantasy world, is experienced. In Nineteen Eighty-Four, George Orwell wrote of the contraction of affect managed by a totalitarian regime successfully destroying the language of dissent, and substituting for it all the mostly internalized image of "Big Brother." At the end of the twentieth century, we are perhaps our own Thought Police. Historically, the "personal" has been drastically remodelled to the point now where identity is partially constructed and maintained in a state of disembodied loss through a rigid self-surveillance. From my perspective, the contemporary picture of our time is in part influenced by television and particularly television commercials. The increasing attenuation of time and place effected by commercial discourses is evident I think in the various confusions sutured into the messages that comprise section four of this chapter.

In a sense, television commercials are a refinement of what Ian McEwan calls "the fake past" (Forbes 233) whose construction I investigate in Chapter One. "Commercial history" frustrates the possibility of Orwell's "complex sorrows." The Gulf War did not need to be faked or adjusted simply because, as Robin Andersen writes, its initial construction was through a "visual rhetoric," one that closely resembled "the persuasive logic of advertising" (12). This operation is almost subliminal in British culture, where the sense of the "past" is at its most alluring when served up as idle mise en scene in a historical feature, or as a set of manufactured associations invoked to market "Tudor" cladding or "antique" home entertainment centres. The televisual past as narrative is already a commodity, but it is a fragile sense inexorably being mapped onto the mass-produced objects it is used to sell.

Whether out of a need for security (modern media bring too many confusing "pasts" into our homes), or simply escape, I believe commercial history is written in the future tense, the "if only." The female sleuth gunning her Mitsubishi through "fake" Berlin, Vienna and Prague, has no time for the past, nor do the assembly robots pictured in the British Midland advertisement (through some quirk of media coincidence, Sir Michael Bishop is chairman both of "BM" and "Channel Four"). Similarly, the Renault Clio is touted as a machine that can neutralize the past. For a while, anyway, the style of this advertising text--and the car associated with it--promises a perpetual present based on an elegant but breathless rush between the car, the office, the interview. To keep moving (and to keep driving) means the Clio woman never has to go home--a contingent space that here and elsewhere is linked with stasis and with the past.

The history Marchand finds in the commercial is essentially a thirty-second photo-montage--a Diesel image, in effect, composed from highly conventionalized, but extendable metonyms (for example, in the Eurostar text, London is equal to "Nelson's Column," and a road traffic sign). It is true that since print advertising, commercials have employed this "grammar" of compression. In its present form, however, unchallenged by an effective counterpoint of public service broadcasting, commercial television and commercials in particular, are part of a continuum whose reference point is the city, and whose imperative is style. Commercial reality is both an acute space and a kind of hyperventilating present tense. Its only "history" is the built-in obsolescence it must incorporate in order to guarantee the procession of "new" styles culled from the commodified past.

I argue that the sort of history carried by media, and by advertising in particular, lies in their changing inscriptions of their audiences. As statistical documents such as the Thames Television Advertising Report of 1970 make clear, television broadcasters must categorise and conceptualize their viewers as a commodity to be sold to advertising companies who manufacture commercials. The complex demographics involved in this double persuasion are increasingly complicated, as the commercial itself abandons its apparent purpose and just becomes part of the televisual flow. In the comparatively simple broadcasting environment of the late 1960s, the Report matches the falling cost of television production against a fairly stable cost of living and a steadily growing audience. In the 1990s, however, with increased competition, it becomes necessary for advertisers to target (and to create) "audiences." More than ever, the demographics, the numbers, inscribe an imagined potential for identity. It is a mass addressee simultaneously formulated as a product, as a consumer, and again, as a consumer of various therapies made over as "news," or "talk," or simply as products. The impression is of various conditions of incompleteness, of a multitude of different addresses and half-temptations that keep viewers living in a media present. The bleak result of this logic of demographics is a television culture whose viewing subjects are sunk in baffling, privatized dissatisfactions, in places that no longer feel like home.

The mark of a "national neurosis" (Marling 10), historicised in commercial discourses, is almost lost, however, when these discourses are continuous with the "serious" editorials of Benetton-style montages. These imaged histories create further confusion by disrupting their sense of public address with what to me feels close to the style of personalized, private therapy. For instance, Benetton's HIV message and Diesel's "How to teach your children" layout are angled toward the suggestion that buying their products will not only guarantee consumers' knowledge of these urgent social "problems," but also will protect them from these modern evils. In the 1990s, it seems that sartorial style is equal to survival. Mixed and matched at will, the public and private, global and local, are lost in televisual hybrids such as "drama-documentary," "advertorials," "commercialtainment," and various "reconstructions" that collectively destruct the historical sense, and in its place substitute a version of the commodity.[37] To keep consuming (and to have the money to do so) is a sign of personal health. However, I suggest that the picture given by the television commercial is cropped and unfinished, as if it were a half-formed thought, or a word on the tip of the tongue, complete with the frustrations these bring. When news and current affairs are "dramatized," commercialized, and generally subsumed under the propagandist assault of commercial messages, the identities made available by this "mirror way out west" ("Rio") are constructed and reconstructed, but are always fundamentally incomplete. The viewer is left dazed and confused, locked in conditions that can only be relieved in the leaving and third-person living held out by the imperfect netherworlds of compensatory universes and their associative video peepshows.

This trajectory is complicated in four of the messages detailed in section four, by the symbolic commercial behind the common-or-garden promise of travel or a new car to wash on Sunday morning. The true "product" in the Renault, Mitsubishi, British Midland, and Eurostar advertisements is a construction of Europe as an idea, a condition partially brought on by the European Community directive of October 1991 for a "television without frontiers" (Morley and Robins 174). If, as David Morley and Kevin Robins begin by suggesting, broadcasting has played a major role in "national cultural identification" (10), then the new commercial world--aided by satellite and cable technologies--is progressively deterritorialising this sense of place and the possibility of this national identity. In the Renault Clio narrative, place and language boundaries are blurred. The background chatter is in French, and so is the sign on the washroom door, but one of the exterior scenes looks suspiciously like London's "Hyde Park." Eurostar extols the mobility offered by the channel tunnel, whilst British Midland associates Europe with glamour, sophistication and the mystery of foreign tongues. As time ticks away on the digital counters, the suggestion is that we cannot leave soon enough or fast enough to enjoy the chic potentials imaged in its slick sequences.

The sense of displacement and replacement is heightened, particularly in the Eurostar commercial, by Eric Cantona's address which constructs the British viewer as the "foreigner," the outsider. This is also a property of the Renault Clio and British Midland texts which blend "foreign" with "familiar" to again imply that "home" is drifting away. The creation of what Morley and Robins call a "European audiovisual space" (19) is, as Stuart Hall writes, "fragmenting the modern individual" ("Question" 596). In the stealth and significance of its operations, this contemporary crisis is similar to the literal evacuations of people from the large cities in World War II, a traumatic dislocation whose aftermath has been mostly lost to official memory. This misplacing of self and with it memory (even as the "condition" described in Chapter One) has been accelerated by the dismantling of true public service broadcasting, by the ascendancy of the symbolic market, and by fairly minor threats such as the possibility of a common European currency.

My remarks are not based on a sense of grief for the loss of "sovereignty" (a notion that itself has generated more than its fair share of mourning), but on an interest in how this deterritorialisation manifests itself as a "condition" in British culture. Most obviously, I believe "Europe" is another manifestation of the city; it is a compensatory fantasy, not so "way out west," and a commercial idea. To take the status of Eric Cantona's address further, "Britain," or "home" is a place fabricated on the outside, in a complex of messages centered on a notion of Europe. For instance, the current British "invasion" embodied in the "Brit pop/rock" phenomenon--apparently a celebration of "Old England" and its continuing cultural ascendancy--is a Britain reassembled in the acute space of commercial realism. However much this "pop" generation may have started as a reaction against the encroachment of Europe, I think this "Britain" is one built for overseas identification. It is a construction that accentuates its "Britishness," but it is a national identification made alien and confusing. In this scenario, British culture has been moved off-centre until it is just another station in the trans-European "conversation" pictured in the quick-fire dialogue of the British Midland commercial.

The dilution of a culture, or more seriously, its abstraction from an original reference point in time and space, creates a loss which has been partially filled with the identifications provided by commercial television. Since television commercials work associatively, what is often retained is a highly personalized dream-like fantasy, keyed specifically to, but always falling short of individual desire. Partly as a result of these operations, England as a felt location is becoming vague amidst the operations that maintain its citizens in a humdrum world of the "if only." I suggest that opening the door to Europe is just another phase in a global crisis of identity that pushes aggressive, capitalist individualism to the point of total isolation--effectively closing a door and throwing away the key. In the not too distant future, "place" defined as an idea of self tied to an objective location and a feeling of security, will be something only experienced in the isolation of the mind as a private telescreen. I believe that this condition may deepen the symbolic nature of and need for consumption (even when this is economically impossible), and what we feel as our identity will be an imaginary, cropped, two-dimensional image flickering in and out of our own encrypted compensatory fantasies.

The sudden appearance of "Europe," however, has occurred within a steady context of globalisation. This process only intensifies the dissonance between local and distant, and between the physically present, and electronically mediated, and it has been one accelerated by the new needs created to develop a market for communications technologies. For example, if "Rio" is about sex, and at some level it is, then as Leslie Savan writes:

> TV rays no longer neutralize sex. Your sex life can merge in and out with the flickering screen: videos as the moving-picture equivalent of an overhead mirror. (86)

"Home" computers serve up and digest the social domain for us; they offer us on-screen "friends" in a world that has become geographically indeterminate and irrelevant. Where MTV split the connection between image and musical sound--turning the old notion of live "pop groups" into self-conscious, commercial packages--it is a property of contemporary computer technology that it also provides a never-never "space" of self-enclosed graphic distractions. The "friends" we might meet in the brief encounters of this space are present as electronic mail, or perhaps, faltering text chat on the internet, or even in some cases as badly reproduced audio or video images, but I argue that they are so highly mediated by the product that gives them presence that the technology is automatically addictive. As with many aspects of what I am calling commercial culture, this "communication" is never gratifying enough, and we are forced to keep coming back, to keep "connecting," in order to recover what is missing.

The challenge made to national cultural identities through so-called commercial realism--the discourse of the city--leaches away the idea and the sense of "home." This developmental disorder is made more acute and confusing by the reactions that crowd in to fill the gap. As I have argued, these take the form of the fake "pasts"--the commercially motivated histories--discussed here and in Chapter One. In Britain, this has involved what Paul Connerton calls a ritual of "organized forgetting" (14), an operation evident in the "Old England" of recent Hollywood film, and in the more innocuous use of recent popular history in a constructed movement such as "Brit pop/rock" or the later phase of Punk. Pinned, nevertheless, between the promises of the commercialized leisure revolution and new communications freedoms on the one hand, and its obvious dissatisfactions on the other, I am not at all certain how to fully understand this condition or find a name for it. Its prognosis is even more uncertain. The abstract mechanism of globalisation is easier to grasp, but its effects in the humdrum evade classification. In the end, the complexities of culture seem to push us all toward what we think we need and want. Both the need and its end-point, however, have already been determined within the commercial nexus. It seems our "secret dreams" are really not so secret, and that in their realization lie only disappointment and pathological withdrawal.

7. Disappointed

Stylish slacks to suit your pocket,
Back supports and picture lockets,
Sleepy towns and sleeper trains,
To the dogs and down the drains.
Major roads and ladies' smalls,
Hearts of oak and long trunk calls.
Continental interference,
At death's door with life insurance.

Standing in your socks and vest,
Better get it off your chest,
Every day is just like the rest,
But Sunday's best ...

(Elvis Costello. Armed Forces. Plangent Visions Music Ltd., 1979.)

You catch the mirror way out west ...

Still, there is my televisual "memory" of one night in 1978 and the songs I associate with it. As I have tried to argue, for me the "carry on" of cliches catalogued in "Sunday's Best" registers the repetitions that hold the humdrum in place. This song, along with the others I reference, are three-minute critiques of the debilitating familiarities that nevertheless seem essential for a sense of security and identity in a world where every important concept seems prefixed with a "post-." Neither news nor documentary, and frequently heard, like television, in a state of distraction--as "Muzack" in a department store, or simply while doing something else--the songs suggest what happens when a culture is drowsing in a state of general anaesthesia.

In the post-war era, broadcasting--and television in particular (with its hold on word and image)--has kept the laughing gas coming, keeping us familiarised, forgetting the bad bits for us, and moving the goal posts when necessary. The songs can provoke mainly directionless flashes of anger, but in a culture sold on cliches, they are inevitably flashes in the pan. Recirculating the fabric of the humdrum, television projects "Britain" and "Old England" into homes broken by anxieties and uncertainties that apparently do not exist. As I have observed, I think this same mechanism manages the inconveniently active memories of World War II, and of more recent historical ruptures such as Suez, the Falklands/Malvinas "crisis," and Punk (a "moment" in some ways wiped by the hideous return of its own key figures). Even during the power cuts of the mid-Seventies, the television was there as a reassuring presence, cosy candlelit family scenes mirrored on its blank screen. Locked into the peculiarities of the private past, the songs, however, can stick as reminders that all is not well, and that beneath the inconsistencies of "official," public memory there lies a culture depressed and suicidal in its tendencies.

The biggest disappointment is living with the embarrassment that what I take as private reminders are no more authentic than the fakery they expose. After all, on one level, "Sunday's Best," "Rio," and even Harry Henry's "Lady Cynthia" are just commodities. For a moment, they seem personal--even dissident--but they are just another side of life in the "if only" of commercial reality. My identification with Costello's anger is more or less only a link made via free association, no more significant than the different kind of catharsis offered in the departure scored (in both senses) into the Renault Clio advertisement. To admit this is to confront again the status of my own memories. The past seems a blur. For me, it is only given order, not by personal or family occasions (although even in these the television seems a constant presence), but by songs and media events that have somehow taken over something else I can no longer place. My "truth" lies in a subjunctive mood. The songs are "memories" written from a broken language of other "memories"-- prior styles and fashions, created, recreated and deployed at the whim of the market. My "condition" is just to be a part of the shared emotional disorder I have called "the city." In a culture of manufactured disappointments, we are perhaps all impersonators: we are becoming something else; leaving something behind; or we are simply stalled by the confusion of it all. Television both mass-produces this condition and then renders us indifferent to the writing on the wall.

To make these admissions is to realise that the songs are unsatisfactory transitional objects and that their emotive power is just the side effect of a mass-produced bitter pill, dispensed by a television culture that reduces all deep and complex sorrows into things. In the mandatory fetishising of the commodity is a kind of mourning. Behind the pathological denial are the desperate consumption, possession and self-assembly which produce identity. I believe the excess of the fantasy-spaces inserted into the humdrum by commercial reality is just an index of how far short the everyday falls in providing for this sense of loss.

The "kill your speed" commercial (an ironic message given the content of the other five messages I analyse) is almost a "storyboard" for the kind of memory that makes this possible. Its dislocations of word, image and affect are virtually a diagrammatic representation of what I see as the mediated past. Positioned as a mourner, the viewer's "grief" is constructed through a series of mediations, a flow of "magic moments" caught by the camera's candid eye. Although these moments are decontextualised and enigmatic, they seem little different from the "blur" of my own memories mentioned earlier. It is as if culture lures the individual away from the physical conditions of life, and substitutes for them a rigidly self-scrutinising solipsism bound only to uncover an unclassifiable emptiness.

This void on the other side of the "carry on" is a condition of total loss. Paradoxically, this condition is likely to lessen the impact of the deterritorialising forces of Europeanisation and globalisation discussed earlier. When commercial culture--particularly through television--has already colonised every second that might otherwise get wasted on introspection, and has bought and paid for a second-order national identity underwritten by a bowdlerized past, this kind of space is long gone: a sense of loss and of being lost has become habitual. The instilled hope is that purchases will define us, or perhaps, act as containers for something personal such as a memory (this hope, after all, is what continues to sell cameras and camcorders). It is this conditioned overdetermination of the mass-produced object that brings only a deeper sense of estrangement.

Perhaps the only space left is on the surface of twenty inches or so of screen. This is the imaginary implied in the junction between technology and human consciousness Claudia Springer calls the "interface" (304). This is the space into which viewing subjects can project themselves, and where it is possible to play out compensatory fantasies. Within the next few years, virtual reality technology is likely to make even this projection and this imaginary obsolete. As science reaches deeper into the brain, further than the manipulations made possible by the adjustments of the neurotransmitter, serotonin, this mediation has the potential to make the fantasy actual. We will all be able to buy tickets that will allow us to depart from the body and its memories to sumptuous pleasure grounds where we can sip tea with Lady Cynthia or surreptitiously grope "Rio" as she dances on the sand.

For a generation raised on television, the crossover into this space will be simple because so many of these fantasies have already been conceived and stored. They have been prepackaged by the only slightly different dimensions and manipulable imaginary of the computer screen. In my view, computer graphics and user interfaces have become the dominant thinking space of the late twentieth century. Even without its visual capabilities, the computer, as a simple word processor, has conditioned users into a kind of screen-by-screen sense of contextuality. This type of low-key technological mediation exerts a pressure to conceptualise in bursts equal to the available pixels on the computer monitor. If nothing else, this machine has lured us significantly closer to its screen. With a computer, the illusion of choice is supposedly in front of our noses rather than at the tips of our fingers on a remote control. It is possible that this interface combined with self-projections into the video imaginary, is the location where new identities will be formed.

Quasi-therapeutic analyses, such as my own, that claim to understand a little of what is going on, will act as a consolation when this self-eviction from home is complete.

This dissertation, along with interventions in other media that will have, perhaps, more overtly commodified a nominal emotional well-being, will be there to ease the departure into a never-never land of total mediation. As I have written earlier, the act of leaving and of giving one's most private, psychic possessions away is the norm where part of a culture's working tendencies take place on the cusp of self-immolation. Culture, insofar as is has been determined by television, has become a refractory patient living in a parasuicidal condition. Within this same frame, I see television as part author and part amplifier of a severe cultural trauma predicated on profound losses, which, nevertheless, are denied by its strict maintenance of a humdrum, workaday rigmarole of apparently manageable disappointments.

I placed this chapter last because its "conditions" were both severe and unclassifiable. In pursuing them, I have, at times, become lost in their myriad symptoms and perhaps have balked at the painful realisations attendant on assuming the role of Irvin Yalom's "executioner." As I have admitted, my work here is overlaid not only with my own conditions, but also with my own nostalgia. My methodology and my efforts to keep some semblance of a cultural studies' approach have visibly wavered as I have tried to keep my own sense of "home," or rather, to remember what it felt like, with what I believe are failing powers of authentic recollection. The conditions described here are constantly mutating, and this is even more noticeable when they are placed in the context of the market and the city. What I have written, then, I consider to be an opening for more exploration. Whether this takes the form of another circle without real answers, or of a spiral that twists upward to some useful knowledge, I am not sure. What is certain is that it will be a quest for arrival at some place called home.

NOTES

1 Writing in the early eighties, John Ellis called television advertisements "the supremely televisual product" (118). My use of "interrupt" *and* "connect" reflects Ellis's view that television is organised in "segments" (116), and Raymond Williams' idea of "flow" which he develops in Television: Technology and Cultural Form. In the same work, Williams writes that the "'commercial' character of television has ... to be seen at several levels: as the making of programmes for profit in a known market; as a channel for advertising; and as a cultural and political form directly shaped by and dependent on the norms of a capitalist society, selling both consumer goods and a 'way of life' based on them" (41).

2 In Television Culture, John Fiske observes that "excess" is a characteristic of television which opens it up to alternative readings (58-59, 192). I also find provocative his statement that a "work is potentially many texts, [and] a text is a specific realization of that potential produced by the reader" (96). I think television commercials contain many overlapping textual and affective potentials. In their contemporary form, these messages also seem to be becoming increasingly "intertextual," the theory that "any one text is necessarily read in relationship to others and that a range of textual knowledges is brought to bear upon it" (Fiske 108). I believe that the intertextuality of television commercials often operates within the world of television and increasingly, perhaps, within the smaller world of the commercial itself.

3 I first saw "Rio," not on MTV, but on the BBC's "Top of the Pops." I think the video single exemplifies the use of television as a "billboard," as what Lawrence Grossberg describes as "certain affective structures that emerge from and impact upon every level of contemporary social life" ("In-Difference" 41). E. Ann Kaplan describes MTV as "a commercial form using avant-garde techniques," and the videos which appear on it as "the wedding of rock music and aesthetic visual forms drawn partly from advertising" (Rocking 144, 11). I find much of the work on MTV provocative, but my association of "Rio" with commercials is a connection formed outside the MTV phenomenon. The view that MTV simply reproduces dominant meanings can be challenged from a number of directions. For example, as Simon Frith explains in "Frankie Said: But What Did They Mean?" although the record companies expected their pop groups to construct their music as its own advertisement, this did not necessarily mean that what was produced was free from cultural critique. In 1982, "Rio" could have been read as a tongue-in-cheek satire of pop music and the dreams which keep it alive. My reading of this single is based on its recollection almost fifteen years after the fact.

4 As Marsha Kinder suggests, these messages are powerful because they are the *raison d'etre* for the existence of commercial television. She writes that commercial television exists

"not to generate programs, but to deliver viewers ... to advertisers who pay both for the commercials and for the time it takes to air them" (7).

5 My remarks on the "commercial form" are necessarily limited by space. A more exhaustive analysis would position these messages within a more general discussion of "mass communications" and how, as Raymond Williams argues, they are "intrinsic, related and determined parts of the whole historical and material process" (Problems 52).

6 In writing about the television commercial, I have often found it difficult to resist and to separate myself from some of the larger connections made between this form and the phenomenon variously defined as "postmodernism." In The Postmodern Scene: Excremental Culture and Hyper-Aesthetics, Arthur Kroker and David Cook claim that "TV is the real world of postmodern culture which has *entertainment* as its ideology, the *spectacle* as the emblematic sign of the commodity form, *lifestyle advertising* as its popular psychology [and] pure, empty *seriality* as the bond which unites the simulacrum of the audience" (270). I have often wondered whether texts which critique forms of advertising are themselves inflected through a commercial aesthetic. This terrain is obviously very complex. Robin Andersen's Consumer Culture and TV Programming (1995) gives a good overview of the development and use of the contemporary television commercial.

7 Marsha Kinder writes of the "process of internalizing media images from movies and television and combining them with private memories to generate new fantasies and dreams" (9). Instead of producing emptiness, Gillian Dyer sees advertising as "an anxiety-reducing mechanism resolving contradictions in a complex or confusing society" (2). She qualifies this benefit, however. Anxiety is only reduced through escape (and, I would argue, is followed by an inevitable return). She writes that "because advertising stresses the private accumulation of goods, and almost hedonistic lifestyles, it encourages people to think in terms of escape from the real world, although they might not actually buy the specific products advertised" (73).

8 This excerpt comes from the Midnight Raymond Chandler.

9 In "Marketing Dreams: The Political Elements of Style," Stuart Ewen writes that "[w]ithout ever saying so explicitly, the media of style offer to lift the viewer out of his/her life and place him/her in a utopian netherworld where there are no conflicts, no needs unmet; where the ordinary is - by its very nature - extraordinary" (42). "Style," Ewen continues, "is worn on the surfaces of our bodies; it organises the space in which we live; it permeates the objects of our daily lives; it is often mistaken for subjectivity" (43). I think television commercials are able to create and distribute styles more effectively than any other form of "mass" media. More important, however, are the desires and satisfactions attached to these styles. Robin Andersen notes that, "keying into psychic desires, needs, frustrations, and anxieties, and then tying those

feelings to products has become the strategy of choice for an industry always searching for the most effective mode of persuasion" (74).

10 Marsha Kinder makes an explicit association between dreams and television (12-13). I think many television commercials are "dream-like" in the sense that the imagined viewer is a person with an adequate disposable income who is able to express their personal power and freedom through consumption.

11 My perspective here is based on the parameters established in my introduction. The "powerlessness" I write about here may not be a factor for viewers of different ages, genders, ethnicities and class locations In his article "Watching Ourselves Watch Television, Or Who's Your Agent?" Jim Collins writes about the dangers of giving a totalising power to commodification. He describes the necessity for conceiving the a notion of the television subject "that is likewise both decentered and recentered, neither completely absorbed by all programming, nor entirely detached from all of it, a subject that is a construct acted upon by any number of discursive formations, but who also *acts* in making distinctions within the glut of those very formations" (265).

12 I think the density of spatial codes in such messages leaves them open to many readings. My identification here with the urban centres of California may be connected to my televisual exposure to their representations through the many American television shows I watched in Britain during the 1970s and 1980s. Although this would apparently contradict my argument for the establishment of an "official" sense of place under Thatcherism, the redefinition of national identity that took place during this period seemed to include the welcoming of everything made in the USA, including its television representations. I see Los Angeles as central material for this "space" because, at least in the British music industry, crossing over to LA continues to be one index of "success," of effective penetration into the American market. Los Angeles is also significant because as well as being a centre for the music business, it is also, of course, one important site where many of the images which sell the records are produced. Televisual representations of America may, however, perform the more complex function discussed in Chapter Four of David Morley and Kevin Robins' Spaces of Identity: Global Media, Electronic Landscapes and Cultural Boundaries. In "Euroculture," Morley and Robins write, "change and disruption are projected onto an imaginary America, and in the process, traditional and conservative ideals of European and national identity are reinforced" (80). I understand television representations of America as a potent vocabulary of ideas and associations which many commercial messages employ in extremely complex ways.

13 See note 9 above.

14 Roland Marchand's Advertising the American Dream: Making Way for Modernity, 1920-1940 makes a powerful argument for the penetration of ideas formed through advertising

prior to television. My ideas about British television commercials are based partly on an acknowledgement of this power, but also on the caution suggested by Jim Collins. He argues that "television is no more totalizable than technology, capitalism, or culture. Totalizing any or all of these is a marvellous tactic if the ultimate goal is to demonize them as bad critical object(s), but such essentializing can only be counter-productive if we hope to specify how television works and is worked over by its various audiences" (265).

15 Writing on televisual forms such as the talk show, David Morley and Kevin Robins argue that through this medium, "the excluded and powerless are compensated by the sense that they are at least living this experience collectively" (196). In his introduction to Consumer Culture and TV Programming, Robin Andersen writes that, "[t]hematically speaking, contemporary advertising has embraced a pseudo-therapeutic discourse that promises the satisfaction of emotional needs and psychic well-being" (10).

16 My observation here is based on the stylised city of Los Angeles and its environs as they are represented in the war and post-war novels of Raymond Chandler such as The High Window (1942), The Big Sleep (1939), The Little Sister (1949) and The Long Goodbye (1953).

17 Morley and Robins suggest that new communications' technologies are replacing the connections of geographical proximity with electronically linked "communities." "Globalisation," they observe, "is profoundly transforming our apprehension of the world: it is provoking a new experience of orientation and new senses of placed and placeless identity" (121).

18 As Steve Beard has written in The Face, Escape from New York actually paved the way for the "look" of MTV in its pioneering use of Panatar Cinemascope lenses.

19 As with my previous chapters, I have checked the details of these texts again the Internet Movie Database. It can be found at the website: <http://www.imdb.com> (URL current at April 3, 1997).

20 This is just an aside following on from my introductory comments on stylezines as a research source. I would observe that the presentation style of these magazines draws from conventions in television commercials. The distracting, "televisual" graphics seem to assume a short attention span. Many of the stylezine features are either "framed," or in contrast, given the impression of motion, as if part of a television sequence. For the "feeding-back" of television commercials into style magazines, Dick Hebdige's remarks are provocative in Chapter Seven of Hiding in the Light: On Images and Things.

21 The arrival of independent, commercial television is covered by David Self in Television Drama: An Introduction.

22 I am thinking of the wartime anxieties attendant on the bombing of the major cities–London, Coventry, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool–and on the mass separations which

followed evacuation. In The Heritage Industry: Britain in a Climate of Decline, Roger Hewison describes a type of "social amnesia" which follows when any major changes are made to a physical setting (46). I think this amnesia is one dimension of the wartime anxieties that settled around the idea of "home" and that it was produced by the real, physical destruction of significant parts of the major cities.

23 Pratkanis and Aronson define the factoid as "facts which have no existence before appearing in a magazine or newspaper" (71). The contemporary form of the factoid has become more subtle although its "scientific" verification continues. The most powerful seem to be those that are constructed around bodily imperfections such as "cellulite" and other "signs" of aging.

24 Domestic propaganda campaigns driven by slogans such as "Careless Talk Costs Lives," and "Tittle Tattle Cost The Battle" would seem to work against the understanding of language needed for effective advertising. However, although propaganda can suppress and manufacture certain kinds of "truth," it does so through a style of address which has some similarities to that used in the modern television commercial. I have generally avoided a semiotic inquiry, but this approach was taken up by Umberto Eco in the early seventies. An example of this kind of work can be found in his article: "Towards a Semiotic Inquiry into the TV Message."

25 This is a period covered by Michael Ritchie in Chapter 11 of Please Stand By.

26 This observation seems almost a throwaway these days. Among other places it is discussed by Lynne Joyrich in her article "All that Television Allows: TV Melodrama, Postmodernism and Consumer Culture."

27 I am thinking of "Nike's" ambiguous admonishment to "just do it."

28 See Morley and Robins (10); Dyer (57). Asa Briggs' The BBC: The First Fifty Years, provides important background on the BBC as it was shaped by Reith.

29 Briggs discusses the domestic wavelength called the "Home Service" and also describes the "stratification" of the post-war radio audience into "Light," "Home" and "Third" (175) classes.

30 Both the Pilkington and the Peacock report of 1986 are discussed by Richard Collins in "Public Service versus the Market Ten Years On: Reflections on Critical Theory and the Debate on Broadcasting Policy in the UK."

31 The 1984 Video Recordings Act transformed the old "British Board of Film Censors" (the body responsible for granting certificates to Films) into the "British Board of Film Classification." Under the old (and probably less stringent) BBFC, Eisenstein's Battleship Potemkin was banned until 1954, Sam Peckinpah's Straw Dogs (1971) is unavailable on video, and Oshima's In the Realm of the Senses (1976) was not certified at all until 1990. Some idea of

the extent of censorship in Britain can be understood in the Observer Magazine's "Uncensored" supplement, published in three parts in 1994.

32 As Sean Cubitt goes on to point out, the 1984 Act was followed by the extension of police powers implicit in the 1986 Police and Criminal Evidence Act, and in April of the same year, the banning of Ken Livingstone's libertarian Greater London Council.

33 A similar criticism was made by Dennis Potter in his final television interview on "Channel Four." It is printed in full in his text Seeing The Blossom. In his fourth "Reith Lecture," "Professionals and Amateurs," published at the time of the broadcasting crisis, Edward Said examines a similar point in terms of the dangers of "professionalism" in the academy.

34 The work being done on content analysis seems to miss the point in most cases. Television is a complex phenomenon and this statistically-based research provides a useful record. From my perspective, however, this work seems to reflect the textualisations of the researchers themselves, not the possible transformations of television messages made by viewing subjects. In addition to Chiara Giaccardi's study, work has been done in the same area by Sonia Livingstone and Gloria Green, by Adrian Furnham and Nadine Bitar, and by Peter R. Harris and Jonathan Stobart.

35 In the last five years or so, there has been an explosion of new "stylezines," each apparently, trying to further section off its own style faction. Of those mentioned here, The Face (an old-stager, with Editorial Director, Nick Logan, a former journalist on "New Musical Express"), Sky, i-D, and Dazed and Confused are all London based, whilst Bikini and Surface are published out of San Franciso and Santa Monica, California, respectively. This is not intended to be a representative selection: it reflects my own tastes (mixed in with a few "accidents").

36 Although the copy was banned, it was reproduced as part of The Observer magazine's "Uncensored" series in 1994 (Part III, back cover). The Advertising Standards Authority is a British body set up to police advertising content. In the same Observer "Editorial," Diesel defend the "How to teach your children .." layout by claiming it was "aimed to awaken readers and make them react to the escalating violence in our society."

37 The generic chaos is even more extreme than this. The first chapter of Robin Andersen's Consumer Culture and TV Programming gives a good sense of the various ways advertising has inveigled its way into "serious" television.

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